

THE
AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. LXXVI.

FOR APRIL, 1851.

IMAGINARY PRESIDENTS:

THE IDEAL OF A NATIONAL ADMINISTRATION.

WE have yielded our opinions too easily to the arguments of faction, and the dishonest insinuations of interest; we allow men to lead and represent us, and to exercise public authority, whom in private we would scorn to trust or meet with respect. We put Notoriety in office and not Reputation; for the real man we substitute imaginary creatures, mere men of straw, incapable either to guide or govern. In the great ship of State we lodge a feeble or a worn-out engine, which makes a merit of a backward motion, lest the great seas may break its rotten gear or crush in pieces its rusty shafts. We set up *Imaginary Presidents*, ticketed with the dogmas of party, in lieu of character.

Dishonesty thrives under such a system. As the leaders are, so are the volunteers they beckon after them, the picked men of Asmodeus, the cunning thieves who are searching the store-room with an arithmetical dark lantern; while we fools, quite ignorant of state navigation, fondly imagine they are working the good ship in some mysterious manner from below. The devil of mischief and theft has occupation for his saints; their very inactivity is masterly; sitting, they hatch to life old frauds, or deposit new ones. Quiet, and seemingly harmless, they consume

the more while they produce the less. We are passed into an almost aristocratical corruption, and are some of us content with logs, scotchers and stumbling-blocks, instead of Senators.

A session of three months, and nothing done by either side for either side; the appropriation bills adroitly delayed and then rushed through, to shun examination; the time of all others most sacred to honor and duty, wasted in contemptible talk, or parliamentary stratagem.

The air of the metropolis during this wicked three months is sick with scandal. Every whisper is of an intrigue or of a bribe; social and public corruption hatefully mingled, taking away the last hope of manhood and of patriotism. Here we are told in one ear that good English gold is ready for so many, who have sold their constituencies, to kill a tariff; here in the other ear comes another rumor, that so many are bought on the other side, to counteract the bribes of Free Trade. Here a vast job is divided under the rose, (a stinking rose,) among six accessories in legislative mischief. Here another and another, a dozen—a hundred—all seeking ripe and eager to be devoured. Here a caucus plotting civil war; here another,

and another, and another, a score, estimating the price of a President, and ready to put in sealed proposals, baser and baser, down to the lowest.

Were there a powerful onward movement amid all this, it might be passed over in silence; debauchery, gambling, bribery, vote auctions, caucuses of civil war, presidencies offered for sale, jobs without limit, all might be endured, were there any real action; but who can endure a camp without discipline, full of suttlers, thieves, idle envoys and a debauched following that outnumbers the battalions, and no action, the generals bargaining for places, and the fortresses governed by the spies of the enemy?

Legislators *will* drink, —, fight, gamble away fortunes, sell jobs, and waste the time of their public agency,—it is perhaps their natural proclivity to do so,—but those of them who do *nothing else*, appear in a light wholly intolerable; the thought of it ends in a contempt for all government and a scorn of all authority; *somewhere* it must lead at last, and the end is perhaps not far off; when the Central Government puts on the face of a Humbug, the *Union* will assume the same respectable features.

How can there be a Union without a head? From the moment a true man and a hero takes his place at the head of the nation, from that moment the nation is one and indivisible. Assemble at a rendezvous an army for defense: until its head appears it is a tumultuary and dangerous mob; the army of popular representatives is but a more organized and reputable mischief, until a powerful leader holds supreme office, on the groundwork of the popular will. President, Prime Minister, call him by what name you will, the head must be *seen*, and the strong hand *felt*, the party *led*, the measures *sustained*. Let genius and eloquence manage the debate, let wisdom and caution temper the arguments, there must be, says Nature, a head somewhere, a recognized, or if you please, a "divinely" appointed power, lodged in a human will, or my laws dictate confusion and corruption; I cannot endure and will not suffer a temporizer in a seat of supreme power. The union of your Republic is not in stocks and stones, nor in economy or laws of the greatest good to the greatest number;—it is in the spirit of man that I find it; not here and there in books, or mystical influences, but in the

greatest heart and the strongest will of your nation. Find him out, in God's name, and if you can, elect him in God's name and the nation's, and if he refuses the office, as it is not unlikely he may, beg of him, pray him to accept it, that you and yours may be saved from shame and poverty, and perhaps from death by the cannon shot or bayonet—the tools I use to punish those and the children of those who elect charlatans and fools to offices of supreme authority.

For a monarchy it is *not* always an evil omen, when a fool ascends the throne. Legitimacy provides against the catastrophe that would follow, by intrusting the government to a minister. Republics have no such remedy. The President is the people's choice, and that choice loads him with the office; he cannot shift responsibility to his ministers, unless, as at present, the power has fallen to him by succession. Legitimacy and irresponsibility are one; the being born to a supreme power does not involve the obligation of being equal to its exercise. Legitimacy of itself exonerates the sovereign; his supremacy is not of his own, or of the people's making; he is the slave of a system, and is required only to wear the garment and assume the exterior of sovereignty. Far different is it with the temporary sovereign of the Republic: invested with all the authority that a legitimate king could ever justly wield, he adds to it the responsibility of a Prime Minister; more than that, a minister of the people's choice, a premier of the Nation, not of the Court. Millions of men have registered their names in his favor, declaring by a solemn act that they have chosen him to represent and exercise the supreme will, the sovereign authority; not as a puppet, or an idol, but as a man bearing in his heart and mind the true image of justice and goodness, and the true idea of national honor. He is set in his high place as the *real* representative of all that is manly, all that is great, generous, and admirable, in the character of the Republic.

If the people, free to vote, have elected a fool, it is ominous of ruin; they have chosen a fool, and who but a fool will vote for a fool to represent his sovereignty as a man?

Is a cunning knave, a plausible, sly, many-sided confidant of hell, made President, let the people take to themselves the

credit of the choice, and with it the deep contempt of all knowing and thinking humanity. When the people set up knaves and charlatans, let Aristocracy toss up its chin, and crow a loud and lusty laugh over the folly of the unwashed multitude, who mistake the vulgar cunning of a barbarian for talent, and the ashes of vice burnt out, for the snows of virtue.

The Republic looks for its political saviour. What manner of man he *must* be, all men know. There is an ideal prophetic faculty in men; humanity knows what it needs, and prays fervently therefor, but the blessing is not always recognized and hailed as Heaven-sent, even when it stands before us in human shape.

We know well that the political saviour of the Republic will not be an intriguer, a deceiver, or a "crisis" politician; but on the contrary, a man of great views, of simple purposes, and of an enthusiasm that can sustain a youthful empire, rising into vigorous manhood.

We are the Greeks of the modern world, worshippers of genius and of glory. We have in us the blood of many choice races poured along in one burning tide. We appropriate the good of the past, and esteem ourselves the masters of the future. The *best* of Norman, Celtic, Saxon and Teutonic blood, of that kind which time out of mind has stained the British scaffold, and extinguished the brands of Smithfield; which tinged the Seine on the memorable day of St. Bartholomew, and has since then flowed freely in many revolutions—the virtue, the industry, and the freedom of Northern Europe, collected together on a new soil, and organized in a power at once young, hopeful, and irresistible: the avenger of the past, the patron of liberty, the enemy of oppression, the executor of justice. The men whom we permit to lead us, must feel the passion of the age and of the nation,—must be sensible of, and sensitive for, the glory and the honor of the Republic; not as a selfish isolated power, but standing foremost among the nations.

The leaders of the American People, and of the National Party, will be they who have the courage, prescience, and power to represent the whole doctrine and practice of Republican and American nationality. When such public men appear, we shall no longer hear it said that the party is extinct: a party

of nationality and of glory, of independence and of progress, will be found to exist, and will draw after it three fourths of the people. A long and glorious career awaits it, and from the beginning of its rule a new epoch begins, the second epoch of the Republic.

The national candidate may be a man who has endured the worst that calumny and factious hatred can inflict: the road to power and greatness is oftenest through victories over opinion; great reputations are often founded on great calumnies. He will possess invincible moral courage, Republican but dignified manners, a great, but not a haughty nature. He will not despise popularity, but he will not seek it.

He will be a philosopher in intellect; a sage in conduct; neither penurious nor profuse; neither vicious nor a precisian.

The spirit of the age is reformatory and economical; the leader of the National Party must be a guide of reforms, he must temper their enthusiasm, and measure them by their utility.

It is not necessary that he should be a military chief; it is enough for him that he be able to appreciate and use the military genius of others. Very petty and penurious persons, of small intelligence and enormous vanity, have sometimes, even in our day, attained to great reputation as tacticians and soldiers. The military character is not, therefore, always a manly one.

Great men make great soldiers, as they also make great lawyers, scholars, or merchants; and it cannot be denied that the Leader of the People ought to combine in himself *all* the talents that may be necessary to make the great soldier, merchant, lawyer, politician; that he should possess in full their several attributes of courage, shrewdness, keen intelligence, and knowledge of the people. The discipline of the camp is a grand school for manly qualities, command, resolution, simplicity of will; and the Republic has never been more happily administered than by its great soldiers; nor can the favorite of our warlike people be a president of peace societies,—a kind of associations for which the majority of sensible men, we believe, entertain a profound contempt.

The fame, honor, prowess, aggrandizement, unity, and progress of the great Republic will be the passion of his life, by which his most secret thoughts will be directed. He

will live *in* it, live *by* it; his own soul will be the grand Republican soul of America; he will be inspired with a jealousy of the Republican honor, and a reliance upon the power which he represents, the irresistible power of the People. Not an insult to our flag will go unpunished; not a letter of the law of nations will be broken, upon that side of the earth which it is given us to protect, without a full reparation or a summary vengeance.

That grand "anomaly," the union of many sovereignties in one nation, will be no anomaly to him. With good counsel and a constitutional spirit, he will execute to the letter the laws of the nation, without breaching the defenses of State liberties. Insurrection may spring up under him, but it will be assuaged, or crushed with a wise violence.

The honor of the great Republic in foreign lands will be his especial care. To represent living and organic Republicanism in the old world, he will select men who can dignify and defend it, men jealous of their country, who can hold themselves aloof from foreign flatteries and foreign intrigues; who can by that means cause the Republic to react upon Europe, and reproduce there ideas of humanity, of liberty, and of toleration; and who by manly and wise conduct will constitute a lawful, open, and unimpeachable propaganda of Republicanism; who can make America revered by the friends, and dreaded by the oppressors of the people.

Jealous of the dignity of his nation, the true representative of the people will receive the Ambassadors of monarchy, who come to promote the interests of kings, with a formal and distant respect; he will identify the man and his business. The agents of hostile governments will find no convenient traitors, or lying news writers, able to operate upon and mislead a government of which the true representative of Republicanism is the head.

For Republics, but especially for those who look to us to be their patrons and protectors, the representative of the people will not disguise his affection, nor will he stand between them and those who desire to aid and protect them. He will be their warmest and most generous advocate; he will hearken to their complaints, encourage them in their efforts to organize and establish their governments, and send out to them able and re-

spectable advisers, who will have the knowledge and the courage to unite, harmonize, and organize them; who will exercise at once the offices of peacemaker and defender. Above all, the representative head of the American people will not suffer these dependent and feeble States to fall into foreign and uncongenial hands, whose desire is only to use and spoil them. In a word, the true representative of this Republic will *dare* to be the chief Republican of all the world, and to think and act as such.

By no ordinary services can he have been tested whom the nation will elect to be their head. His election must be, not by the mechanism of a connection and the drill of office seekers; he must go into power with the people at his back, electing him upon the strength of recent service and a fresh renown; recognized as the man of all others, bound to the nation, and seeking rather to deepen than to cancel the glorious obligation.

The want of such a head in the highest seat of power cannot be compensated by the combined or isolated skill of great orators or sagacious party leaders. Nationality in the government can be given only by a master hand, concentrating and directing the scattered forces of party, and giving an object and a motive to the popular sentiment.

In the absence of a head, parties become furious and narrow, and degenerate into factions. The discussion of any great measure of utility or honor, in which the entire nation is interested, and which is necessarily argued upon constitutional grounds, ranks men by their principles;—principles require a representative who can dignify them in action; great parties are distinguished from factions by the dignity and nationality of their leaders.

The contest in the Senate on the measures of Internal Improvements for the benefit of Western agriculture, threw out the old parties into their ancient and almost forgotten opposition. That contest indicated with sufficient distinctness the true political movement of the future. The attempted coalition had failed, it had no solid ground to rest upon;—men have too much confidence in Union and Nationality to form an active party for their conservation. Had that movement succeeded and an opposition to it as a party taken shape, we should have

a Union party, opposed to one of disunion,—a disastrous movement! But it was found impossible to excite two such parties, and on the appearance of the old issues, partisans fell into their ranks and resumed the old weapons of controversy.

A national party against slavery is a party of civil war; a Union Party professedly opposed to it would have recognized its existence, and put a demoniacal life into it. The project failed, as good men hoped it would. The objects of a faction founded upon a pure fanaticism, and which aims to make itself master of the central power for purely fanatical purposes, would only have been dignified by an organized and professedly national opposition, demanding on that ground, and for defense against that faction, to be intrusted with the supreme power. The majority were naturally suspicious of such a movement; they suspected its motive, they did not believe in its assumptions.

Since the death of General Taylor, the Government has stood in the attitude not of one using power as it should be used, and gaining favor by the display of courage and vigor, the key to popular approbation in this Republic, where the merit of existence is estimated by its force and creative power; but in an attitude, rarely reputable, and never advantageous in an intelligent age, of soliciting favor, and founding its claim thereto upon a certain very general and cheap virtue, respect for the Union and the Constitution. And what then should we say of a government which did *not* entertain a respect for the laws, the Union, and the Constitution? The profession of such a sentiment is no merit at all; the most absurd and tyrannical power would reiterate the same; the weakest continually harps upon it.

Whoever, by whatever party, is elected to the Presidency, assumes power as a Unionist, actively and thoroughly a Unionist;—respect for the Union and the Constitution is therefore a wretchedly weak and shallow pretext for the presidential candidacy, in itself considered. The question, among ninety-nine hundredths of all the people, is not whether the Republic shall exist, but only, what are the surest guarantees of its existence, and of its prosperity.

A British system of public economy may destroy the Union, and has already jeopardized it.

A meddling British agitation in the North

may break up the Union, and has already endangered it. A foreign policy truckling to the ambitious schemes of Britain has degraded the Union, and impaired much of the public respect for it, and thereby so far put its life in peril. A refusal to appropriate the public moneys for the most necessary public improvements has weakened the affection of the States for the Union, and must eventually shake it to the centre. An untimely neglect to defend the laws of nations and the honor and virile reputation of the Republic is hurrying on a war with Great Britain, which can only be averted by the adoption of a foreign policy congenial with the republican spirit. England must be warned of the consequences of her present policy, or the people of the West will force those of the South and East into a declaration of war against her.

Here are a few of the foundation stones of a Presidential platform, broad enough and solid enough to support a brilliant and powerful Executive and Senatorial policy. A Government with such a policy need not manifest weak or hypocritical solicitude for the safety of the Union: it would be a true representative and confirmer of Union. Expressions in favor of the Union have become at length quite stale and idle, like declamations on the side of virtue in general; they betray emptiness and want of purpose; the men who make them so often, and on all occasions, *have nothing else to say*. Where we hear one of these eloquent generalizers declaiming in favor of the existence of the Nation (!), let us try him with a few questions of home and foreign policy, and thereby, with single slight punctures of the critical knife, let the wind out of the bladder; we shall, in nine cases out of ten, be witness of a very ridiculous collapse.

Here are a pretty contemptible race of hungry politicians, who make their pretended anxiety for the Union a pretext for abominable idleness and intrigue at Washington, throwing away three months' time of the National Council, and leaving one generous old man to perform the duty of a whole party. What kind of a government is that of which an active, vicious minority can block the wheels? It is a government without vigor, without friends, without merit.

Let us imagine the possibility of a state of things like the following: That, on a suc-

den, the government forgets that the "Union is in danger," and that its "frightfully dangerous condition" is any longer at all *necessary* to any body.

Having nothing now to occupy their minds but the business of government and the duties for which they were constitutionally elected, they would bend their whole attention to these, excluding all other matters. They have a majority of the people with them; they have the official patronage; they have immense social influence; they can, by insisting upon popular and useful measures, awaken the gratitude and enthusiastic support of their constituents, and of the public press; they can, by direct influence and a display of sincerity, create for themselves a majority in both Houses of Congress. Corruption itself, now their enemy, did they seem powerful, would become their friend, and the bribes and promises distributed in secret, would be distributed for their benefit. Let the truth come out, the very diseases of government, the itch and sore of avarice and ambition, become the voluntary servants of a well organized and vigorous power.

In the machinery of our government, the subordinate offices are places of influence and authority. The most important laws are hindered in their passage by the holders of subordinate places, or men returned to Congress who will effectually block the wheels of legislation. Let the Power that regulates all this, use every atom of its power; let it adopt a rule for the conduct and principles of all officials, and expel without hesitation or remorse every man who impedes the execution of its design. Such an Executive would have the respect of its enemies and the devotion of its friends.

And now, having spoken of the internal policy and organization of such a government, let us inquire, what would be its policy in regard to the masses of men—the people in general?

Recognizing the love of glory, of power, and of independence, as the primary ground of popularity, it would seek to identify itself with those passions in the heart of the people, by showing a bold and warlike front towards other nations, and a readiness on all occasions to compel the respect and consideration of a foreign power, were it otherwise not to be obtained. The message of a President recommending measures in defense of international rights, or of the liberties of

a sister republic overrun and subjugated by a tyrannous imperial power, would be the most popular document ever written by an American President. The Hulsemann letter was indeed a good thing in its way, but a harmless document at bottom. It carried no consequences, and with all its merit, it does no harm: it calls for no forces; it demands no ships; it requires no extra session to meet, for the practical maintenance of its principles by sea and by land; it brightened no rifles; it tempered no swords; the trade in paper was more benefited by it than the trade in powder: it was a noble sentiment, and the Republic drank its health with a smile; the band played Hail Columbia, and there was a general cheerfulness.

How shall the heads of a party make themselves popular and powerful, unless by showing an excess of the highest passion of the Republic? If they do not feel it, they must at least *adopt the policy it demands*, or their term is short.

The ludicrously affected enthusiasm of the skeptical, cold-blooded Lord John Russell, against papal aggressions, is a fine illustration of what a skilful insincere politician ought to be, who means to hold power; but thanks be to God, the statesmen of America need not *affect* sincerity: the atmosphere they breathe is sincere, the people are sincere; liberty is sincere; between God and ourselves we have only the laws, and we can indulge in a real and an honest enthusiasm.

The popularity and power of an administration depend much more upon the enthusiasm of the people than upon their shrewdness or their abstract opinions; and it seems right that it should be so, since the honor of the State is its vital principle, its heart; an organ much nobler and of more immediate and constant importance than a stomach.

But the prudential and economical judgment of the people requires also to be appealed to, and measures supported which secure for labor the protection it demands against foreign monopoly and domestic oppression.

An administration sincerely engaged in measures of popular reform, can afford to be, in the right direction, a lavish and a costly administration. A lazy, niggardly, pinched, and prejudiced administration cannot. Retrenchment is only apparently popular, never effectively so. If popularity is the aim of a government, with a view to its reelection, it must retrench as little as may be

convenient, and make as little stir and sound about it as possible: it is an unpopular step, and all the popularity that may be won by it among the disciples of Dr. Franklin, will be soon forgotten, and weigh like dust in the balance against a storm of popular enthusiasm.

The popularity of an administration cannot be established by crushing a few sinecure offices; but should it engage in the general movement of Republican reform, against every species of monopoly, it will secure for itself the unlimited confidence and affection of the multitude.

Land Reform, so ably advocated at the close of the last session, by a Northern Senator, is not only a just measure, but contains elements of great party value and popularity.

The Improvement of Internal Navigation, as a measure of economy, must obtain a triumphant popularity for those who aim to convert its motives into laws.

The opening of reciprocal commercial intercourse with Republics, to the exclusion of monarchies, must become a popular policy.

The augmentation of the Steam Navy is a measure not only of imperative necessity, but of unbounded popularity.

THE PURCHASE FROM THE STATES OF NICARAGUA AND HER NEIGHBORS OF THE ENTIRE CANAL AND RAILROAD ROUTES FROM SAN JUAN TO THE PACIFIC, THROUGH THE LAKE OF NICARAGUA, would be a measure to hold the affection of the Pacific States, and confirm the Union. It would doubtless be a popular measure, and would compel Great Britain to resign her pretensions to the Mosquito territory. As things are moving now, we shall very soon be at war with Great Britain, for the disarming of our citizens, the occupation of territory not her own, and the exclusion of our commerce from ports where it ought to enter. Either a purchase or a war, we have our choice. Perhaps it is now too late, and the war inevitable. England cannot be suffered to keep a toll-gate between ourselves and California, unless we are the most contemptible and pusillanimous power in the world. England must leave Central America or fight, there is no alternative; and leave she *never* will, for she is not used to resign her conquests. Treaties are mere chaff and straw to England; and in the present instance, had a treaty been made by our Government

guaranteeing the British in the occupancy of Central America, it would be chaff and straw to the Americans. It would be broken by necessity, on the least pretext; the right of way through Central America being almost an absolute necessity to us. We are told that it is a *point of honor* with Lord Palmerston to keep a toll-gate between us and California. Lord Palmerston's point of honor endangers the existence of the British Empire: in the event of a war with England, that power will have a war with Ireland in addition, and her commerce, the second year of the war, swept clean off the seas. The French Republic seeks an opportunity to vent her ancient hatred upon England, and if a war approaches will seek our alliance.

A little cloud no bigger than a man's hand, of an iron-gray color, like the smoke of artillery, is gathering in the direction of the Isthmus. A war managed by British agents, on the part of the old Aristocratic party, called Serviles, who oppose the Federal Union of the States—involving the ruin of the States, and their final subjugation by England—is now in progress; these States hold the gate of the world's commerce, which England has resolved to have, at the cost even of a general war.

Our relations with England, commercial and moral, are the key to all our politics. If these are clear to us all is clear, and the grand issues unmistakable.

Since the war of 1812, it has been the ineffectual policy of a large and powerful party to overwhelm us with British principles, and British legislation. It was important for England on her side to cultivate amicable relations; she thought it necessary to have the freedom of our market; it was necessary for her to keep the artisan industry of America in check; our industrial success must be her ruin; she *must* have our markets duty free, and she *must* have our cotton duty free; she *must* make our clothes for us, and we *must* buy them of her or she would fall into the rank of a second-rate power, and lose the commerce of the world. All went well; the Americans were being rapidly indoctrinated with British principles, when by an unfortunate concurrence, Texas was annexed, and California gold mines discovered; it became evident that the possessors of the Isthmus would be the keepers of the commercial gateway between the eastern and western hemi-

spheres. The Americans were asleep, drugged with free trade and British opinions, or were madly brandishing the torches of civil war, made and set on fire, and distributed among them by the orators of Exeter Hall, the grand propaganda of modern British opinion. The Union would soon be dissolved; the work of ruin went bravely on; from the first day of the civil anti-slavery wars of America, would be dated the new epoch of England's commercial prosperity. "Vast would be my wealth, enormous my power," thought the Lion of England; "I will break in fragments, and subjugate in detail the monstrous and fatal Union of Republics, as I have already done every other union of free States on the New Continent. The six hundred thousand bales of cotton now manufactured in America, and consumed there, would, in the event of a division of the Union, be wrought up in England, and sent to America to sell. Glorious prospect! But I must first have the Isthmus, to command the California and the Pacific trade; it will give the key to the West Indies, and command the Mississippi. I must hold fast to San Juan—that is the *point d'appui*—that is the Gibraltar of the Gulf and of the Pacific!"

Accordingly, while the paw of the Lion is set firmly and angrily upon San Juan, the jackals of faction agitate disunion in the North and South;—free trade and disunion—British Principles. In Boston, England is a rank Abolitionist. In South Carolina she is a great Aristocrat, talking about her coolies, her Irish tenantry, and her agricultural and colonial sympathies. In both she is a free-trader, and her morality in regard to slaves a mere changeable cockade. Free trade is the secret.

Upon the Central American question turns all the future, both of America and of England. An Imaginary President, or man of straw in office, cannot, of course, do any thing with it; he will not even see it; the avalanche may thunder above—the deaf ass will plod on his way and eat his thistle. Little factious men have only little and factious aims. A dozen slaves escaped from their masters bring great joy to some men's souls;—the prospect of a war of extermination carried on against three millions of negroes, a catastrophe toward which the same kind, discreet, and tender-hearted agitators, under British guidance, are hurrying

us, they contemplate without emotion; it is the ass, again, whose bray shakes down the avalanche.

The election of General Taylor, a Southern military man, and a slaveholder, was regarded by the South as a perfect security to themselves against Northern encroachments. To make his election sure, it was, however, thought necessary to give the Vice Presidency to the North, and the least dangerous and least exceptionable person for that purpose was no doubt the one selected. He was known to be temperate in politics, and had not discovered any strong aptitude for usurpation. He was a safe man, and therefore he was chosen; he was an able business man, and competent for the regular duties of any office in the gift of the nation.

The death of General Taylor changed every thing. It was thought necessary by the Administration to adopt a policy conciliatory to the South, on the one hand, and for one set of reasons, and antagonistic to Mr. Clayton's, and conciliatory to England on the other, and for another set of reasons. The first, on the supposition that the South would have no confidence in a Northern President, and would do all in their power to crush him and his friends; and the second, on the supposition that the genius of England exerted a benign and harmonizing influence over America. England, it must have been known, had laid her plans, since 1740, to possess and occupy the southern third of the North American Continent; to erect another system of colonies on the Asiatic plan, and re-establish the balance of European power in America.

Powerful arguments supported the new policy so antagonistic to that of General Taylor. Were the southern third of the Continent once fairly in English hands, no more slave States could be erected south of Texas. The magnificent cotton lands of Mexico, Yucatan, Balize, and the Mosquito shore, where ten bales can be raised to the single hand, would be cultivated by free labor, at less than *twelve cents* the day, and the negro for ever excluded. All other slave products would be grown there at prices proportionately low, and the distressing dependence of England upon the South for ever terminated.

An "Anglo-Saxon" power would have possession of that part of the continent, and the Spanish colonists gradually supplanted and exterminated. In English hands, deeper

canals and more substantial railroads would intersect the interoceanic territories ; and every American who passed over would receive a tincture of Anglo-Saxonism, and have impressed upon his heart a deep sense of British humanity and hospitality. England herself, once our enemy, now by necessity our friend, looked to us for aid in this matter. Exhausted by a series of wars against the Republicanism of Europe, burdened with an insupportable taxation, drawing two thirds of all the food she eats from other soils, she came to us no longer in the character of a rival, but in that of a dependent friend and cousin. It was indispensable for her to have the privilege of blockading the ports of the Spanish Republics, or she could find no sale for her surplus cloths and cutlery. We were rich and powerful ; we could feed ourselves, clothe ourselves ; we had gold and quicksilver, coal and cotton ; she had none of these, and it was not for us to play the dog in the manger, and refuse her the privilege of a poor cousin ; we who had so much could surely spare her a morsel. And so it was deemed expedient to allow her the privilege she asked, and the policy of Henry Clay, of John Q. Adams, of Thomas Jefferson, of Monroe, and of General Taylor, was abandoned, and the Spanish Republics, the gateway between Europe and Asia, are now subject to the blockades and other tender violences of the "Anglo-Saxon" Queen ; American citizens passing that way are disarmed by Jamaica negroes, and treated with considerable tenderness afterwards.

Again, other arguments were conceived. South Carolina was on intimate terms with England, and might at any moment, nay, had already, through her citizens, opened an amatory correspondence with her. South Carolina, or rather the few persons who rule and agitate in, and financier the bank for that adult British colony, began to lean upon England for protection against the supposed aggressions of the North. Members of the Nashville Convention were assured that South Carolina had only to throw herself into the cotton-clad lap of the British Queen, and she would be tenderly embraced and strongly defended. It was expedient, therefore, to conciliate England, because of her influence in South Carolina.

Again, England was the great agitator of Abolitionism in the North ! Singular contradiction !—inexplicable to country statesmen !

The manufacturing and commercial power of England deemed it necessary to bring about a separation of the Northern and Southern States. Her politicians had formally announced it as a part of their foreign policy to effect that separation. Her humanitarians had declared that the Union of the North American States was the grand cause of the continuance of slavery in America. It was therefore an act of humanity to procure a dissolution of that Union.

Her free traders had declared that the American Union maintaining a free and harmonious commercial intercourse between the Northern and Southern States was the grand cause of the existence and continual increase of manufactures in the Southern and Northern States, and that if it continued, British industry could no longer clothe the world, but must share the market of the world with the Americans, and finally give it up to them. It consequently became an essential part of the Free Trade movement to agitate Abolition in the North, and at the same time, and for the same purpose, to tempt the South from her allegiance with promises of free trade and protection if she would secede. Such considerations as these seem to make it important for men in power in America to desert the policy of Henry Clay, Monroe, Adams, and Taylor, and to conciliate England by the most flattering and friendly attentions, to permit her to run riot over the Spanish Republics, and act her pleasure on the two coasts of the continent.

What other and more powerful considerations may have driven our Government off from the American and Republican platform, we need not now stoop to inquire. Enough we do *know*, to satisfy us that no influences, however base, have been spared to corrupt the public sources of information, to suppress inquiry, to divert the attention both of Government and people from the designs of our rival. But it is with the general arguments, such as all men may discuss, that we are at present interested : let us keep to the open question, and use the common facts ; the good sense of our fellow-citizens asks for nothing more than that.

England is a conservative country ; it is anti-revolutionary, anti-slavery, and anti-democratic. The two powerful interests who govern it, the old and new aristocracy, the

aristocracy of land and the aristocracy of money and trade, unite in a cordial hatred of popular reforms. They kill democracy by bribing all electors, and keep revolutions out of England by a system of game laws, by which the people are disarmed. They have an army in India, and create revolutions there; they create revolutions in every country in the world except their own, and for wise reasons, which every free trader, and every younger son of an English aristocrat, understands. But the world has suddenly discovered, and the Tories of England, as the reader will find in an article in our succeeding number, have let out the grand secret, that the existence of the British Empire through another half century is a problem of uncertain solution. France has two millions of armed citizens; the United States can in two weeks concentrate an army of one hundred thousand trained rifles and muskets simultaneously upon three or four points of her Atlantic coast. California has not less than sixty thousand fighting men always ready, *more than all the fighting men in England and Scotland*. Russia can assemble and move a million. Prussia can summon every male adult citizen to arms, and find him ready with the musket. Germany is warlike from the Baltic to Trieste. Even Greece is at present a more defensible and warlike country than England. And with all that she depends upon Ireland, France, America, and Russia for more than one half of all the food that is eaten by her people, and without that food, a third of her population must be swept away by famine. By far the greater part of all food of her artisans comes from Ireland, and in Ireland she keeps a spy with a telescope to watch every cross road, an immense police army, and twenty thousand regular troops under arms. That is to say, the British Empire depends for its existence upon the contingency of an Irish rebellion, an American tariff, and the evil disposition of the Russian Autocrat. Highly necessary is it then for England to conciliate America, and if possible to keep us in a good humor with her and with ourselves. And yet she knows us too well to be at much pains to do that, even. Such is the inactivity and weakness of our Government, paralyzed by certain ingenious mesmerizers whose purpose it is to ride into power upon the wrecks of the great parties, nothing can be done with spirit or

decision. Our tariff is left ruinously inadequate; the public lands are absorbed and wasted by political speculators, creating dependent tenancies for themselves in the new countries; our Congress expends its energies in a detestable factious agitation; our steam navy must struggle unaided against British competition; and above all, we have no foreign policy except such as may be prepared for us by Lord Palmerston, and submitted to our Senators by an ingenious English gentleman in Washington. Our Republican allies, who desire our commerce and our protection, are hemmed in by British cruisers, the gateway between ourselves and the Pacific is closed and tolled by England, and our citizens passing a free territory regularly searched and disarmed; and all this because a dozen or more industrious intriguers wish to have their names entered on the books of the Presidential Scrub Race of 1852.

Upon whom, then, should we fix our choice to rescue the nation from shame? Upon a stuffed man of straw, an imaginary person, or upon some high-minded and ardent American, who has the magnanimity, the spirit, and the will, to put an end to this shameful and disgusting farce? Let it be he, whoever he may be, who can infuse life and courage into the councils of the nation; who can raise anew the fallen standard of Republicanism; who can engage all the people in a *true* Union movement, a movement of industry and enterprise; who can revive the latent enthusiasm of the friends of home industry, of nationality, and of national independence, and show them that they are the powerful majority of all the people; whose boldness and firmness will, with or without war, give us all that war can give, a greater name, increased wealth, a firmer nationality, and the respect of the world.

Is there a man in America honored by the voice of the people? who has represented truly the interests and the honor of the Republic? who adorns the councils of the nation by an eloquence founded upon wisdom, sincerity, and prescience? who in diplomacy represents at once the sagacious, the brilliant, and the bold? Must we go into the field and seek him at the furrow, or are his form and voice known to the people? Whoever, wherever he may be, we must find him; the Republic needs a head, the Union an incarnation.

The events of the last few months have

shown that the Presidency of the United States cannot be powerfully wielded by one to whom it falls by accident, or by mere succession. It is even doubtful whether an election by Congress, failing that by the nation, can confer a prestige and a power upon the successful candidate equal to the necessity of the situation. Without an able and truly representative man at the helm, there is no movement, no progress. THE NATION IS NEVER RIGHT UNTIL ITS FIRST CITIZEN IS AT ITS HEAD.

Is there not a man in the nation, whose election to the Presidency will give joy and satisfaction,—a sense of security and hope? God and man, nature and necessity are against us until we put our best man in command.

It is not to him, whoever he may be, that we owe any thing; as individual citizens we owe him nothing; he may even have stood in our way, and may have seemed to injure and overshadow some of us;—that is nothing here nor there; we must elect a real and not an Imaginary President, or resign our power, and so it will be *by a natural necessity*.

Every business must have an active agent to control it, every ship must have a master to guide it in the storm. Until the right agent is chosen the business languishes; until the right master is appointed, the ship is badly navigated and the crew are mutinous; until the natural leader of the Republic is in the first office in its gift, the Republic languishes.

Not once in a thousand years does it happen, that *two* men can be found in the same day in a great nation, fit to be intrusted with the highest office. A *hundred* may perhaps be found equal to the business of the office, and *fifty* of the hundred perhaps who can guide and govern men; but that is not all that is needed for the Presidency of the United States;—character, power of will, personal virtue, and the power too of enforcing respect and acquiescence, and commanding the favor of the million, should go into office with the President of the Great Republic.

"Principles, not men," is the spurious maxim of some cunning politicians. For then it should be, "*Offices, not men.*" Of 'principles' those men are quite innocent, God wot, who cannot distinguish a great man from a great booby, a tall fool from an Agamemnon, who care not if the Devil be

President, so he furnish them a rich employment.

"We owe the Presidency to Jones," say some, as a reward for his services to the nation, and to the Republican cause. An obvious error. The Presidency of the United States is not a Christmas box nor a pension. If the nation *owes* any service to Mr. Jones, my good democratic friend, and he will so far humiliate himself as to show *value received*, let him have a pension, a gift of public lands; but neither Mr. Jones nor his friends are fit to exercise power if they look for any thing of the kind, nor can any such plea be offered by them upon any occasion where the Republic is mentioned with the respect due to it. If any man has identified himself with the glory and genius of the American people, and can wield the highest power as an enthusiastic and high-minded Republican, and not as a mercenary agent or the stipendiary of a faction or a class, he would laugh to scorn your base offer of the Presidency to him as a reward, or a pension. What right have *we*, a dozen or twenty private citizens, to offer the Chief Magistracy of the Republic as a payment? Away then with the ridiculous plea, that Jones or Smith *must* have the Presidency because they have worked for it! It is not in us to *give* it, nor in him to earn or *receive* it.

The natural head of the Republican and National Party must stand foremost as the Representative, not of union in the abstract, but of a national policy, domestic and foreign, that will make union as necessary as life. He must be the suggestor and the guide of great measures, to be carried through Congress, if necessary, by the severest struggles; the Congress, loaded with corruption and old prejudice, will, ten to one, fight against the people and their man. Whatever the violence of opposition, and the fury of calumny, he must with a firm will, relying upon the sole foundation of power, the respect of the people, carry his measures right on to their performance. Not a question must remain in any man's mind of his intention or his sincerity. There must be no secrecy, no diplomacy with the nation. He will draw about him the ablest and most trustworthy citizens of the Republic; the fittest to stand by and work the dangerous machinery of power. No thought of elections must enter his mind; *his re-election is secured by his conduct*.

The Presidency of the United States is perhaps the most difficult office in the world to fill, and requires the greatest moral and intellectual power to hold it successfully;—and it will not have been successfully held unless it is held for a successor. A successful, well-managed political party, led by first class statesmen, should be able to hold office for an entire generation, and carry their system of policy into its full effects.

If the Whigs go out of office at the next election, confusion and weakness may follow them for twenty years longer; possibly they may become extinct as a party, and politics fall upon new issues, more exciting and popular than those which create party lines at present. If they can find a suitable candidate, and can join a powerful and popular name with his in the Vice Presidency, to meet the danger of his death, power will perhaps remain in Whig hands for a full age of man.

Many distinguished names might be mentioned of men fully equal to the *business* of high office, and who would do creditably what the place requires; but we are not here to interest ourselves with comparative merits. We seek to find not him who on the whole is the most available, but him who is the candidate without comparison.

Were the true man found, the sons of mischief and confusion would unite, and concentrate all their powers for the sake of defeating so dreadful an antagonist. But their union against him and his friends would be of itself a benefit conferred upon the nation. The distraction of parties corrupts and weakens the political morality of the people; a dozen abominable little factions, fanatical, selfish, narrow and ignorant, do nothing for the nation but mischief. Let them be united in opposition, the meaner motives disappear. A legion of devils are cast out, who before delighted to animate the members of a disjointed carcass.

An able succession of twenty years, with a great policy, continued through a line of national and truly Democratic Presidents, would in all probability annihilate the British Free Trade faction, crush the British-born disunionist factions of the North and of the South, re-establish republican industry, and confirm republican alliances all the world over; secure for this nation the love of all nations struggling for liberty, and strike salutary terror into the reactionists

and despots of the old world; establish the freedom and confirm the prosperity of the southern third of the continent, where our citizens are received with open arms, and offered every advantage by the Spanish Republics; give a new and powerful impulse to the manufacturing industry of the South; open to the use of all the world the exhaustless mineral wealth of Pennsylvania, of Virginia, and of Central America, (the new and better California;) give a new impulse to the commerce of the world by furnishing to all markets a vast and profitable surplus of manufactures; and above all, re-establish the honor and glory of the Republican name, now fallen into disgrace and weakness, and by its fall in America, retarding the great movements of human progress abroad.

Nothing of all this can be done, unless the first citizens of the Republic are put at the head of its affairs, and the first man of them all in the chief seat of power.

A popular simpleton, an industrious fanatic, an able rascal, a vain rhetorician, a cunning diplomatist, a stipendiary, an honest ignoramus—these are not the characters to lead the new age, or give a majestic forward movement to the great Republic. Good friends, good men, honest and intelligent citizens, consider what a folly you commit when you cast the fatal, irrecoverable vote that puts a *weak*, a *silly*, a *false*, or a *knavish* man at the head of this nation. The power of the place is great; the greatest capacity cannot satisfy it, and it has this peculiarity, that it *must be used*. If not used, it works a proportionate mischief. An imaginary, do-nothing President, or a stuffed show President, is not *merely* a clog and a disgrace; the mischief he unconsciously accomplishes is just equal to the *unused* power and *legitimate* responsibility of the office. If the nation does not progress, or as we say, “go ahead,” all that while it goes backward, and falls in pieces. Its existence as a Union depends upon its national and harmonious activity—its activity and movement *as a whole*. We cannot sit still; it is death and ruin to do so, but we cannot move without a competent leader to guide our motion. If we do not extend, improve and protect our agriculture, other nations will compel us to look to them for the necessities of life. If we allow our manufacturing industry to be oppressed and outdone, another nation more enterpris-

ing is immediately the commander of our purse, and puts us in her debt; agriculture is choked and trade embarrassed. If we neglect to keep up our mining interests, iron, coal, lead, and copper come to us from abroad, and we are farther narrowed, impoverished and restricted, and forced back upon the wilderness. If we neglect to extend our empire, to colonize and subdue by all *just* means the savage hordes upon our border, we are distressed and ruined along our border. If we neglect to keep up friendly, profitable and exclusive alliances with neighboring Republics, a foreign power steps in and *we* are shamed and excluded, our commerce endangered, our peace imperilled, a bar of separation raised between ourselves and our brothers. *Existence* and *progress* are correlatives: the one is nothing without the other. Is not victory the crown of existence? Who wishes to live who does not also conquer the evils of life, and make himself in some degree master of his own destiny? And the nation that loses sight

of victory, and lets in the adversary to spoil and destroy, to appropriate and to oppress, is it not a deluded, a weak, a slavish, and a contemptible nation, ready for civil war and dismemberment? *For the American people there is no choice between extension, growth, and progress, and an enterprise directed outside and beyond itself, or internal dissension and decay.* The household must have outdoor business to look to, or they will quarrel and ruin all.

Southern statesmen are jealous of the central government, and well they may be, for now it is the prey of factions. Let them put fire and nationality into it, and they will no longer have any cause to fear it. A central government that has nothing to do, no generous or useful enterprises in hand, is a nest of corruption, and a hot-bed of faction; what else should it, or can it ever be? Will the powers of nature lie still and wait our pleasure? Will the laws of human nature suspend themselves to please us, and give us a good time?

THE TWO THOMPSONS—G. P. AND P. P.

ANOTHER CHAPTER ON

"CIVIL DISCORD DUTY FREE"

ENGLAND has the felicity of possessing two Thompsons—"Thompson the Aristocrat," at home, "Thompson the Demagogue," abroad.

"Thompson the Aristocrat" at home, writes: "*To England the policy is clear, (if she is to have any policy,) of promoting by all legitimate means, the separation of the Northern from the Southern (United) States.*" This is P. P. Thompson, a Tory of the old school, and rich. He is an M. P. from Eliotvale, Blackheath, England. He writes, farther: "The slave-breeding mind has conceived the idea of conquest, to which, in its own words, the successes of Rome are to be child's play. It is clear, England must take one side and her enemy (America) the other. She (England) must take the lead in the propagation of the European continent of the principles which bind nation to nation, and leave America to do the work

she has assigned herself, of sending out her population to die, *as it is hoped in the end they will*, under the guns of honest people." So wrote P. P., the Thompson at home, (M. P. from Blackheath,) a Tory, in the London *Morning Chronicle* of Feb. 1st, 1848.

G. P. carries out the "policy" of P. P. The two abolitionists, representing two phases of British humanity, the Tory and the Radical, "work together for our good;" one at home, *safe* in England, the other, not quite so safe, in America. One hatches the villainy, the other puts it in practice. This valuable "policy" of dissolving the Unions of Republics, is finely illustrated by the dissolution, through British management, of all Unions except our own on the two continents of North and South America. All the world knows that England wishes to have a duty-free entrance for her goods into American ports, North and South;—

now, the Unions of States, in South and North America, have forbidden such free entrance, and enforced a tariff. English agents in South America, and in Central America, have worked, and are now working with all the energy of devils, to break up these Unions, and their amiable labors have been crowned with success. The mortal hatred of your genuine Briton for every thing republican, has supplied the energy necessary for the work. Other means have been used, but it is as often a labor of love as of gain.

The destruction of the North American Union of Republics, whose existence is such a potent obstacle to the movements of British commerce, is a work of time, and requires every variety of agency. The grand lever is the slavery agitation. When free-trade fails, the slavery agitation is the stand-by. G. P. Thompson, the other Member of Parliament,—the Thompson abroad, the *practical* Thompson in America—supplies what is left undone by theoretic Tory, P. P. Thompson, M. P., *safe* in England.

One of the New-York dailies informs us that somebody has been denouncing practical G. P. Thompson, the British free-trade lecturer and abolitionist in Massachusetts and New-York, as an aristocrat. This is a curious mistake, whoever committed it; whoever denounces G. P. as an aristocrat, is clearly ignorant of P. P. We have described and quoted P. P.; let us now quote and describe G. P.

G. P., in a speech of his at Syracuse, declares that "for twenty-five years he has devoted himself to the human race." So too have the devil and the razor-strop man.

"Instead of being a hireling, I have labored for nothing, says G. R., and have never received for my labors any thing to make me richer than I was when I entered the lists to do battle for human rights:" which is a comfortable assurance, to a thoughtful mind, that a desperately wicked and destructive course of life is at best, unprofitable. Our emissary is one of the true breed; he works for love, it seems; your genuine destructive is content with mischief: virtue is its own reward, and so is G. P. Thompson's agitation. Heaven send it payment in kind!

"Yet," continues G. P., "when, denying myself the companionship of those I love," (his wife and children, disinterested soul!) "I come to this land to speak for the common

cause of all men, dastard editors, and hireling scribblers, who can only, like serpents, be traced by the slime they leave, blacken me without measure, creep away to their dark rooms, and concoct lies and slanders against an innocent man."

Certainly, *practical* G. P. Thompson is the most audacious rascal of an agitator and emissary, that ever the people of America let live among them. He coolly informs us, as if it were a merit, that he has left wife and children at home, safe in England, and has come over to America, without reward or hope of reward; and the purpose of his coming is to commit the greatest crime of which man is capable, to create civil war, slave insurrections, to set one half the people against the other half, to blight the hope of the world, and doom three millions of the negro race to barbarism and a war of extermination. That is the object of disinterested G. P. Thompson's visit. Practical G. P. is a much cheaper and more 'available' man to satisfy the ravenous maw of the wolf of commerce, British Free Trade, than your rich Tory, unpractical P. P. Thompson at home, *safe* in England.

"I am a foreigner," says G. P., at Syracuse, "Oh, that is it, indeed—a foreigner!—so are your missionaries."

Missionaries, O indefatigable and most *practical* G. P., go among barbarians to teach obedience to the doctrines of Christ; you come among a Christian, civilized people, to preach ruin and death. You are a *foreigner* with a vengeance; and it is a source of astonishment to all thinking men, that your abominable foreign quackeries of free trade, servile war, division of the Union, and universal British rule, have not long since met their quietus. But no; there is no public opinion of force or courage enough to crush any thing British, were it a British dog run mad, and biting every American he met. The principles of Free Trade and Universal Rights would certainly protect him, could he show a British brass collar.

"In all that makes a man a true American," continues G. P., "I am an American." "Is it American to hate tyranny and battle against oppression?" Aye, truly, most indefatigable G. P., it is so, and of all the tyrannies in this world, commend me to that of a servile public opinion backed by the terrors of Free Trade, and a toady press. Against that accursed tyranny America has a long

and dreadful fight to make; in which conflict England is the Carthage.

But how is this, man? have you no 'tyranny' at home to fight against? Go preach to Hindoos, tell *them* to raise their hand against the oppressor, against *your* countrymen!—you are a 'missionary,'—go. Go you to Ireland, rouse up the Celt with flaming oratory—rouse him against the oppressor!—the wretched starving, miserable Celt!—you are a 'missionary,' go. Go to Central America and bid the suffering Republicans, incited to cut each other's throats by your detestable Free Trade agents—bid them unite in the cause of God and freedom, and drive out the British oppressor;—you are American, a Radical Republican are you, and a missionary,—go. But no, it is not *safe* there, or in any of those places, where *your* nation rules, to preach against oppression. You would swing for it.

G. P. is ready to swear that he is as good an American as any of us. He is for trial by jury, and the 'equality of the human race;' he is for '*the people*' and the 'franchise.' He also hints, very politely, "that the slaveholding tyrants of the North and South hunt him down, because he is for all these things.

G. P. is certainly an extraordinary man to go for all these things; such men are rare now-a-days, but we really do not think that his going for them is the reason why "the slaveholding tyrants of the North and South hunt him down." Practical G. P., '*safe in America*,' goes for much more than all that; namely, for one of two things, the division of the States into two opposed and warring nations, or the usurpation of supreme power by the Northern States over the Southern, and all the tremendous consequences that must follow,—precious and desirable consequences for the *two* British Thompsons, and an eternal triumph for Free Trade and Despotism, and a glut for the maw of the great Wolf of Commerce, who thrives upon Revolutions and grows rich by the ruin of many nations.

G. P. Thompson claims to be an American; there are indeed many 'Americans' like him, Americans in name only, at heart Fanatics, the enemies of human happiness, by whose vicious agitations the negro race, whom they pretend to serve, must be reduced back to barbarism or violently and speedily exterminated. Let us have no more

British missionaries voluntary, or involuntary, preaching death and ruin, and inoculating feeble brains and timid souls with the venom of free trade and the fury of devils.

The same paper that gives us G. P. Thompson's tirade at Syracuse, publishes a letter from a Southern scoundrel, a counterfeiter and kidnapper, who makes it his trade to search up runaway negroes in the North, and avows that the business is a profitable one. Equally detestable, North and South, is the spirit that urges on the negro agitation. The Southern man who will deliberately *tamper* with and *irritate* the passions of the Northern people, by allowing disreputable armed emissaries to *test* them on the law, commits a crime against his country. The law was for the protection of Southern property, to express the respect of the Northern people, not for slave institutions, (for those they have long since abolished in disgust,) but for the legal and constitutional rights of the South; and those who purposely, and in bad faith, aggravate and exasperate the known allowable sentiments and feelings of the North, make themselves in so doing the serviceable tools of the Power that seeks our ruin; and we hold them fit companions in punishment for the notorious emissary and agitator whose expressions at Syracuse are discussed in this article. Away with all this folly and fury; let us be men, let us at length direct our thoughts to the nation, and its universal interests.

An American said lately, that "he hoped to see the time when an American wearing foreign broadcloth would be liable to the penitentiary; when railroad projectors purchasing foreign iron should be tried for high treason." This does not touch the root of the matter. If an American ought to be punished for wearing British cloth, what shall we do with those that wear British Principles? And farther, what punishment is severe enough, what dungeon dark enough for the foreign incendiary who comes expressly hither, first to poison our minds and then to set against each other, brother against brother?—and such an one is Master G. P. Thompson. It appears that, *as yet*, not only British broadcloth and cutlery, but British spies and national incendiaries, a much more injurious article of import, are quite safe in America. Can we not soon have a good swinging tariff upon *both*?

NEGLECTED AUTHORS.

RABELAIS:

HIS ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT MASTER GASTER, THE INVENTOR OF ARTS.

THAT day Pantagruel went ashore in an island, which, for situation and governor, may be said not to have its fellow. When you just come into it, you find it rugged, craggy, barren, unpleasant to the eye, painful to the feet, and almost inaccessible.

As for Pantagruel, he said, that here was the seat of Arete (that's as much as to say, virtue) described by Hesiod. This, however, with submission to better judgments. The ruler of this place was one master Gaster, the first master of arts in the world. For, if you believe that fire is the great master of arts, as Tully writes, you very much wrong him and yourself: alas, Tully never believed this. On the other side, if you fancy Mercury to be the first inventor of arts, as our ancient Druids believed of old, you are mightily beside the mark. The satirist's sentence, that affirms master Gaster to be master of all arts, is true. With him peacefully resided old goody Penia, alias Poverty, the mother of the ninety-nine Muses, on whom Porus, the Lord of Plenty, formerly begot Love, that noble child, the mediator of heaven and earth, as Plato affirms in *Symposio*.

What company soever he is in, none dispute with him for precedence or superiority; he still goes first, though kings, emperors, or even the pope, were there. So he held the first place at the council of Basle, though some will tell you that the council was tumultuous, by the contentions and ambition of many for priority.

We were all obliged to pay our homage and swear allegiance to that mighty sovereign; for he is imperious, severe, blunt, hard, uneasy, inflexible; you cannot make him believe, represent to him, or persuade him any thing.

He does not hear; and, as the Egyptians said that Harpocrates, the god of silence, name Sigalion in Greek, was astomé, that is, without a mouth; so Gaster was created without ears, even like the image of Jupiter in Candia.

Every one is busied and labors to serve him; and indeed, to make amends for this, he does this good to mankind, as to invent for them all arts, machines, trades, engines, and crafts: he even instructs brutes in arts which are against their nature, making poets of ravens, jackdaws, chattering jays, parrots, and starlings, and poetesses of magpies, teaching them to utter human language, speak and sing; and all for the gut.

Salt and fresh-water fish, whales, and the monsters of the main, he brings up from the bottom of the deep; wolves he forces out of the woods, bears out of the rocks, foxes out of their holes, and serpents out of the ground; and all for the gut.

In short, he is so unruly, that in his rage he devours all men and beasts: as was seen among the Vascons, when Q. Metellus besieged them in the Sertorian wars; among the Saguntines besieged by Hannibal; among the Jews besieged by the Romans, and six hundred more; and all for the gut. When his regent Penia takes a progress, wherever she moves, all senates are shut up, all statutes repealed, all orders and proclamations vain: she knows, obeys, and has no law. All shun her, in every place choosing rather to expose themselves to shipwrecks at sea, and venture through fire, rocks, caves, and precipices, than be seized by that most dreadful tormentor.

He only speaks by signs; but those signs are more readily obeyed by every one, than the statutes of senates, or commands of monarchs; neither will he admit the least let or delay in his summons. You say that when a lion roars, all the beasts at a considerable distance round about, as far as his roar can be heard, are seized with a shivering. This is written, 'tis true; I have seen it. I assure you, that at master Gaster's command, the very heavens tremble, and all the earth shakes: his command is called, Do this or die. Needs must when the devil drives; there's no gainsaying of it.

MADAME D'ARBLAY.

[CONCLUDED.]

WE think *Cecilia* is the best production of Miss Burney's. Perhaps she has crowded her canvas with too many figures, but they are so well drawn and colored, and show the richness of her genius, that it is difficult to find fault with her. *Cecilia Beverley* is an heiress with £3,000 per annum, and with no restriction to the disposal of her hand and riches, but that the person whom she marries must assume the name of Beverley. All *Cecilia's* troubles hinge on this unfortunate clause in the will.* The influence of her acquaintance with Dr. Johnson is plainly perceptible in this book. The style is sonorous and dignified. The contrast in the characters of the three guardians of *Cecilia* is in the highest degree amusing and instructive. Harrel is a gay spendthrift, and a man of the world; Briggs a merchant, who has accumulated a fortune by hoarding up small gains, and of course is penurious in the extreme; and Delville is full of pride and pomposity, and with an insane love for family and rank: such are the three guardians of *Cecilia*. It is difficult to make any extract from the work, which will give a just idea of it, but I select the interview between Briggs and Delville, which so much pleased Mrs. Thrale:—

"CHAPTER IX.

"The next morning the family purposed setting off as soon as breakfast was over. Young Delville, however, waited not so long; the fineness of the weather tempted him, he said, to travel on horseback, and therefore he had risen very early, and was already gone. *Cecilia* could not but wonder, yet did not repine. Just as breakfast was over, and Mr. and Mrs. Delville and *Cecilia* were pre-

* In the *Memoirs of an Heiress*, all the difficulties of the plot turn on the necessity imposed by a clause in her uncle's will, that her future husband should take the family name of Beverley. Poor *Cecilia*! What delicate perplexities she was thrown into by this improvident provision; and with what minute, endless, intricate distresses, has the fair authoress been enabled to harrow up the reader on this account.—*Hazlitt on "Will-Making."*

paring to depart, to their no little surprise the door was opened, and out of breath with haste and with heat, in stumped Mr. Briggs. 'So,' cried he to *Cecilia*, 'what's all this? hay? Where are going? A coach at the door! horses to every wheel! servants fine as lords! what's in the wind now? think to chouse me out of my belongings?' 'I thought, sir,' said *Cecilia*, who instantly understood him, though Mr. and Mrs. Delville stared at him in utter astonishment, 'I had explained before I left you that I should not return.' 'Didn't, didn't,' answered he, angrily; 'waited for you three days; dressed a breast o' mutton o' purpose; got in a lobster, and two crabs; all spoilt by keeping; stink already; weather quite muggy, forced to souse 'em in vinegar; one expence brings on another; never begin the like again.' 'I am very sorry indeed,' said *Cecilia*, much disconcerted, 'if there has been any mistake through my neglect; but I had hoped I was understood, and I have been so much occupied—' 'Ay, ay,' interrupted he, 'fine work! rare doings! a merry Vauxhalling, with pistols at all your noddles! Thought as much! thought he'd tip the perch; saw he wasn't stanch; knew he'd go by his company,—a set of jackanapes! all blacklegs! nobody warm among 'em; fellows with a month's good living upon their backs, and not sixpence for the hangman in their pockets!' Mrs. Delville now with a look of arch congratulation at *Cecilia* as the object of this agreeable visit, finding it not likely to be immediately concluded, returned to her chair; but Mr. Delville, leaning sternly upon his cane, moved not from the spot where he stood at his entrance, but surveyed him from head to foot, with the most astonished contempt at his undaunted vulgarity. 'Well, I'd all your cash myself; seized that, else!—run out the constable for you next, and made you blow out your brains for company. Mind what I say, never give your mind to a gold lace hat! many a one wears it don't know five farthings from two-pence. A good man always wears a bob wig; make that your rule. Ever see master Harrel wear such a thing? No, I'll warrant! better if he had kept his head on his own shoulders. And now, pray, how does he cut up! what has he left behind him? a twee-case, I suppose, and a bit of a hat won't go on a man's head.' *Cecilia*, perceiving, with great confusion, that Mr. Delville, though evidently provoked by this intrusion, would not deign to speak, that Mr. Briggs might be regarded as belonging wholly to herself, hastily said, 'I will not, sir, as your time is precious, detain you here, but, as soon as it is in my power, I will wait upon you in the city.' Mr. Briggs, however, without listening to her, thought proper to continue his harangue. 'Invited me

once to his house; sent me a card, half of it printed like a book! t'other half a scrawl could not read; pretended to give a supper; all a mere bam; went without my dinner, and got nothing to eat; all glass and show; victuals painted all manner o' colors; lighted up like a pastry-cook on twelfth-day; wanted something solid, and got a great lump of sweet-meat; found it as cold as stone, all froze in my mouth like ice; made me jump again, and brought the tears in my eyes; forced to spit it out; believe it was nothing but a snow-ball, just set up for show, and covered over with a little sugar. Pretty way to spend money! Stuffing, and piping, and hopping! never could rest till every farthing was gone; nothing left but his own fool's pate, and even that he could not hold together.' 'At present, sir,' said Cecilia, 'we are all going out of town; the carriage is waiting at the door, and therefore——' 'No such thing,' cried he; 'shan't go; come for you myself; take you to my own house. Got every thing ready; been to the broker's, bought a nice blanket, hardly a brack in it. Pick up a table soon; one in my eye,' 'I am sorry you have so totally mistaken me, sir; for I am now going into the country with Mr. and Mrs. Delville.' 'Won't consent, won't consent! What will you go there for? hear of nothing but dead dukes; as well as visit an old tomb.' Here Mr. Delville, who felt himself insulted in a manner he could least support, after looking at him very disdainfully, turned to Cecilia and said, 'Miss Beverley, if this person wishes for a longer conference with you, I am sorry you did not appoint a more seasonable hour for your interview.' 'Ay, ay!' cried the impenetrable Mr. Briggs; 'want to hurry her off! see that! But 'twon't do; ain't to be nicked; choose to come in for my thirds; won't be gulled; shan't have more than your share.' 'Sir!' cried Mr. Delville, with a look meant to be nothing less than petrific. 'What,' cried he, with an arch leer; 'all above it, hay? warrant your Spanish Don never thinks of such a thing! don't believe 'em, my duck! great cry and little wool; no more of the ready than other folks; mere puff and go one.' 'This is language, sir,' said Mr. Delville, 'so utterly incomprehensible that I presume you do not even intend it should be understood; otherwise, I should very little scruple to inform you that no man of the name of Delville brooks the smallest insinuation of dishonor.' 'Don't he?' returned Mr. Briggs, with a grin; 'why, how will he help it? will the old grandees jump up out of their graves to frighten us?' 'What old grandees, sir? to whom are you pleased to allude?' 'Why, all them old grandfathers and aunts you brag of; a set of poor souls you won't let rest in their coffins; mere clay and dirt! fine things to be proud of! a parcel of old mouldy rubbish quite departed this life! raking up bones and dust, nobody knows for what! ought to be ashamed; who cares for dead carcasses? nothing but carrion; my little Tom's worth forty of 'em.' 'I can so ill make out, Miss Beverley,' said the astonished Mr. Delville, 'what this person is pleased to drive at, that I cannot pretend to enter into any sort of conversation with him; you will therefore be so good as to let me know when he has finished his discourse, and you are at leisure to set off.'

And then, with a very stately air, he was quitting the room; but was soon stopt, upon Mr. Briggs's calling out, 'Ay, ay, Don Duke, poke in the old charnel houses by yourself, none of your defunct for me! didn't care if they were all hung in a string. Who's the better for 'em?' 'Pray, sir,' cried Mr. Delville, turning round, 'to whom were you pleased to address that speech?' 'To one Don Puffendorf,' replied Mr. Briggs; 'know ever such a person, hay?' 'Don who, sir?' said Mr. Delville, stalking nearer to him; 'I must trouble you to say that name over again.' 'Suppose don't choose it? how then?' 'I am to blame,' said Mr. Delville, scornfully waving his hand with a repulsive motion, 'to suffer myself to be irritated so unworthily; and I am sorry, in my own house, to be compelled to hint that the sooner I have it to myself, the better I shall be contented with it.' 'Ay, ay, want to get me off; want to have her to yourself! won't be so soon choused; who's the better man? hay? which do you think is warmest? and all got by myself; obliged to never a grandee for a penny; what do you say to that! will you cast an account with me?' 'Very extraordinary this,' cried Mr. Delville; 'the most extraordinary circumstance of the kind I ever met with! a person to enter my house in order to talk in this incomprehensible manner! a person, too, I hardly know by sight.' 'Never mind, old Don,' cried Briggs, with a facetious nod, 'know me better another time!' 'Old who, sir! what?' 'Come to a fair reckoning,' continued Mr. Briggs; 'suppose you were in my case, and had never a farthing but of your own getting; where would you be then! What would become of your fine coach and horses! You might stump your feet off before you'd ever get into one. Where would be all this smart crockery work for your breakfast? You might pop your head under a pump, or drink out of your own paw. What would you do for that fine jenny tie? Where would you get a gold head to your stick? You might dig long enough in them cold vaults, before any of your old grandfathers would pop out to give you one.' Mr. Delville, feeling more enraged than he thought suitable to his dignity, restrained himself from making any further answer, but going up to the bell, rang it with great violence. 'And as to ringing a bell,' continued Mr. Briggs, 'you'd never know what it was in your life, unless could make interest to be a dustman.' 'A dustman!' repeated Mr. Delville, unable to continue his silence longer; 'I protest——' biting his lips, he stopt short. 'Ay, love it, don't you? suits your taste; why not one dust as well as another? Dust in a cart good as dust of a charnel-house; don't smell half so bad.' A servant now entering, Mr. Delville called out, 'Is every thing ready?' 'Yes sir.' He then begged Mrs. Delville to go into the coach, and telling Cecilia to follow when at leisure, left the room. 'I will come immediately, sir,' said Cecilia. 'Mr. Briggs, I am sorry to leave you, and much concerned you have had this trouble; but I can detain Mr. Delville no longer.' And away she ran, notwithstanding he repeatedly charged her to stay. He followed them, however, to the coach, with bitter revilings that every body was to make more of his ward than himself, and with the most viru-

lent complaints of his losses from the blanket, the breast of mutton, the crabs, and the lobster. Nothing, however, more was said to him; Cecilia, as if she had not heard him, only bowed her head, and the coach driving off, they soon lost sight of him. This incident by no means rendered the journey pleasant, or Mr. Delville gracious; his own dignity, that constant object of his thoughts and his cares, had received a wound from the attack, which he had not the sense to despise; and the vulgarity and impudence of Mr. Briggs, which ought to have made his familiarity and boldness equally contemptible and ridiculous, served only, with a man whose pride outran his understanding, to render them doubly mortifying and stinging. He could talk, therefore, of nothing the whole way that they went, but the extreme impropriety of which the Dean of — had been guilty, in exposing him to scenes and situations so much beneath his rank, by leaguering him with a person so coarse and disgraceful. They slept one night upon the road, and arrived the next day at Delville Castle."

The history of the Harrels, in this novel, is full of instruction, and of deep and absorbing interest. It is the daily history of thousands who are living beyond their means, striving to keep up a frail and feverish being in a senseless prodigality, squandering in display means which would enrich home with every comfort and refinement.

"We sacrifice to dress till household joys
And comfort cease. Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our harder lean; puts out our fires,
And introduces hunger, frost, and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign."

COWPER.

Never were the effects of pecuniary embarrassments more truly and powerfully depicted than in the history of the Harrels. It is worth a thousand sermons. How true, too, are the words of Sir Egerton Brydges in his autobiography, which display all the horrors of debt. After all, there is but one pleasure, which is to escape from the world, and indulge one's own thoughts uninterrupted. All show and luxury is idle, empty, satiating indulgence. Calmness, leisure, and above all, independence, with that humble competence which is necessary for the support of life, are all which are requisite. But there can be no independence or calmness without freedom from debt, which subjects one to indignities that harrow up the soul. Where the mind and temper are irritated in this way, what enjoyment can there be in any thing; and what ripe and perfect fruits can the imagination or the understanding produce? Even the charms of nature are

thus clouded, and the airs of heaven cannot soothe us. Yet the morning and the evening, the fresh breezes, the mountains, seas, lakes, valleys and woods, and the changes of the seasons, are the delight of human existence; and these are open to the poor as well as to the rich, to the humble as well as to the high.

Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay.

Edited by her NIECE. 2 volumes, 8vo.
Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1842.

These volumes are very interesting, and give a history of the English Court for several years. From them we learn, that Miss Burney most unwisely accepted, in 1786, the situation of keeper of the robes to the Queen, and for five years endured a servitude worse than that of a galley-slave. As Horace Walpole well says, "she was royally gagged, and promoted to fold muslins." When she went into this banishment, she was the most popular writer in England, surrounded by affectionate relations and warm friends. She gave up the society of Burke and others to feast on that of "the sweet Queen" and the sagacious George III. The Queen admired some heavy German writers, and the King enriched her with his opinions on several authors. He thought Voltaire a monster, Rousseau not quite as bad; and exclaims, "But was there ever such stuff as a great part of Shakspeare! Only one must not say so. But what think you? What? Is there not sad stuff? What? what?" In addition to the interesting conversation of the King, she received her board, lodging, a servant to wait on her, and £200 a year. The situation entailed many privations, an incessant attendance upon the royal person, a continued confinement to court, with no power over her own time, and not even the liberty to receive and pay visits without express permission. Her life was monotonous in the extreme. She rose early, to be ready for her attendance on the Queen between seven and eight o'clock; after which she had a little time to herself, which was necessarily devoted to business, and to her wardrobe. She was again in attendance about one, after which she had two hours to herself, which she generally devoted to a journal which she kept for the amusement of her friends. At five she dined with Mrs. Schwellenberg, a vulgar, ill-natured woman,

a cleaving mischief to her, where a few guests were occasionally invited; and in the evening some of the equerries drank tea with them. About eleven o'clock she was again summoned to the Queen, when she herself afterwards retired to bed, "and to sleep, too, believe me," she says. "The early rising and a long day's attention to new affairs and occupations, cause a fatigue so bodily, that nothing mental stands against it; and to sleep I fall the moment I have put out my candle and laid down my head." She made an excursion with the royal family to Oxford, where she was almost starved and fatigued to death. How different would have been her reception, visiting the same place, as Miss Burney, the author of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*. Her father, "with blindness internal struck," thought no one could be otherwise than happy if near a King and Queen. Among the other indignities she suffered, poor Fanny had to answer the bell. She says: "At first, I felt inexpressibly discomfited by this mode of call. A bell! It seemed so mortifying a mark of servitude. I always felt myself blush, though alone, with conscious shame at my own strange degradation." Her health became much impaired, so much so, that she must either die or leave her situation. The matter, indeed, Boswell told her, was puissantly discussed at *The Club*, Charles Fox in the chair, where it was in contemplation to send a round robin to Dr. Burney, to recall his daughter to the world. Walpole wrote to her. Burke and Reynolds and Wyndham were also anxious to free her from her slavery. Finally, in July, 1791, she again breathed the air of freedom, and after making a tour in the west of England, and drinking of the Bath waters, her health was restored to her. The air of the Court not only affected her health, but exercised a depressing effect on the integrity of her mind. She for a time hated Burke and Wyndham for the interest they took, and the ability they displayed, in the prosecution of Warren Hastings. Her Diary shows a loving, amiable nature, and gives us a good insight into what Coleridge calls "the low puppetry of thrones," and is also an interesting record of past manners and opinions; and we become acquainted with the merits and peculiarities of her individual character.

It was at Norbury Park, the seat of her

friends, the Lockes, that Miss Burney was first introduced to General Alexander D'Arblay, a royalist refugee of the French Revolution; and the mutual attachment which was formed ended in a marriage, which took place in July, 1793, at the village of Mickleham. About this time she wrote an "Address to the Ladies of Great Britain, in favor of the Emigrant Priests," together with "Brief Reflections relative to the Emigrant Clergy." The profits arising from the sale of them were assigned to their benefit. Madame D'Arblay now found herself obliged to exert her abilities for the benefit of her own immediate family, their pecuniary means being small, chiefly indeed confined to £100 per annum, which the Queen assigned her on quitting her situation at Windsor, and which she enjoyed for the rest of her life. Accordingly, in 1796, was published by subscription, "*Camilla, or a Picture of Youth*," in five volumes. For this work she received three thousand guineas; and though it is pleasing and interesting, and greatly admired at the time, it is scarcely equal to "*Evelina*" or "*Cecilia*," though much more profitable to the writer. Shortly afterwards, with the money arising from the sale of "*Camilla*," the D'Arblays built a small cottage on a spot adjoining Norbury Park, after a plan of General D'Arblay's. It was jokingly called *Camilla Cottage* by Dr. Burney, and this name was afterwards adopted for it by their friends. In this pleasant retirement they passed several years, previous to their leaving England for the Continent. "*Camilla*" is enriched with a number of well-drawn characters. There are Sir Hugh Tyrold, the good old baronet; Dr. Orkborne, with his forgetfulness and love of books; Sir Sedley Clarendel; Edgar Mandelbert; and the ineffable Mr. Dubster, who, on being asked what made him a gentleman, gravely replied, "Leaving off business." This is equal to a Mr. Suckling, (in Miss Austen's "*Emma*,") a Bristol merchant, who had retired from trade some eight or nine years, and refuses to visit another Bristolian who had purified himself from the dregs of a sugar warehouse only the Christmas before. The annoying and obsequious Mrs. Mitten; *Camilla*, with her youthful glee and pure heart—alas! that dark clouds threw their shadows over her; her amiable sisters; the intelligent and eccentric Mrs. Arlberry, display the rich

treasures of the fair author's genius. The interview between Sir Hugh Tyrold and his niece, when he believes himself dying, and the story of Mrs. Hill, in "Cecilia," are pathetic in the extreme, and show that Madame D'Arblay had the same command over our tears, as over our laughter.

We are reluctantly compelled to say, that "*The Wanderer, or Female Difficulties*," is exceedingly dull reading. It was the last of Madame D'Arblay's novels, and she received for the copyright the large sum of fifteen hundred pounds. The English edition is in five volumes, the American in three.* The story is too much spun out; compressed into half its size, it would be interesting. The crisis never arrives. The gray day and Pleiades before us dance, but the sunlight never comes shedding sweet influence. The slightest incident breaks the thread of the story. The heroine is so refined that she never speaks in the proper place, and becomes a wanderer, seeking temporary shelter from house to house, when the slightest explanation would procure for her a home and friends. We became vexed at the unreasonable prolixity of the narrative, and the reader can only wonder, when he reaches the conclusion, that it could be possible for the author of "Evelina" to write so prosily. Fluellen says, "There are occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things." There is also a sad falling off in the style, the beauty and force of which had been spoiled by her long residence in France. The plot was conceived, and part of this novel written, at the close of the last century; she carried it with her to France in 1802, where she was compelled to remain until 1812. Truth compelled her to declare, that during these ten eventful years, that she resided in Paris, she was startled by no species of investigation, and remained totally unannoyed in every respect, passing her time by her own fireside, or amid a select company of her friends. The great evil was, that she could not correspond freely with her relations in England. "The Wanderer" certainly contains some ably-drawn characters. Admiral Powel is a fine old *salt*, and with courage enough to hazard derision, even from fools. Mrs. Maple, Mrs. Howel, and Mrs. Ireton are portraits strongly painted, and disagreeable

enough, but certainly life-like. Mrs. Ireton is one of the most provoking women that ever figured on the pages of a novel. Miss Ellinor Joddrel is quite as overwhelming in another style. She makes a number of innovations on the old way of doing things, is strongly in favor of the rights of woman, declares her love to Harleigh to his face, and is surprised that he does not return it. She is far too intelligent to believe in a Supreme Being. Here is one of her flights of genius:

"Did we ask for our being? Why was it given us, if doomed to be wretched? To whom are we accountable for renouncing a donation made without our consent or knowledge? Oh, if ever that wretched thing called life has a noble moment, it must surely be that of its voluntary sacrifice! lopping off at a blow that hydra-headed monster of evil, called time; bounding over the imps of superstition, dancing upon the pangs of disease, and boldly and hardily mocking the senseless legends that would frighten us with eternity. Eternity! to poor, little, frail, finite beings like us! O Albert! wordly considerations, monkish inventions, and superstitious reveries, set apart, reason called forth, truth developed, probabilities canvassed,—say, is it not clear that death is an end to all? an abyss eternal? a conclusion? Nature comes but for succession, though the pride of man would give her resurrection. Mouldering all together, we go to form new earth for burying our successors."

The race of the Ellinor Joddrels is not extinct at the present day. Lady Aurora Grandville is warm-hearted, courageous, and intelligent, and appears to much advantage amid the worldly throng that move around her. Sir Jasper Harrington, with his gout and crutches, his irritability, and genuine benevolence, interests the reader.

In 1832 Madame D'Arblay published the memoirs of her father, in three volumes, arranged from his own manuscripts, and from family papers, and from personal recollections. There is an American edition of this work, published by Key & Biddle, in Philadelphia, 1833; but it is not a perfect reprint of the English one, and the editor has taken the very questionable liberty of omitting what he believed would not prove interesting to the American reader. The work is ponderously written, tedious, and pompous—

"Such labor'd nothings in so strange a style."

Pope.

There are more allusions to herself in it than to her father, and we were driven to exclaim, Vanity, thy name is D'Arblay! The

* Published in New-York, 1814, by Eastburn, Kirk & Co.

book, however, possesses considerable interest, on account of the anecdotes it contains of Johnson, Burke, Garrick, and other celebrated men. Her first interview with Dr. Johnson is graphically described, in the best manner of her early style, as is also the description of her interview with him at Streatham. If the entire work had been written in the flowing, conversational vein of Evelina, it would have been exceedingly interesting. But let us be grateful for it as it is. It certainly brings vividly before us the portraits of departed worthies, in whom we all take an undying interest, and it is charming to be admitted to familiar converse with those whose writings have so often cheered and instructed us. We become acquainted with their feelings, passions and peculiarities, and learn how they behaved in the quiet circle of domestic life.

Madame D'Arblay lost her father in 1814, in his 87th year. Her husband died in 1818, and her only son, and child, in 1837; and she herself departed this life 6th January, 1840, in her 88th year. Her eldest brother, Rear Admiral James Burney, accompanied Captain Cook in two of his voyages, and was author of "General History of Voyages to the South Sea." Her second brother was the third best Greek scholar in the kingdom, and her half-sister, Sarah Harriet, was an excellent novelist.

D'Israeli truly says, there is what may be called family genius. In the home of a man of genius is diffused an electrical atmosphere, and his own pre-eminence strikes out talent in all. "The active pursuits of my father," says the daughter of Edgeworth, "spread an animation through the house, connecting children with all that was going on, and allowing them to join in thought and conversation; sympathy and emulation excited mental exertion in the most agreeable manner." Evelyn, in his beautiful retreat at Saye's Court, had inspired his family with that variety of taste which he himself was spreading throughout the nation. His son translated Rapiu's "Gardens," which poem the father proudly preserved in his "Sylva." His lady, ever busied in his study, excelled in the arts her husband loved, and designed the frontispiece to his *Lucretius*. She was the cultivator of their celebrated garden, which served as an example in his great work on "Forest Trees." Cowley, who has commemorated Evelyn's love of books and

gardens, has delightfully applied them to his lady, in whom, says the bard, Evelyn meets both pleasures:

"The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books."

The house of Haller resembled a temple consecrated to science and the arts, and the votaries were his own family. The universal acquirements of Haller were possessed in some degree by every one under his roof; and their studious delight in transcribing manuscripts, in consulting authors, in botanizing, drawing and coloring the plants under his eye, formed occupations which made the daughters happy and the sons eminent. The painter Stella inspired his family to copy his fanciful inventions, and the playful graver of Claudine Stella, his niece, animated his "Sports of Children." We have seen a print of Coypel in his studio, and by his side his little daughter, who is intensely watching the progress of her father's pencil. The artist has represented himself in the act of suspending his labor to look on his child. At that moment his thoughts were divided between two objects of his love. The character and the works of the late Elizabeth Hamilton were formed entirely by her brother. Admiring the man she loved, she imitated what she admired; and while the brother was arduously completing the version of the Persian *Hedaya*, the sister who had associated with his morning tasks and his evening conversations, was recalling all the ideas, and portraying her fraternal master in her "Hindoo Rajah." Nor are there wanting instances where this family genius has been carried down through successive generations: the volume of the father has been continued by a son, or a relative. The history of the family of the Zwingers is a combination of studies and inherited tastes. Theodore published in 1697 a folio herbal, of which his son Frederic gave an enlarged edition in 1744; and the family was honored by their name having been given to a genus of plants dedicated to their memory, and known in botany by the name of *Zwingera*. In history and in literature, the family name was equally eminent: the same Theodore continued a great work, "The Theatre of Human Life," which had been begun by his father-in-law, and which, for the third time, was enlarged by another son. Among the historians of Italy, it is delightful to contemplate this

family genius transmitting itself with unsullied probity among the Villanis, and the Malaspinis, and the two Portas. The history of the learned family of the Stephens presents a dynasty of literature; and to distinguish the numerous members, they have been designated as Henry I. and Henry II., and III. England may exult in having possessed many literary families—the Wartons, the father and two sons; the Burneys, more in number; and the nephews of Milton, whose humble torch at least was lighted at the altar of the great bard.

There is something in the scent and impression of a balmy atmosphere, in the lustre of sunshine in the azure heaven and the purple clouds, in the opening of prospects on this side and on that, in the contemplation of verdure and fertility, and industry, and simplicity, and cheerfulness, in all their variations, in the very act and exercise of travelling, peculiarly congenial to the human frame. It expands the heart, it makes the spirit dance, and exquisitely disposes us for social enjoyment. The mind becomes more elevated and refined; it assumes microscopical and unwonted sensibility; it feels things which, in ordinary moments, are unheeded and unknown; it enjoys things too evanescent for a name, and too minute to be arrested; it trembles with pleasure through every fibre and every articulation. We have

read these novels of Miss Burney, after a lapse of some years, in our native county of Dutchess. What changes time has made. The old familiar faces are gone. Our grandparents sleep in the village church-yard. But nature wears the same face as of old. We walk on the winding roads in a bracing atmosphere; the bright sun falls on the gray trunks of the now leafless trees, and on the withered grass of the fields; and the long waving line of the distant hills is beautiful to the eye, and fills the imagination with pleasant images. Quiet reigns around us. Noise and bustle we have left behind us in the crowded city. Distant sounds fall pleasantly on the ear, and the cawing of the crows is blended with the hearty music from the bugle-horn of chancery; and as we gaze on yonder field where some cows are feeding, and on the gliding river, we unconsciously repeat to ourselves the noble lines of our favorite Thomson:

"I care not, fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave."

Hughsonville, Dutchess County, Nov., 1850.

THE HUMANITARIAN LANGUAGE.

(A PARAPHRASE.)

BEGONE, thou bastard tongue so base, so broken,
By human harpies and hyenas spoken,
Formed for a race of hypocrites, and fit
To maunder truth, and turn the gorge of wit:
What slaving, drivelling cant, which never dares,
Unbacked by Scripture, to salute our ears;
Vile sugared nostrums, gilded with a verse;
An angel's message, heralding a curse;
Yet helped by oily rhetoric and the devil,
Thou rul'st the world, and rul'st the world for evil!

GERALDIN:

A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS.

BY AN AMERICAN.

THE following Play is founded upon certain incidents in Irish history. Ireland seems not to be regarded as classic ground; but its annals are replete, nevertheless, with materials not unworthy of being preserved. We are so accustomed to false views of the national character—views resulting either from a want of proper acquaintance with it, or from a settled purpose of misrepresentation—as to consider it a reproach, rather than an honor, to have inherited the blood of that Milesian race whose genius and courage have been perpetuated in the descendants of a Grattan, a Curran, an Emmett, and a Fitzgerald—qualities that depress the Irish character at home, and elevate it abroad.

In the person of CLARENCE GERALDIN, I have sought to infuse some of the virtues of a heroic ancestry; virtues which, whether in public or in private life, insure respect; and which, though they may not always command what is called success, at least deserve it.

THE AUTHOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | |
|--------------------|--------------------------------------|
| CLARENCE GERALDIN. | LADY WALSHINGHAM. |
| CLARINGTON. | ALMEIDA. |
| RAYMOND. | ROSINE. |
| WOLFERSTAN. | |
| MAHON. | <i>Attendants, Soldiers, &c.</i> |

SCENE: Dublin, and the adjoining country.

Act I.

SCENE: The sea-shore—Moonlight view of the ocean—The Castle of Lady Walsingham in the distance.

Enter GERALDIN.

Ger. Secure I pass'd the moat, nor heard a sound,
Save the lone sedge-grass waving to the breeze;
Nor human object saw, nor insect thing,
In the blue midnight's solitude!—and there,
'Mid od'rous bloom, she on her terrace stood,
Where, watch'd and worshipp'd, I have seen her
form
Glide like a seraph in the silvery night!
While conscious stars beheld her from afar,
And lent their soft light to illumine the path
That lit her to Love's throne! O heart, be still!

Enter WOLFERSTAN.

Wol. I've known him stand thus, statue-like, for
hours,—
Regardless of the tempest, till its fury
Hath rent the very rock 'gainst which he leans,—
Heart, mind, and soul, concentr'd on yon castle!

An ill-starr'd hour, methinks, was that which
brought

Its inmates back to shores they had renounc'd;
Whose earth, ere this, had clos'd upon the form
Of one—the flower, if not the favorite—
But for *his* courage whom she may not thank!
Young, beautiful, and gifted, too, withal,
How will her gentle nature learn to brook
The desperate fortunes—Madman!

[*Laying his hand on one who, in the garb
of a common soldier, suddenly enters,
and is approaching GERALDIN.*

How is this!

What mean ye?
Sol. That, being scented, we are watch'd!
Whilst there he stands, forgetting those whose lives
He yet may have to answer for.

Wol. Fear not;
The train is laid—the mine will soon be sprung!
Mark me, he doth but meditate the time.
Retire then; he will seek you, one and all,
Anon.

Sol. 'Tis what we want. Report my words
To him. [*Exit.*

GERALDIN, on turning to descend to the bottom of
the stage, discovers him as he goes out.

Ger. Went not a soldier hence but now?

Wol. One who, taking counsel of his fear,
Hither repair'd with the intelligence
That we are known and watch'd.

Ger. She, too, is known! [*Aside.*
Doubtless we are. The Lady Walsingham
Doth deal in largesses.

Wol. Shame on her, then!
But for your firm right arm she had been childless!

The sun ne'er shone upon a worthier deed,
Nor yet more gallant!—so the lady deems,
Who has most cause to thank you; for her looks,
From the keen terror and the shock apace
Recov'ring, were intensely bent on you!
And with a meaning which her soul, I'd swear,
Belied not—it was full of gratitude.

Ger. Would I could think so! 'Twere something, mid the dearth

Of fallen fortunes and crush'd hopes, to know
That, mid neglect and coarse asperity,
The friend grown cautious, and the kinsman cold,
The subtle malice of the meanly-minded;
Wretches who lie, succumb, and bend the knee,
Where worldly pomp doth counsel fear, to wreak
Or latent pique, or deep revenge, as time,
Working its faithless changes, gives the cue—
'Twere something, amid this—but my mind
wanders.

Leave me awhile, my friend; I would commune
With wonted thoughts that shun companionship.

WOLFERSTAN slowly retires, and exits at the upper wing of the stage.

Her looks were bent on me! so went his words—
On me! whom alter'd eyes have learn'd to shun;
Reptiles who bask'd them in my house's glare,
And turn'd to sting me in the shade! The thought
That, mid the gloom of a forbidden lot,
Lone and despid, there liv'd one kindred mind,
There beat one heart, divested of the dross
That eats into men's souls, and makes them mon-
sters!—

But the thought's idle; friendship shuns the shore
Of grief, to take up its abode with grandeur!
But not so thou! who, even at thy close,
O everlasting sun! doth smile on man.
How glorious and how godlike is thy beauty!
Thy setting hour was my boyhood's theme,
And thou art still the same—immutable!—
Whilst all within the heart of him who once
Drank at thy source, is ebbing low and still,—
Is dust and desolation!

[A horn is heard at a distance.]

That dread sound

Hath music for hurt ears! 'Tis Wolferstan!
Like bloodhounds in the leash, their spirits pant
For action! and the time comes on, apace,
When they must slip the thong, or lay them down,
Submissive bondmen, each content to wear
The quiet degradation of his chains! *[Exit.]*

Enter ALMEIDA.

Al. 'Tis vain to struggle; since the hour I felt—
For terror had not quite subdued all sense—
My form enfolded in his arms, with grasp
So firm, yet fond—oh no, not fond! how should
That be? He knows me not; nor do I know
The name he bears, or whence he came—or how,
In that most desperate hour of need, when life
Hung swooning death-like from the horrid brow
Of the fell precipice! whose giddy verge
The plunging horses and mad vehicle,
As if by fatal impulse, seem'd to seek,—
How, in that dreadful moment, one unknown,
With sudden grasp, as if instinctively,
Should thus have rescued me, nor paused until

He had restor'd me—safe, tho' scar'd in sense—
To the scarce proffer'd, not o'er-anxious, arms
Of a cold mother! I have watch'd for him,
Forgetting sense of shame, my sex's shame,
And Clarington forgetting! But that thought—
Oh, there is madness in the recollection!
And yet I cannot drive it from my brain,
And my heart withers!—but the sacrifice
A father's fortune's, and perhaps his life,
Demand alike. I've seen that form before,
And I should know it!

Enter GERALDIN.

Ger. My fatal purpose now
Expands and warms, as all—Almeida here!
[Aside, and going.]

Al. Oh, stay! a moment stay!

[GERALDIN turns, and bows.]

My thanks are yours!

And I have watch'd to pay them with weak words.

Ger. The obligation, lady, is too poor
For thanks.

Al. You sav'd my life!

Ger. And yet you risk
That life—pardon me, this bleak shore ill suits
Such presence.

Al. In sooth, 'tis not like that I left,
And yet—but I detain ye.

Ger. Gentle lady,
I am unskilled in words, else, in my turn,
Should I acknowledge this high honor done
A man unus'd to give or to receive
Such courtesies.

Al. Thanks are not courtesies!
Rather heartfelt returns for that we owe;
For gratitude should follow favors.

Ger. Yes.
The bird of night has settled on his cliff.
I must be gone. *[Aside.]*

My thanks are doubly yours. *[Exit.]*

Al. And does he leave me thus? Proud man,
'tis well;
I know him now—his name—his nature, too!
'Tis not for nothing that he sav'd my life,
For he must rule it yet! *[Exit.]*

SCENE: The Castle of Lady Walsingham—A
Hall—Lights—Menials and Domestics assem-
bled.

First Dom. Here comes her ladyship! so smooth
your faces.
Now, by Saint Patrick, 'tis a noble lady!

Enter Lady WALSHINGHAM.

An Irish welcome to your ladyship!

Second Dom. Knave! thou shouldst have said
right honorable!

For, being honorable in her own right,
Therefore, she is right honorable. Welcome
To your right honorable ladyship!

[She makes a sign to them to be silent.]

Lady W. Learn to obey, and to fulfil your du-
ties;
And let me have no more of this. I can

Dispense with your congratulations. Hence!

[*They go out.*]

It sickens me to be surrounded thus
With all this empty pageantry, when that
Which should assurance give of faith, and firm
Secure possession, is still wanting. He
Doth linger only to torment; he loves
Me not too well.—No matter; let me once
The full completion of this project see,
This marriage!—and on these possessions closes
The seal that must confirm them safely mine!
Piqued by her coldness, 'tis his pride alone,
Strange pride! that prompts him still to urge his
suit.

She comes this way! No child in my affections,
The instrument in the accomplishment
Of my deep purposes, at least, she shall be.

Enter ALMEIDA.

Al. Oh, gentle mother, pardon me! I saw
You not.

Lady W. You smile, Almeida; but your smile
Is still the same, still sad! In Italy,
Mid pomp of palaces, and princes' love,
Music and festival, and dance, and song,
Neither the influence of the melting clime,
The lover's lute, the poet's lay, the lance
Which chivalry itself had taught to couch
Beneath your eyes—an homage might have touch'd
The hearts of Queens themselves—had charms for
you.

Now, tell me, why is this?

Al. In sooth, good mother,
'Tis a vice of the blood, and from the womb
'Twas born with me, and nurtur'd at the breast.
Truly, I wonder at the thing I was,
Not am. Flattery will woo a woman,
Not always win her.

Lady W. I see the drift of this. [*Aside.*]
But where affection is the flatterer,
Such wooer sure should win?

Al. Ah, I have lost
The charms that drew forth studied compliment;
And want the lures that practis'd lovers have.
Far be from me such lures, and lovers too! [*Aside.*]
But something troubles me—

Lady W. Confide your thoughts
To one who would participate your pains,
As well as pleasures.

Al. 'Tis that horrid monk!

Lady W. Father Mahon! Your mother's con-
fessor

Should have your confidence.

Al. I cannot like,
I cannot bear his looks! and he, of late,
Has tortur'd me!

Lady W. The auspicious hour is come! [*Aside.*]
What means my child?

Al. Must I wed Clarington
Upon such horrible compulsion?

Lady W. Who,
Tell me, who dares to urge your union
On such conditions? You mistake, my child;—
For now I must proceed. To have been spared
This sad necessity, I would have given
Those worldly, worthless baubles, my Almeida,
That do involve it, and thought the purchase cheap.

But you mistake;—that mild and reverend man,
Urged by his love and duty both, has had
Recourse to the last, fatal argument,
Which should convince you—but you know the rest.
And here I pledge you, that could fear alone
Your union make secure with Clarington,
Dear as it is, essential to my life!

And, what is dearer still, the reputation
Of all you love, your father and his house,—
I'd yield them up, existence, honor—all!
Without a sigh, ere I'd consent to mar
My daughter's peace, and cloud her years for life.

Al. I did not understand all this! O mother!
I've nothing now to hope, or to expect,
Except—except this marriage, and my grave!

Lady W. It shall not be! I am prepar'd to meet
The worst, and that's but beggary, not shame;
Shame is an honor only for the great!
'Tis not the privilege of poverty
To be ashamed of any thing.

Al. Nay, tell me,
Tell me it all! hold from me nothing;—nothing
Should be conceal'd; from nothing will I shrink!
I see the path I have to tread, but clouds
And darkness are upon it: clear them up,
And with a firm, unfaltering step I will
Pursue the road, however rugged; though,
Perchance, thro' fault of nature, I should cast
Some look behind. Now, mother, tell me all!

Lady W. Nay, spare me; 'tis a trial more than I
Can bear. Yet why shrink from it? it must come
At last! Then listen—

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Some gentlemen, my lady, have arriv'd,
And they seek you.

Lady W. We will resume this matter.
Guests, sir?

Ser. I know not, madam; but they come,
Even now, this way. [*Exit.*]

Al. Let me retire, then—
Lady W. Stay, stay, Almeida—it is Clarington!
Ah, his Lieutenant, too!

Enter CLARINGTON and RAYMOND.

Why, my young friends!
Thrice welcome to ye both!

Clar. By my good sword,
The sound of welcome cheers us! As we past
Through empty rooms and echoing galleries,
Their frightful replications were the sole
Voices that greeted us!—The old Lord's dead.
[*Aside to Lady W.*]

Is Miss Fitzalban ill?

Al. Not ill, my lord,
Nor well; yet better both ways.

Clar. A patient
Of much promise! Yet she might puzzle those
Who know her not. [*Aside.*]

Lady W. Report his health to her.

[*Aside to Clarington.*]

Clar. This is your kinsman, and my friend.

Al. My lord!

Clar. A distant kinsman, but near friend.

Al. My father,

Is he well?

Clar. I think, and should say, better
Than when you last left Italy. Aye, sir!

Pray prize her hand! her cheek she rarely gives;
And her lips, never!

I've ridden post-haste to-day:
These gentle cousins may be left alone.

[*Eccunt CLARINGTON and Lady W.*]

Al. I think I saw you, sir, in Flanders; did I not?

Ray. Oh, yes!—Must I be cruel, too,
And smile with them? [*Aside.*]

Your name has been our theme;
Not ours—I mean Clarington's—aye since then!
For one who promises to be a lord
So loving—pardon me, you know we're friends—
You greeted him but coldly.

Al. Have you just
Arrived?

Ray. This instant; and I now must seek
My brother.

Al. Your brother?—have you then a brother?

Ray. Have I not! Ah, I, only, know him!

Al. Where, Where,
Where is he?

Ray. Do not ask me! Oh, I sink
Into a thing so poor and worthless beside him,
That I would barter twenty thousand lives,
Did I possess them, to be rais'd unto
The level of his own—my noble Clarence!
But, gentle cousin, you are somewhat sad?

Al. Oh, no! nothing—except that I have heard
Him spoken of; but I am selfish. Go!

I have nor brother, sister, friend; and yet
I feel how strong a brother's love must be!
Go, tell him—How my foolish heart betrays
My pliant tongue!

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Ray. I see through the disguise
She would assume. Oh! Heaven never smil'd
On such alliances! Then what am I?
An inmate here, where he is held no guest!
But then he had his choice, even as myself.
I'll seek him—the first interview for three
Long years. A something whispers me 'tis not
The last! [*Exit.*]

SCENE changes to a Cave, hung round with military
implements.—In the background WOLFERSTAN
is seen pacing the cavern.—GERALDIN is seated
near a table, on which a lamp burns, and on
which his sword and pistols have been placed.

Ger. How dreadful is the silence of this place!
Its gentle curtains Sleep o'er half the world
Hath drawn, and tired Nature ta'en her rest.
The desperate wretches who surround me here,
Torn by oppression from their native hearths,
Like beasts of prey in darkness and in dens
To prowl, forgetting their lost fortunes, sleep!
Whilst I am worn with watching.—Wolferstan!
How this dead silence aches upon the ear!
With naught to break it, save the distant moan
Of the cold desolate sea! companion fit
For him who owns no fellowship with man;
Blood-serpents, whose accursed fangs have torn
Their victim's vitals, and will gorge the last
Life-drops, ere they relinquish their fell hold!
But there is comfort in the thought, that thou,
O sacred shade! my murder'd father, murdered
By ruthless villainy! thou canst not know
The shame and degradation that await

Thy latest and lost child! Where will this end?
Oh for a pause from thought.—Wolferstan!

WOLFERSTAN comes forward.

Have
Those men—Steps come this way! Even now they
come!

Ray. (without.) Nay, I will see him! is he not
my brother?

Stand back! I will not be refused!

Ger. By Heaven,
'Tis Raymond's voice! he must not see me here.

RAYMOND abruptly enters.

Ray. My brother!

Ger. Rash boy—O my poor Raymond! nay,
Hang not about me thus. Why, when did you
Arrive?

Ray. An hour ago, and—Clarence! where,
Where am I?

Ger. Where I had hoped to see you
Never!—But silence now—I charge you, silence!
Are you from the castle?

Ray. I am, and have much
To tell you; but methinks this is no place
For words. O Clarence, I had hoped—

Ger. Now, soldier!

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. I mark'd, but now, by the imperfect light
That gleams along the shore, a female form
With frantic swiftness speeding toward this spot;
When suddenly the figure disappear'd
Just here beneath the rocks.

Ger. Stay where you are.

[*To RAYMOND.*]
My mind misgives me: I must use dispatch.

[*Aside.*]
Now, Wolferstan!—

He catches up his sword, and, followed by WOLFERSTAN, ascends the rocks.

By Heaven, on yonder rock
Methinks I see, in the dim distance, poised,
As if in air, the uncertain form of—Ha!
Prone down it plunges in the fatal flood!
One blast upon your horn!

WOLFERSTAN sounds his horn—armed soldiers
hastily enter on either side.

Be vigilant,

And follow me!

He disappears among the rocks, followed by WOLFERSTAN and his men. RAYMOND sinks on an upper wing of the stage. Curtain drops.

END OF ACT I.

Act II.

SCENE: An apartment in the Castle.

Enter ALMEIDA and ROSINE.

Ro. You will not, then, attend the masque to-night?

Al. I have no spirits.

Ro. I am not surprised

At that. The life you led in Italy,

And your existence here, must form, indeed,
A heavy contrast to a mind like yours.

Al. It is not that! I own those scenes were
such

As might have won the cloister'd votarist
To the seductions of the world again;
But 'tis not that. Does he attend to-night?

Ro. Who, Clarington?

Al. O no, not he! I mean—
Proud islander! why did he save my life,
To torture it, Rosine!

Ro. You speak of Clarence!

Al. Aye, him, him! Did they not tell me he
was proud?

But he shall find the daughter of Montclair
Has all her father's and her sex's pride—
Unfeeling man!

Ro. Oh, my Almeida, pause!
Ere you bring down upon the heads of those
You love, and on your own, dreadful destruction!
You love this man?

Al. Who told you that I loved him?
I hate him for his pride! He soars above me
In all he says or does. But let him go:
Come Clarington! Oh, I will be so keen,
So subtle in revenge! How should he know
A woman?

Ro. He hath noble qualities,
But unsafe passions; therefore, my sweet friend,
Forget him, and you will consult your peace.

Al. I'll be a reveller to night, Rosine!
You never saw me—Come! With Clarington
I'll join the feast, and mingle in the dance!
Oh, I shall be so happy!—
Oh, I am sick at heart!—and I could weep
Through the long night! There is oppression here,
Something too tight: pray you, unloose this band:
'Tis easier now. I'll rest awhile, and then—
You do not know the firmness of my heart.
Come! [Exeunt.

Enter Lady WALSHINGHAM and CLARINGTON.

Lady W. I have a stronger argument, which,
urged
Some few hours since, appear'd to shake her faith
In her own firmness, and promises, I think,
Ev'ry fulfilment of our hopes.

Clar. This place
Will prove, I fear, infectious. Have you not
Observed her lately?

Lady W. She saddens hourly;
But she was ever melancholy.

Clar. Yes;
But melancholy was not wont, methinks,
To tinge her cheek—and now 'tis flushed. She
loves!
But loves not me.

Lady W. A wayward girl from childhood.
Whom should she love in such a place as this!

Clar. That haughty beggar, Clarence!

Lady W. Oh, you dream!
Clar. 'Tis sooth; and one of two alternatives
Alone is left:—she must become my bride,
Or we must leave this place.

Lady W. I'll see her, straight;
Unfold to her a secret, known alone
To the good father and myself; and, should

She still prove obstinate, I'll threaten to
Renounce her—and the threat I'll execute!

Clar. Good, good! and I may yet find means
to back

Your better argument. I'll see this man,
This Clarence; tax him with the insolence
Of his presumption, and doubly urge him, thus,
To vindicate his claim at his life's hazard.

Lady W. Depriv'd of lover, and the means of
life—

For your good sword will not betray its trust—

You may conclude her yours!

Clar. 'Tis done! [Exeunt.

SCENE returns to the sea-shore—GERALDINE in the
background.

Enter RAYMOND.

Ray. In the wild hope of saving a lost people,
He will but lose himself! Sworn on the altar
Of his country, he will but be offer'd up
A victim on that altar!—and what then?
A loyal subject, but unnatural
Brother, must I raise my hand against
His sacred person! There's but one way left—

Ger. (coming forward.) An honest and an hon-
orable one,

My brother!

Ray. Honest and honorable?

Ger. Aye.

Ray. Speak!

Ger. I've heard your grave soliloquy.
Now, mark me well. I am no rebel—no!
Nor runagate—in mine own estimation;
The world thinks differently—that moves me not.
My way is clear before me, and my plan
Is fixed. If in this matter, then, you stir
But a hair's-breadth from your due, loyal course,—
Aye, Raymond, but a hair! the twentieth part
Thereof,—you are no brother and no friend
Of mine; I cast you off for ever!

Ray. Clarence,
How have I merited this scorn from you?

Ger. My love you've merited, and still you have;
'Tis that which prompts my tongue to tell you this.
I've ceased to be a boy, and you should know
Me better than suppose I could embrace
A cause like this, and then abandon it,
Without some pretext more resistless than
I think the world can offer!

Ray. Obdurate,
Impenetrable as you are, can nothing move
Your will?

Ger. You have heard my resolution,
And so, farewell!

Ray. O stay! my brother, stay!
Thus on my knees, I do implore you, pause!
Nor break my heart by coldness such as this.

Ger. On your knees! A soldier—and thus low!
For shame!

Ray. Oh, no; there is no shame like that which
you

Are bringing down upon yourself. Take me,
Take me to your heart, for mine is bursting!

Ger. Raymond, my brother!—fie! these foolish
drops,—

Would you unman me too! Hold, sir! my life,
My honor is at stake! 'Tis pledged to men

Who, did they see me thus, would spurn me from them!

Men who will not own allegiance unto man,
When in that man they recognize the tyrant!
And would you have me break my bond to them,
My obligation, and my solemn oath,
To free them from the yoke of centuries,
Or, in the glorious struggle, perish with them!
And upon grounds—what grounds?

Ray. Think of our father!
Ger. Boy! boy! could yonder heaven yield us back

The soul that dwelt within this once free isle,
I would blast the man—aye, blast him with a look!—

Who could sit down, a common wretch,
Whilst tyranny remorseless with his meals
Mingles his blood, to wash it with his tears.
Would that the blow were struck!—By Heaven,
my soul

Expands, and drinks in rapture with the thought!

Ray. Is this the phrenzy
Of a great or guilty mind? Let the event
Determine; and, as it points, must I direct
My course. [Exit.]

SCENE: The Castle.

Enter Lady WALSINGHAM and ALMEIDA.

Lady W. This tale of shame and horror you must hear;

'Tis briefly told, and briefly thus it is:
Your father dwelt alone with the old chief,
Who reigned a prince once in these stately halls!
For Raymond with his regiment abroad
Was stationed, and the elder brother, Clarence—
Methinks that name doth blanch your cheek,
Almeida!—

Had sailed for England, on some special matter.
Age, with its weaknesses, had left the mind
Of their neglected parent, like the body,
Worn and infirm. His kinsman was his friend,—
At least he thought him such. The former, thus
By circumstances doubly favored, urged
His suit. Both brothers were impetuous;
Unwary, and unskilful in the perilous
Conflicting elements and false paths of life;
Proud spirits both, abandoned to the wing
Of fiery instincts, prompting them to play
A desperate game, on hazard high, where life
And fortune were the stakes they pledged, as
baubles:

There was no curb to check them in their course,
No gentler sympathies of home, where hearts,
Shedding congenial influence, can make
A household holiday of the calm hearth:
Should flattering fortunes back desires so
Unholy and unquiet, it were fatal!
Some friend and kinsman should be found, to whom
These large expectancies should be confided,
In trust for others—with discretion full
Reserved unto himself—who should, as pledge
Of faith, put in his oath, inviolate
To hold, that he would mete out to these youths,
When they should settle on some proper course
Of life, and fix on lucid active pursuit,

The means withal to aid them in such end;
And, when attain'd, the rich inheritance
And full fruition of his birthright should
To—Clarence be restored.

Al. Enough, enough!
I see it all. O horrible!

Lady W. The picture,
Thus painted, proved seductive! Need I say
Your father claim'd possession false of all
His kinsman's property, not personal;
But dreadful apprehension followed this
Almost involuntary act of wrong
To others: Fearing the father might annul
This compact criminal, the kinsman sought
Such means as might avert contingent ruin—

Al. In mercy hold! I know what you would say;

But oh, he is my father! Do not tell it.

Lady W. Those means he found—for you must see the full

Extent of the destruction that awaits us:
They were alone—no eye to see, no ear
To witness the completion horrible
Of this fell purpose, which, conceived in shame,
Was closed—in death!

Al. The father then was murdered!
And by my father! O unnatural,
Most horrible!—a father by a father
Murdered! But why, why is it told to me?

Lady W. That seal nor time nor mortal hand can now

Erase. It then remains for us to save—
It is but instinct—aye! our house—perhaps
Our lives!—for fraud and murder were combined!
The father's blood was shed, and fortune wrested
From the sons; and, to complete the horror,
The secret rests not with ourselves alone!

Al. Another witness of the deed, and living!

Lady W. Mahon!

Al. He!

Lady W. Yes, even he! and he is
Poor!—and Clarington, who knows it not—nay,
Do not tremble—Clarington's his son!

Al. Save me!
Mahon and Clarington! Oh, I do see
The clue to this dark labyrinth of crime
And woe! Well, what's to be done?

Lady W. Wed Clarington!

Al. Is it the father's will?

Lady W. Assuredly;
And why? May not a Cardinal's hat be bought?
But, like his father, Clarington is poor.

Al. O mother, you have argued but too well!
I am convinced—fatal conviction!

Lady W. Something, my child, remains yet to be said:

I think I know the firmness of your mind,
And, though the news be heavy, you will not
Shrink from it.

Al. Is my father ill?

Lady W. Your father!

My Almeida, is—

Al. No more!

Lady W. He died ere

Clarington left Italy; but you know

His health was broken, and his spirits gone.

Al. His health was gone, and spirits broken,
mother,—

Phrase it rightly. How like a guilty wretch
He looked, when his false tongue pronounced my
father well.

Lady W. Almeida, this is language you must not
Direct toward Clarrington; he is my friend,
And would be yours.

Al. My friend! Oh, trust me, Heaven
Hath not decreed it so!—and yet my soul
May wake, as from a long and frightful dream,
To find itself a suppliant at his feet!
Think you in that hour he will prove a friend?

Enter CLARRINGTON.

Cla. The friend of Miss Fitzalban in that hour,
In this, in any hour—nay, in all time!

Wherefore should she doubt?

Lady W. (aside to Cla.) I leave her with you.

Cla. I'll medicine the spleen that eats her up.
[*Exit Lady W.*]

Now, prithee, cast this childishness aside;

What is it that you see in me to hate?

Al. Nothing to hate, but less to love. Leave me!

Cla. Leave you! Oh no! I've come to urge
my suit;

I love you, and would wed!

Al. You could deceive me;
Yes, when you knew me fatherless! Was that
Done like a man?

Cla. A pious fraud, at least;
Else had I shocked your sensibility.

Al. Clarrington!

Cla. That name, methinks, becomes
your speech!

Al. Spare me; I am not subject fit for scorn.

Cla. Nay, be not moved: I came not to afflict.

Al. Try, Clarrington, your irony elsewhere;

There are so many who could bear it better,—

The proud, the beautiful, the great! If I

Was ever this, or these, I am not now;

They were the stakes at which they baited me!

My pride, they told me, shock'd humility,

The gentle virtue of the wise and good;

My beauty was a flower that must fade;

My sense of birth a false and hollow gaud,

To deck out vanity and worthlessness:

They never spared me upon themes like these,

Because, they said, they wished to make me like

Themselves;—till I was preached into a dull,

Dead consciousness of something worse than death!

Oh spare me, then; I am not what I was.

Cla. You speak this feelingly! 'Tis really quite

Pathetic! Did you never try your powers

Before an auditory of warm monks

And melting sisters? By my faith, I think

Arabia's prophet never touched a theme,

Connected with his mission upon earth,

More elegant, more eloquent!

Al. This, too,

Without a murmur I will bear; only

Pledge me your soul to torture me no more!

Relinquish, and forget me.

Cla.

Never!

Al. Then,

By these lock'd hands, this agony, I swear—

And I have never told you, Clarrington,

So much—to hold you in abhorrence from

This hour,—your purpose, nature, and your name!

Cla. Sweet lady, courtesy demands I should
Make you some meet return for so much goodness;
Clarence!

Al. O wretch! He is as far above
Your meanness, as your means of harm.

Cla. Indeed!
I fear I've trespass'd on your love too far;
I will commend you to him! [*Exit.*]

Al. Oh, I see it!
There is but one way left me now. To save
The man I love, must be to wed the man
I hate! He left me with a threat!—why, then,
No time is to be lost. I'll seek him, straight;
Tax him with coldness, and a blunted sense,
That could nor see, nor feel the wondrous love
I bear him! 'Tis a heavy purchase, Clarence!
But love is its own martyr, and or lives
To vindicate, or dies to seal its faith! [*Exit.*]

END OF ACT II.

Act III.

SCENE: The Cave. In the background groups of
figures imperfectly seen.

Ger. (coming forward.) Friendless and lost, she
sought this gloomy shore

To die! O double villain! first to win,
And then desert her meanly, and thy blood!
Despair and horror from those wild eyes broke,
As from the whirling wave, with perilous arm,
I snatched her and her babe! Now those eyes
slumber!

Happy if they awake no more where pain
Seems to've been meted, with no miser's hand,
To her and to the little wretch who there
Clings like the blasted fruit to the rent tree!
She has not spoken—power of speech seems gone;
And the sole symptom of a mind not quite
Lost to itself, is the solicitude
She shows at intervals for the poor child.
A widowed mother, and child fatherless—
Ere many suns have set, and in mine ears
Will ring the cries and curses of such wretches!
The hour draws nigh when famine, with the sword
Conjoined, must turn into a sepulchre
The desolate hearth-stones of this groaning isle!
O hard necessity, to turn the steel
'Gainst our own breasts!

Enter ALMEIDA.

Al. You have an enemy!

Ger. The harbinger of peace should be such
form!

And looks like these. O lady! in my dreams
Nightly I see them! and have tried in vain
To shut the image from a heart where hope
Could never dwell.

Al. And yet in coldness you
Have left me, and almost in scorn. How's this!

Ger. The great are privileg'd and free to give;
The poor should shrink from favors. You are far

In fortunes as in virtues raised above me.

If I was cold, it was an honest pride

That prompted me to coldness, but not scorn!

Al. Oh, I have been so humbled since that night

You left me with such cutting words of chill

Indifference, as froze the wounds they made!

But you have turned me from the purport of

My visit here: have you seen Clarington?

Ger. He keeps himself aloof from me, of late;
And with some reason. Wherefore do you ask?

Al. He threatens you! and well I know the
man;

It is your life he seeks!

Ger. He hates me, for

That I alone, he thinks, am privy to

The secret of his birth. Deluded man!

I fear him not: should you thus speak of him?

The world identify you with his name!

Al. The world is over-busy; 'tis the base

Practice of th' ignoble mind to be

Officious.

Ger. Does, then, the world speak false?

Al. Oh no,

It is too true! and I must not forget;

But have I not forgot too much already?

Ger. And can you bend the expression of those
eyes

So full upon me, and yet ask me to

Upbraid the soul that sits enthroned in them?

Al. No, not upbraid—for I have had enough

Of that; but, oh! your pity, deeper than

Your scorn, condemns and humbles me.

Ger. If one

So lost to fortune, and the world's regard,

So worn in mind, so abject in estate,

May on another venture to bestow

The humble tribute of his pity, 'tis

That one so wreck'd and lonely in the world

Should wake emotion in a breast like thine!

Wed Clarington, and love him—if you can.

Al. Oh, do not wound my nature with his name;

'Tis hateful to me!

Ger. Yet that man's to be—

Al. Aye, Clarence! have they not decreed it so?

Ger. What, *they*? and does the right in mortal,
then,

Exist, to dictate terms to our own hearts?

Shall we sit tamely down, whilst others barter

The free and sole endowment of our lives,

For which we never practised tricks of fawning?

Great Nature's boon, by no prescriptions shackled;

Blent with our being—born and dying with us—

Unlicensed, unrestrained, save by ourselves,

In whom alone the power to transfer

Subsists. Vain declamation!—we're the slaves

Of circumstance and time;—the curse of Heaven

Lies dark and deadly on us! and our best

And noblest impulses defeat themselves!

But let us, if we can, untainted keep

Our melancholy birthright, our affections!

And though calamity—for that cold cloud

Is wont to light upon the loftiest brow—

Combine to overwhelm us in a thrall

Which our own frailty weaves for our own feet,

Let us be honest, honorable still,

And tell a proud, insulting world. Though ye

Have made us victims, we're not vassals yet!

Al. Oh, I could hang for ever on your lips—

I mean your words, dear Clarence! Madness! I
What voice is that?

Ger. Nay, heed it not; a poor

Outcast, who sought a shelter in this cave,

Which every wretch by instinct seems to know

What is it moves ye?

Al. Nothing. I've o'erstaid

The time; my steps are watch'd; I must be gone.

Oh, I have lived too long! [*Aside, and exit.*]

Ger. Almeida, stay!

'Tis best that she should go. Almeida!—ah,

And has that name familiar become

So soon? How strangely, how abruptly, she

Left me but now! Something of scorn, methinks,

Curl'd that full lip; and yet how beautiful!

She does not know—her sense withal is keen—

She shall not know—

RAYMOND suddenly enters.

Ray. Dishonor taints the air

Which she breath'd here!

Ger. Dishonor!

Ray. Aye, Clarence!

Delusion, or despair! perchance dishonor!

Ger. Your duty lies elsewhere.

Ray. Clarence, hear me!

The faithless rabble's curse, the felon's death,

Wait on defeat! The lives of yon brave men,

Vainly oppos'd to slaves who hug their chains,

Will be demanded as the sacrifice

Due to th' accursed rule that saps this isle.

My better genius prompts me to obey

The strong suggestion; but the mind revolts

At immolation of a brother's blood! [*Alas.*]

Ger. I do command you hence.

Ray. Geraldine, never

'Tis not too late, their lives may yet be spared.

Ger. Of all men else, thou shouldst have

the last

To seek me here; yet shall I bear with thee,

And deal with thy rash love, as Justice shrinks

From dealing here with those whose hearts

knows not.

Their voices will but echo that deep sound

Which, as the sea's, resounds along these shores!

And you shall hear it; from themselves you shall.

Address your fears to *them*; and, mark you well,

The answer shall absolve me where I stand!

Wolferstan! summon those men before me.

Ray. I am no recreant, Clarence; you shall
know it:

I share the blood that's yours. By Heaven! did but

This single arm suffice to strike the blow,

I'd dash this double tyranny to earth,

Nor yield a hair of the fell monster's head!

For mine own life, that never claim'd a thought.

WOLFERSTAN has entered, and drawn up the men,
with their arms.

Ger. Comrades, companions, friends! behold
a brother!

Urged by his fears, he comes to tell you that

Which I have answer'd as befits your leader.

They are but men, sir, and will doubtless hear you.

Ray. I've but few words to say, and all, as meet,

In your behalf. You are embark'd, my friends,

In a dread purpose, full of chances perilous,

Wherein the odds are fearfully against you!

The frail success of a few hours is all
Your arms can hope; and, with your hopes, your
lives

Must be defeated! Not a man among ye
But clings to life, bound to it by such ties
As never link'd with human being the heart
Of him who tells ye this—your wives, your
children!

Can ye make mourners of them? Ah, I see
Your souls dissolving at the touch!

[*They show signs of impatience.*]

Vol. Lieutenant!
The field, and not the forum, doth become us;
Our arguments are in our swords!

Ray. Ye're men!
And nature ne'er disown'd the manly breast.
You will lay down your arms, with pledge once
given

Of free remission, and full pardon. On
Myself alone the blame of this shall rest.
I read your answer in your eyes! then let
Your tongues proclaim it.

Soldiers. Clarington!

CLARINGTON *abruptly enters.*

Ger. Hold! touch him not, upon your lives.
Clarington!

Cla. Oh, do not be surpris'd! Surprise for me
Alone should be reserv'd—to find the sons
Of a Milesian, pent up in a cave,
Preaching to sinners in such goodly terms;
Their precepts serve as prelude to their practice!
I shall make meet report of you.—Withdraw.

[*RAYMOND retires a step.*]

You've charmed me into compliment, brave sir!

Ger. Pray make me not the touchstone to your
steel,

Or else your wit may, pointless, lose its edge.
Your life and honor both are in my hands.

[*Aside to CLARINGTON.*]

Cla. You honor me by the assurance! Pray
Impart!

Ger. Vain man, did I but say the word,
An hundred ready swords had search'd your heart!
But such is not my purpose. Let me trust
Your sense of honor, rather than your shame.
You've forc'd yourself upon a secret known,
Of all the world, till now, to those it should
Alone concern—these brave men and myself.
Let me not state—for you should know it well—

The grounds on which that solemn secret rested:
Bas'd on a sense of duty higher far
Than will, I know, find credit with the world—
The liberties of those whose cause is mine;
The fortunes of their homes, wives, children, friends!
That was the test by which their souls were tried.
Th' appeal was made, nor made in vain! Ere you
Broke in upon this place, it had emerged,
From pale oppression, into light again!
The trodden turf became a temple, where
The holier impulses of nature triumph'd!
And Virtue, long depressed, debased, despised
By those who should uphold it, bravely dared
T' encounter each extremity of ill,
Sooner than play the recreant to its trust,
And leave the thorn to pierce congenial breasts!
They will assert their rights, and with their arms!

Nor will requite you *here*, for this bold visit.
But one thing I demand of you: pledge me
Your honor as his best security,
Who came not here on bloody purpose bent.
What is your answer?

Cla. Give me time to think;
You shall hear from me. [*Going.*]

Ger. Hold! you go not hence
So lightly neither. Clarington, I might
Have known how vain was the appeal to you;
And yet you are a soldier!

Cla. And will
Forfeit that title only with my life.

On the rocks here dispute it, if you dare!

Ger. I know that you are brave; you *should* be
honest.

Cla. Again!

Ger. You force me to do violence
To myself not less than you. Once more, then,
I ask, will you betray him, innocent?

Cla. I am no traitor—nor will linger here.

Ger. The subtle villain! [*Aside.*] Let me not
expose

Your character and credit with the world;
Nor let your pride revolt to know that I
Am keeper of them both. Nay, bend your brow
On one for whom it may have terrors. You
Have forced me to it; I've one word to ask:
That tenant of Fitz-Eustace, and his daughter—
Have you forgot them?

Cla. What mean ye?

Ger. Clorine
Of Connaught!

Cla. Lightnings blast ye, and the hag!

Ger. Your child!

Cla. Babbler and villain!

Ger. Nay, put up
Your sword. Pledge me your soul to silence
touching

His presence here, whate'er its purport be,
And I will give a mutual pledge, and seal
These lips for ever.

Cla. Doubtless very kind!

Who will believe you, with no proof to back
The malice of your charge?

Ger. My proofs are here,
Within this cave.

Cla. What!

Ger. Would you see their faces?
Cla. Madman and liar!

Ger. Nay, 'tis you who rave!

Another time, and that same word had cost
You, Clarington, your life; but let it pass.
I say again, your mistress and your child
Are both within this cave! How they came here,
Ask not. Insure security to him,
Unthinking boy! and, further, to protect—
By Heaven, it wounds me, thus compelled t' appeal
To one who is a father!—to protect
Those who have claims on you, and I will yield
Them up to you, nor utter syllable
Shall implicate you with the world!

Cla. Only
Let me go hence—I yield to the conditions;
'Tis torture to stay here! I give the pledge:
He's safe—and—they shall be provided for.

O cursed hour! [*Aside, and exit.*]

Ger. May we trust this man, Raymond!

Ray. As lambs do wolves, not knowing them.

On thee,
Too surely, will the heavy hand of power fall!
Myself am nothing, since defeated here!
Our paths disserve! but no beacon burns
To light me 'mid the darkness of this hour!

Ger. Go seek him, Raymond; tell him all!
that he

May yet absolve thee, ere the time take from
Acknowledgment the character of virtue;
And give to liberal and frank averment
The poor and paltry merit of the wretch
Who, when convicted, makes a stale confession
And swears 'twas not his wish or aim to err.
Anon, my friends, and we shall meet again.
Be steadfast, and the day may yet be ours!
Wolferstan, attend them.

[*Exeunt in opposite directions.*]

SCENE: The Castle.

Enter Lady WALSHINGHAM and CLARINGTON.

Lady W. And you saw this with your own eyes?

Cla. Have I
Not left the cave but now? His mistress there
And child I found—the evidences living
Of a twofold guilt! He sought to alarm,
And force from me a pledge of secrecy;
Some words in seeming earnest I in haste
Let fall to that effect, and left the cave.

Lady W. Then are we safe! She falters still,
and still

Rejects, or else neglects, the argument,
So well devised, on which I hoped to rest
This marriage; but we now have better grounds.
For if this potent logic move her not,
We'll cast a veil o'er the infirmity:
A convent may be found!

Cla. But Time's a niggard;
We must use dispatch. Where is she now?

Lady W. This way. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter ALMEIDA and ROSINE.

Ro. Almeida—oh, how hard to counsel thus!
Better be dead, and laid low in the ground,
Than bear this discontent about the heart,
Which claims no merit in a sacrifice
Bitterer than death! [*Aside.*]

Can you, then, resist
The poor request he makes?

Al. And would you have
Me see him?

Ro. And why not? A trifling boon,
Methinks, from one who could accord so much!

Al. Nay, I have *seen* too much already! I
Have nothing now to give, and less to hope!
You would not know what passes at my heart;
There is the sickness of oppression here;
A millstone seems to clog it!

Ro. Something new
And strange disturbs you?

Al. My poor Clarence!—I—
Surely my senses wander; he would not,
He could not so deceive me—wound me thus!

Ro. Clarence deceive thee? 'Tis thyself who art
Deceiv'd, if thou dost credit it.

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Al. Nay—nay,
I'll learn it from himself; from his own lips
Let the confession or denial come!
My resolution's fix'd! Stay you; my faith
Revives, yet there is heaviness at heart;
He is not so debased! Rosine, repair
To my apartment. Oh, he seems again
All that he once was! Within an hour I
Will be with you, sweet friend. Now Clarence!

Enter CLARINGTON.

Cla. Whither
Does Miss Fitz-Alban go? You may retire.
[*Exit ROSINE.*]

Al. Spare me a moment, Clarington, and I
Shall better hear you.

Cla. Nay, I have tidings
Strange tidings for you; truly, very strange!
What, Clarence Geraldin born of woman! why,
'Twere sacrilege to swear it! He's a god!
A very deity! And where's his shrine?
The chaste and gentle bosom of Almeida!
Blest pair! Upon my soul, it might bring down
The envy of immortals! Silent yet!
Why, the dear youth—sweet youth! immaculate!
Oh yes! Joseph was virtuous, no doubt;
Soo, too, was Scipio;—imperfect patterns!
The light of their example is eclipsed!
Clarence Geraldin turns, sublimely cold,
From a fair vestal's proffered charms—the rose
With its young leaves unfolding to the sun,
In bloom all redolent!—'t embrace the dark
And deadly nightshade of a common—

Al. Hold
The pestilence doth fever on your tongue. [*Going.*]

Cla. I command you, stay! Will you be mine?

Al. Never!

Cla. Imbibe dishonor from the hand of shame!

Al. Monster!

Cla. An outlaw and a villain!

Al. Liar!

Cla. His blood—his blood be on your head!

Al. Save me!

*She shrinks shuddering from him, and veils her
face as the curtain falls.*

END OF ACT III.

Act IV.

SCENE: The Castle.

Enter ALMEIDA and ROSINE.

Al. To save his life I wedded Clarington—
Is it not so? Am I not wedded? Oh,
Beseech ye, tell me—I am much abused,
Or by this light I think I am a wife!

Ro. O cruel man! husband unnatural!

Al. Aye, that is the word—husband! Is't not
so?

Ro. You are the wife of Clarington.

Al. I know it!
Tho' I have wandered dreadfully of late,
I should know that!

Ro. His dupe, methinks, as well!
A marriage forced,—the ceremony said
To one unconscious of the words she heard!
And utt'ring none! advantage taken, thus,
E'en in the instant, of delirious terror!
No nuptial rite performed—no priest ordained,
As meet, to consecrate their union—
Is binding neither in the eyes of God
Nor man, I think.

Al. Husband! Oh, how that name
Melted like music once upon mine ear!
Well, I am wife at last—*his* wife! but how?
Deal justly with me—didst not know the terms?
I think you witnessed all—even life for life!
He saved my life! then what could I do less—
When 't was so stated, and you know it well—
Than give the life he saved, to save the life
He would have lost for me? Would *she* have
done it?

Ro. She?

Al. Aye, she, she! whom should I mean
but she!
My mind is full—my memory overcharged—
Somewhat oppress'd—but it must be a blank
Or ere her image is forgot!

Ro. There is
Some horrid meaning in her words!—Surely
He's not the wretch could do it?

Al. Rosine, I
Did love him—my rising heart!

Ro. Nay, nay, come—
Your mother waits; a messenger, perhaps,
May bring us tidings.

Al. Tidings! and from whom?
Ro. From Clarington.

Al. Oh, do not kill me quite!
Let me forget—I feel I cannot live;
They've bound me in a rack—cruel deception!
But why should he have practised it on me?
Next to his life, his love I valued most!
How dear to me, this marriage, and the grave
It has dug for me—they will speak, when lips
That spoke in vain shall speak no more.

Ro. Almeida!

Al. He made a slave, a very wretch of me!
In thinking of him, I forgot that Heaven
Denounced the sinful passion that would make
An idol out of perishable clay,
And all my prayers, my hopes were given to him!
My very senses were transferred to his,
Till all I saw and heard, and felt and knew,
Their character and color took from him!
To him I owed my life—a double debt;
For till I knew him, I had known no life!
I lived, I breathed but in his presence—nay,
His least of wishes were commands with me;
He knew it, and—oh, most unnatural!
To turn the weapon 'gainst the hand that gave,
The false shaft feathered from the breast it wounds!

Ro. You speak of Clarence! has he, then,
deserved

The language of reproach from you, Almeida?

Al. I am a woman, and a woman's tenderness
Defeated, leaves the heart so full, that words—
But let me not upbraid him—'tis too late!
To throw himself away upon a wretch—

Ro. What mean ye?

Al. Why was it concealed from me?

I knew it not, who should have known it—cruel!
Cruel, cruel—

Ro. Upon my life, there is
Some strange delusion or deception here!

Al. I saw her! with these eyes I saw her—oh,
Would that the sight had blasted them for ever!

Ro. Saw! Whom?

Al. His mistress! Clarence's mistress! Aye,
I think that word needs no unravelling.

Ro. Clarence's mistress?

Al. His mistress! In that cave
I saw her, and—

Ro. O love and jealousy—
Twin sisters ever!

Al. Clarington knows all.

Ro. Clarington!

Al. Yes, he.

Ro. Did Clarington say so?

Al. Too well he knew it! and too well, but now,
His brutal nature turned it to account.

Rosine, could you have heard the terms—

Ro. Why, aye—
I see it now! could heart of man conceive it?

Al. Well, go on?

Ro. Falsehood and fraud combined—the tie
Which means like these conspired to form is void!
The wretch! remorseless, double traitor!

Al. He is
My husband!

Ro. He is a villain! The woman
You speak of is a mistress, but—

Al. But what?

Ro. Not Clarence's mistress—nay, start not—his
honor,

And the deep villainy of Clarington,
Are subjects, neither, for surprise.

Al. Now, prithee,
Deal justly with me.

Ro. Listen, then, Almeida.
How those poor outcasts in that cave found shelter,
Is briefly told. The lost, unhappy mother,
Deserted by the wretch who had betray'd her,
With scarce a shelter for herself or child,
By accident or instinct, sought this shore,
When suddenly—her mind impaired—she thought
She saw pursuing her the man who now—
His selfish passions wanting other field—
Had in the tyrant merged the traitor's arts;
Impelled by terror or despair, she grasped
Her child, and madly plunged into the sea!
The rest I need not tell. Her life she owes
Even to him on whom this miscreant
Thus seeks to fix a twofold shame that's his.

Al. Oh, dupe, dupe!

Ro. This story, framed to back his threat
'Gainst Clarence's life, stamps him, indeed, the fiend
I always took him for.

Al. Aye, the light breaks—
Oh that the darkness had usurped it yet!

Ro. And Clarence lived a monster in your
thoughts!

Al. Better so, than—being what he is—to know
The thing I am! Then lead me to him.—I
Here merge the wife, but am the woman still.
Hear me, and be the witness of my vow:
Never—and by yon listening Heaven I swear it!—
Will I receive, or yield, the rites he claims;
But, as I am a stranger to his love,

So will I live a stranger to his name.
And now my heart feels ten times lighter! lead,
Lead me to Clarence.

Ro. Oh, Almeida—
Al. Ha!

Enter CLARINGTON.

Cla. It were not meet, fair lady! Courtesy
And usage both forbid. Let him seek you!
I've heard your pious resolution. Hence!

[*Exit ROSINE.*]

Degenerate wanton! own it to my face?
But let me not forget myself too far.
Disperse these fumes of folly from your brain,
Or they will wake you to a dreadful sense
Of your condition.

Al. I deny the right
You claim to counsel or command. I am
Sole mistress of myself.

Cla. I cry you mercy!
The projects of that fertile brain of yours
Might laugh the subtle casuist to scorn,
And shame Cumea's oracle itself!
Foolish woman, 'tis time that you were taught
A wife's first lesson's to obey.

Al. I scorn
To yield obedience to a wretch, who could
Forge a vile lie to gain a viler end,
And soil that honor which he never knew.
My hand is free, my heart is freer still:
The last you never had; the first, obtained
By falsehood, and a vow I now perceive
You ne'er designed to keep, is mine again.

Cla. By Heaven, you tempt me to abuse myself,
And to use violence where I am pledged.
But have a care! my object was to save
Your honor, and the credit of a name
Which accident—your shameless passion—

Al. Hold, sir!
And let me tell you that that passion lives,
In its first ardor, unabated—far
Above the meanness or the insolence
That seeks to slander it.

Cla. You speak this well!
Poor simpleton! your footing is infirm!
'Neath ev'ry step you take, there's hidden fire!
Pause, ere it burst and blast you!

Al. Let it blaze!
But though your hand, I know, would light the
torch,
Even as the Indian smiles upon the stake
With the last effort of expiring nature,
My lip would scorn, my soul defy ye still!

Cla. Indeed! Then let his blood attest that
boast!

And did your faith so far exceed your sense
Of the deep workings of a human heart,—
Nay, the common suggestions of plain caution,—
As to suppose the pledge I gave to save
That villain's life would be redeemed?

Al. Ha! my life
Has been a dream, I know, since that fell hour
I gave my hand to Clarington—a fiend
Had conjured up all horrid images!
Terror and doubt usurped each struggling sense—
And even now those visions float before me!

Cla. Dream on! you have been wandering in
a world

Of soft illusions, doubtless! Let me not
Dissolve the charm!

Al. You pledged your faith,—I think
Your words to me gave earnest of a hope,
A nation's honor would protect the brave?

Cla. The brave? Poor paltry coward! I've
denounced

The runagate!

Al. O Clarington, you would—
You could not do it?

Cla. The rebel's death shall ease
The rebel's life. Reward has been proclaimed—
His head is forfeited!

Al. Have mercy, sir!

As a man, a soldier! I do implore,
Upon my knees I ask it—spare his honor!

Cla. By Heaven, I never saw her look so like
An angel! Honor, life—both rest with you!
Are you prepared to purchase them on terms
Such as I may name?

Al. Never! and I despise
Myself for the humility which thus
Could bend to ask a boon of Clarington.

Cla. Ere thrice three suns have set, his head
shall roll

A lifeless ball, frail woman, at your feet! [*Exit.*]

Al. O villain, villain—to ensnare me thus!

Clarence's life forfeited—his life, his life!

O Clarington, in mercy hear me! I—

By Heaven, I will not shrink from meeting it!

Enter ROSINE.

Where's Clarence?

Ro. In a safe retreat, some leagues—

Al. Talk not to me of safety—what retreat?

Ro. The Highlands that look westward from
the bay.

Al. Wounded perhaps, and hopeless, there he
lies!

Farewell, Rosine! if we should meet no more,
Sometimes think of me; nor let evil tongues
Be over-busy with Almeida's fame;
And so, farewell!

Ro. O Heaven! and goes my friend
Where danger, death, perhaps, awaits her steps?

Al. The purpose of my soul is fixed—no words.
The blessings of the good be on you, ever!

[*Exit.*]
Ro. This comes of thee, O Clarington!—What
now?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The Lady Walsingham is taken ill.
Her daughter and yourself are summon'd straight.

Ro. Then hasten, and recall her—nay, it is
Too late! Lead on. Alas, my poor Almeida!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE: The Highlands of the interior.

Enter GERALDINE, leaning on WOLFERSTAN.

Wol. Are you hurt, sir?

Ger. Nothing—a mere scratch.—The day
Is so far with us. By Heaven, Wolferstan,
I never felt the touch of fear till now,—
Aye, in the heat of battle I grew cold!

And when I rais'd my arm to smite the foe,
It fell, as falls the blasted branch, and wither'd—
I saw my brother!

Wol. Your brother, Raymond?

Ger. Did you not see him? Could you not have known

The gallant port of a Milesian? Aye,
My brother!

Wol. Said they not that he had left
For England? But I do remember, now,
A gallant gentleman, with morion clos'd;
Twice on my sword he madly rushed, and twice,
From a strange impulse I could not resist,
I spared his life.

Ger. My brave friend! and did you so?
[A distant shout is heard.]

Wol. That cry is from the field, and from our men!

Ger. Then Clarington has rallied, and renewed
The fight. Place him before me, Heaven! 'tis all
I ask. [Exeunt.]

Enter, from the opposite side, Soldiers, leading
in RAYMOND.

Ray. Thanks, thanks. Here let me lie—to
rise no more!

Where is Geraldin? Is he safe?

Sol. But now
He was.

Ray. How is the day?

Sol. 'Tis turn'd against us.
But you have got an ugly hurt, sir?

Ray. Go,
Seek your leader, he may want your services.
When the fight's over, tell him Raymond waits
To see him.

Sol. Raymond Geraldin, sir?

Ray. Aye.

Sol. It is his brother! Come along, my friend.
[Exeunt.]

Ray. Well, Clarence, our sun has set, my brother!
It had a cloudy rising, and hath sunk
In storm at last! 'Tis somewhat early—yet
Too long! To see thee thus, with all thy youth,
Thy worth, thy valor, and thy gifts of mind,
Impell'd—but my tongue's parch'd! In any cause,
Save this, to've died, had made the earth whereon
I lie—

Enter WOLFERSTAN.

Wol. Look up, sir, your brother will be here
Anon.

Ray. I hear your voice, but cannot see you.
Are you from the hills?

Wol. Where all is lost, sir!

Ray. Aye, lost! Does Clarence live?

Wol. Heedful but of you
He hastens bither, bringing you relief.

Ray. And to himself brings death! This is no
place—

Enter GERALDIN, attended by a Surgeon.

Ger. Raymond! my brother! how is it with you?

Ray. Thank you, sir, I'm easier now. Is he not
come?

Ger. Here, here! Can you not feel my touch—
do you

Not know my voice?

Ray. Ha! my brother! Yes, well!
A little nearer yet—

Ger. Is there, indeed,

No hope, Raymond?

Surgeon. He cannot survive long.

Ger. Leave us alone, then. Not your tyrant's
chains

Can bind me to this spot with half the power
My soul confesses in these bonds of death.

[Exit Surgeon.]

Ray. My head's too low. Will you not raise it?

Ger. Ah,

There is hope yet!

Ray. Is that Clarence?

Ger. My brother!

Ray. Nay, Clarence, life ebbs apace! I have
not felt

Your hand for many a day.

Ger. Can you forgive me,

Raymond?

Ray. There's nothing to forgive, my brother:
Something to regret! I could have wished—

Ger. Your

Brother had not been a wretch!

Ray. Nay, Clarence, that
Cuts deeper than the sword! Add not, beseech ye,

Another pang—but tell me—that surgeon—

How—your life, Clarence!—bring him here—I
may—

A dying man, perhaps—support me, while—

O Clarence!— [Dies.]

CLARINGTON abruptly enters, attended by a Guard
of Soldiers.

Cla. Thus treason, ever, like a two-edged sword
Doth wound itself! Poor gallant youth! Bear you
The body hence. Surrender, sir, or die!

Ger. Your valor doth take counsel of discretion;
This meeting, else, to one or both were spar'd.

I am your prisoner, but equal, still!

Wol. How! are we betray'd!

Cla. Not so—your lives are spar'd;
We visit not his sins upon your heads.

Ger. Thee I despise. If there be treachery,

I am the victim. Pass you, sir, this list.

Now I am ready. I will see thee yet!

[To WOLFERSTAN.]

Wol. I hear a woman's voice! It comes this
way!

ALMEIDA rushes in.

Al. Safe! safe! Are you safe, my Clarence?

Ger. My love!

Al. Oh, I had nearly given all—Clarington!

What do these here?

Ger. A tyrant's wonted instruments.
My poor Raymond's gone!

Al. And Clarence is betray'd!

Ger. An honest traitor, love! All may be well!

Al. Is't done, at last! By Heaven, you stir not
hence!

Ger. You must not hang about me thus.

Cla. The time

Is urgent. Tear them asunder!

Ger. An' if
They must, I've thinn'd your ranks but now; and still

Can wield a weapon brighter than their blades!
[Snatching a sword from WOLFERSTAN. Soldiers pause.]

To fate, and not to thee, or these, I yielded.

Al. Yielded! yielded! and unto whom? To thee?

Art thou the man? Give me a sword, and I will search his heart, sooner than yield one inch Of earth whereon I stand!

Ger. Nay, be advised;
My honor's pledged!

Cla. Soldiers, advance!

Al. Stand back!
Approach him not! If he must go, he goes With me. Your honor's pledged, you say!

Ger. Solemnly!
Al. Then, sir, I am your pris'ner too! My footing now

Is firm! Lead on!

Ger. My matchless girl!

Al. O Clarence!
[Exeunt.]
Cla. The meshes close them in—they're mine at last!

END OF ACT IV.

Act V.

SCENE: The Castle.

Enter ROSINE, followed by MAHON.

Ro. A three-fold misery! what is to be done?
Mah. That may be done which she should do—Almeida.

Ro. Alas!
Mah. Let her acknowledge Clarington Her legal lord,—and such in sight of Heaven He is,—and —

Ro. What?
Mah. That paper may be cancell'd!

Ro. Oh, never! Justice will not have it so.

Mah. As the gold weighs, so will the scales incline!

Ro. May Justice, then, be bribed?

Mah. Or I'm no priest.

Ro. Nay, let it have, for it will have, its way! And, trust me, but in this I see the hand Of Providence!

Mah. Give me the paper!

Ro. Never!

Mah. Art mad! What would ye do?

Ro. Save Clarence's life!

Mah. And kill your friend!

Ro. O horrible! Why, why Was I reserved for this!

Mah. Tell her she's a wretch!

A beggar! and a villain was her sire! Tell her that this will be proclaim'd! the world Will know it—and then bid her, lady, live!

Ro. Clarence's life forfeited—a pardon may Be purchas'd! in that case, the means are his, By marriage with Almeida—and their loves

Death only can divide! to bear her hence, From this detested spot, and lead a new And happier life in her own Italy!

I say the hand of Heaven's in this! 'twere sin, Beyond redemption, to avert it, then!

This paper rests with me; and, tho' a dark And dismal scroll, upon my life, I think, 'T will prove an instrument wherewith to work Good out of evil! I'll about it straight.

Mah. Stay! I have a strong conception—listen— Nearer—let me speak low—give me the paper!

Ro. Ha!

Mah. Confusion! I tell you, you are mad!

Ro. But not guilty! Let me see your face no more.

[Exit.]

Mah. Foiled by a babbling girl—whom have we here!

ALMEIDA rushes in, her hair dishevelled, and falling loose over her shoulders.

Al. Save me! a father, and Heaven's minister, Here at your feet, and grovelling in the dust, I do beseech, I do implore you—mercy!

Mah. Her mind is gone! O Clarington, my son— Rise, rise. Mercy, say'st thou!

Al. The attribute

Of all good men!—angels do love it—God

Himself forgives it, even when it errs;

The sinner's hope—the Christian's consolation—

The poor man's refuge, and the rich man's crown!

We all do need it! and the prince no less

Than his least subject; the poor worm that crawls

Would turn and ask it of the foot that crushes,

As at thy feet I sue for—mercy, mercy!

Mah. What sanctions the appeal to me?

Al. Heaven and earth

Do sanction it! deceive, evade me not—

Thou art his father!

Mah. Girl! girl—thou dost forget— His father! father, saidst thou? Why, who am I?

Al. Oh, I do know it all! if there be sin,

Show mercy, here, and thou wilt be forgiven!

Mah. Death of my hopes! I see her mother's hand

In this. Who told ye that I was his father?

Al. Lips that are closed! as presently will be

Those which now plead for one whose life lies at

The mercy of thy son. But my soul wakes!

Have I renounced myself? Have I forgot?

Am I Almeida, and he Clarington!

He, he whom I—O mockery and madness!

My brain was wrought upon—'tis wild—inflamed!

A wretch has bound it with consuming fire!

But 'tis not yet consumed! and prompts me now

To tell ye that should make ye tremble—wretch!

I will denounce you! and expose the fraud

Which you have practised—drag you to the light,

And show the world the monster in the man!

Mah. And dost thou threaten me? thou, thou!

Why, then,

Suppose I say thy sire was a villain!

Al.

Ha!

Mah. A murderer!

Al.

O God!

Mah.

And what art thou?

A beggar doubly! thou hast fairly lost

That which was foully won! Th' estate reverts

To a convicted felon! Fortune, thus,
And life at once are reft! and thou threaten'st me!

Al. I've heard thee, but my soul's above the
terror,
And scorns the weakness which thou wouldst
inspire.

I cannot share the guilt, though at my heart
The grief must lie, of deeds done ere the light
Had visited these eyes. And poverty
Has terrors only for the ignoble mind;
It teaches proud humility to those
Whom better gifts have counselled higher aims
Than the mere world can give, or take away!
The foul and false reproach which you have dared
To cast on one as far above you raised—
As yon high hill, that looks upon the sea,
Outtops the paltry mound that lies beneath,
Is as the cloud that girts that self-same hill,
Upon whose height now streams the setting sun!
Hence from my sight—it sickens at your presence.

Mah. 'T will sicken at a sight more loathsome
yet!

All your fine fancies are fine fallacies;
And if they save him, may I lose myself! [*Exit.*]

Al. Death shall unite us, then! Cold bonds, my
Clarence!
Your life's embarked upon a stormy sea,
The last sail's shivered, and we sink together!
And must he perish? Oh, can nothing save him?

Enter CLARINGTON.

Cla. Nay, I can save him, an' it please ye so!

Al. His life were safer with the bloody law,
Than in your wofish clutches.

Cla. You will not
Have him live, then?

Al. Not upon terms would bring
Dishonor to his life. If he must die,
'T were better to die nobly, than live basely.

Cla. How if compliance, lady, with the terms,
Rests with yourself?

Al. Name them! and if my life
Can purchase the conditions, take it!

Cla. Nay,
If you will call it purchase, why, a price,
Lighter by half the beads that old priest counts,
May buy the boon withal.

Al. What is't ye mean?

Cla. Doubt darkens in your eyes—I read them
well!

And can you not read mine? There is a touch
Would tell more eloquent than words! these lips
Were made for pressure—

Al. Gracious Heaven! and have
I lived to suffer this?

Cla. Pleasure panting lies
Upon the virgin velvet of these leaves,
Like roses melting in their own rich dew!
Let me imbibe—

Al. Villain! upon your life!

Cla. We are alone! no mortal step is near—
Resistance is in vain—this form—

Al. O Heaven!

Mercy you denied another—show it me!

Cla. Nay, it is too late! your chamber lies
Hard by—that self-same couch shall hold us both,

From which you dared discard me, to give place
To one who never can ascend it now!

Al. O mercy! mercy, Clarington! no help—
No hope—Ha!

*MAHON suddenly enters—she rushes to him—and
sinks into his arms.*

SCENE: The inner room of a prison.

GERALDIN alone.

Ger. Well, my poor Raymond! 'twas in hope to
save
My life, that you surrendered up your own!
The sacrifice, my boy, was scarcely worth
Thy gallant nature, and its love to me;
And not a pang could rend my bosom here,
Permitted the proud privilege of thus
Dying for thee!—had the last link that bound
My soul to earth been severed in thy death!
But as it is—why, what's the world to her?
O fatal hour that brought her to these shores!

Enter ROSINE.

Ro. Not so! not so—it was a blessed hour!
Nay, look up!

Ger. Rosine!

Ro. Aye, even Rosine.

Ger. A merry face in such a place as this
Is something strange! Where is your friend, Rosine?

Ro. We'll talk of her anon; but first—now,
truly,

Can you not guess? O yes! I know you can!

Ger. Am I reprieved?

Ro. Nay, more! From England comes
An act which doth obliterate the past,
And new appointed power to heal our wounds;
An act conceived in wisdom richer far
Than that which doth decree the block and axe,
Behold the instrument that sets you free!

Ger. Your words are as a dream! But, tell me,
how

Should you have gain'd intelligence of this,
And not Almeida come to greet me too?

Ro. She knows not of it. I've a world to say,
And will explain—

Ger. But not till we've found her!
She hurried hence in hope of gaining that
Which thou it seems hast gained before her!

Thanks, thanks!

It is no common courtesy that tells

Ye so. Now let us hasten!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE: The shore beneath the Castle.

Enter CLARINGTON and MAHON.

Mah. For special reasons I've abstained from
telling
The story of thy birth till now. She threatens
To expose it to the world, and I must flee
This castle.

Cla. The means shall amply be supplied.
In a few hours my regiment recrosses
The channel, and we straight embark for Spain.
I've reasons, no less urgent than your own,

For hurrying hence; and caution may secure
Retreat. My second officer conducts
The march, and under him the men embark.
I must depart alone.

Mah. Those lights are from
The castle. There seems some stir—and voices
Sound, I think?

Cla. It is the wind, that, pent among
The various crevices of these old rocks,
Doth utter accents almost human! There
Is a safe lodge, some few leagues hence, where you
May wait the morning's light. Till then, farewell!

Mah. Ere I depart, I would conjure you, never,
By all that good men love, and bad men fear,
Attempt again an act that will not brook
Reflection! I see the passions that do rage
Within your breast, and know your nature stern;
But do not shake off all humanity!
And at some future hour, I know full well,
You'll thank the intervention that preserv'd
Her peace and honor, and, to that extent,
Stood 'twixt you and perdition! Black enough
Already is the catalogue against us!
Add not another sin to those which now
Ensnare our feet, and clog th' immortal hope!

Cla. A goodly speech, and a repentant father!
Faith, when he mends, the Devil shall turn psalmist!
'S death! to be foiled thus by a dotard's scruples,
E'en at the moment when my fortunate stars,
Propitious smiling, were about to crown
My scheme of love and deep revenge with triumph!
And it shall triumph! A feller purpose now
Usurps my soul: what I cannot enjoy,
He never shall possess! I'll seek her straight;
Her doom—identified, it seems, with his—
If I mistake not, ere another sun
Has set, is sealed!

[Exit.]

SCENE: The Castle.

Enter GERALDIN, followed by ROSINE.

Ger. Once more, with step that falters not, I
tread
My father's halls, and mine! By Heaven, Rosine,
I've known the hour, though then a beardless boy,
When the brisk dance, the song, the revel loud,
Sent up their echoes to the silent sky,
Which seem'd as listening to the sounds of earth;
Whilst happy faces, and light hearts, where love
Had lit contagious madness, thrilled the scene!
We're not so old, but we can thread the maze
Where pleasure, devious Goddess! leads again!
But where's Almeida! Time's a dullard—lags,
And pours his glass but heavily, where she
Nor plumes his wing, nor prompts his hand to
pledge
Rapid libations to the golden hours!
Her absence touches me—'tis strange! Rosine,
Go seek thy friend, and tell her Clarence waits!

Ro. A heaviness I can't dispel comes o'er me!
Joy reacts upon the heart like grief,
And leaves it worn.

Ger. Talk not of grief! let joy,
Life's mistress and her queen, have her full sway!
By Heaven, you droop! I will not have it so.
Why is this?

Ro. 'Tis very childish—I'm ashamed
At showing so much weakness; she will come
Drest up in smiles, that will disperse these clouds!
[Exit.]

Ger. As rising in the east, the moon unveils
And hangs her silver crescent in the sky,
Dimming the stars, till darkness flies the light,
And the broad heaven expanding leaps to life,
And laughs above the world!

ROSINE returns.

Rosine! how's this?

Where's Almeida? What's the matter—speak!

Ro. I scarce know what to say, or what to think.*Ger.* How, have you not seen her? is she not
here?

Or is she dead, that you torment me thus?

Ro. She lives, and I have seen her,—but—*Ger.* But what?*Ro.* O Clarence, something dreadful's happened
here!*Ger.* In tears!

There's meaning in them, and 'tis fit I know it.

[Exit.]

Ro. In a strange tone of grief and mixed defiance,
She bade me leave her! said she knew 'twas false,
Clarence was dead! and I was come to join
With the foul fiend who had pursued and pierced
Her brain with fire, because he found she sought
To save the life of a poor wretch she loved!
That fiend is no creation of her fancy;
I think I've seen him, and should know him well—
His name, and nature: Clarington's the first,
The second is the fiend!

[Exit.]

GERALDIN returns.

Ger. And have I 'scaped
From want and peril, and a dreadful death,
And all for nothing! It was her despair—

Enter a Servant.*Ser.* A letter, Sir, from Clarington.

Ger. Clarington
Thou dost remind me that the villain lives!
What of him?

Ser. This letter, Sir, is from himself.

[Exit.]

Ger. Aye, 'tis his hand. [Reads.]

"I entreat to see you. Matter of much moment
depends on your compliance. In the mountains,
where treachery compelled you to take refuge,
upon the spot where fell your brother, you will
find me. Bring no witness of our meeting, and
lose no time.

CLARINGTON."

Ger. Matter of much moment, and from Claring-
ton!

There is a blow suspended over head,
Will dash us both to pieces!

[Exit]

SCENE: The Highlands.

CLARINGTON alone.

Cla. The current of my life, which, headlong
ever,
Had left no pause for thought, pauses at last!

Its course, though often broken, hurried on,
 O'erleaping all impediments,—till now,
 The source from whence its waters were supplied.
 Failing, the stream ebbs; and here this bank,
 Where all things perish, wither, and dry up,
 The recollections of the place accord
 With all around, and that which is within!
 A fitting couch of final rest for him
 Whose paths were not of peace, tho' pleasure led!
 False guide! thou hast betrayed thy trust, and lured
 My steps from whence they never can return!
 Curse on the weakness which unmans me thus!
 Are all thy boasted powers, Clarington,
 Reduced to this? Art thou a thing so lost—
 Aye, lost! beyond redemption here—denied
 The hope which doth anticipate hereafter?
 Would he were come! This purpose cannot cool,
 But 'tis a pang protracted, and my brain
 Is scorched to cinders!

Enter GERALDIN.

Ger. Clarington!

Cla. Who's there?
 Oh, aye—I wished to see you—pardon me.

Ger. The time is urgent—you will then be brief
 In what you have to say.

Cla. How like a god
 He looks! whilst guilt has made a fiend of me!
 Clarence Geraldin—I lack courtesy,
 But 'were to mock the time with phrase of form.
 You see before you one whose life must end
 Ere you depart; but I would spare my soul,
 Already clogged too much, the blood that must
 Be shed!

Ger. You'd have me take your life? first state
 The plea would justify the act?

Cla. Almeida!
 The blow has struck him, and it will recoil!
 Now, whilst the lightning flashes from your eye,
 And your hand grasps, as 'twere, the bolt to strike,
 'Tis fitting that I tell ye, ye are both
 My victims!

Ger. What mean ye, villain?
Cla. The tongue,
 Whose triumph 'tis to announce, even to your face,
 Your fate, ne'er faltered yet to living man!
 And firmly now—aye, firmly as my soul
 Pursued its deep resolve—tells ye, that she,
 Who, but for your base workings, had been mine,
 And never can be yours! lies low in th' embrace
 Of a deceptive, but a certain, death!

Ger. Clarington!
Cla. Hatred of thee—and thou must own,
 If just, that debt to be immortal!—conjoined
 With the fierce flames her beauty kindled here,
 Backed by a motive yet more powerful
 Than all her charms, conspired to destroy her!
 Take up your sword—you should know how to
 use it.

I watched my time—alone within her castle—
 By no attendants guarded—all absorbed
 In thoughts which for their object had your rescue
 From an impending death, which she believed
 Might momentarily o'ertake you—e'en of this
 Did I avail myself, and from the trunk
 Of a detected villain, severing
 The head, hideous and disfigured in the blood

That spouted o'er my garments, I rushed in
 Upon my victim, bidding her—"Behold!
 Clarence Geraldin smiles on you, Almeida!"
 She shrieked! and falling lifeless at my feet,
 A subtle poison to her lips conveyed
 Accomplished her destruction! for, be it known,
 Of that same venom, by these hands prepared,
 The exquisite and peculiar quality
 It is, first to take captive the prone mind,
 And then to kill the body!—Do I triumph?
 That mind is now oblivious of life,
 And that sweet body tottering to the tomb!

Ger. Devil! but my sick soul recoils from thee!
 I would not take thy life—thou shouldst not die—
 No, live! death is a boon too rich for thee.

Cla. And yet, methinks, it is thy only refuge!
 A thing so beggared and despised as thou
 Shouldst shun the light!

Ger. I do survey thy form
 To see if it be human! but though hell
 Temper thy sword, will I essay its mettle!

[*They fight—CLARINGTON is slain.*]

Cla. Curse on thy arm! but short-lived is thy
 triumph!

If thou hast conquered me, I yet have crushed
 Thy hopes! Though dying, it is bliss to know
 Thou art my victim. [*Dies.*]

Ger. Thou art gone, who shouldst
 Have lived! whilst life, and that which hath the
 power

To curdle years, long years, into one brief
 But bitter hour—remembrance—clings to me!
 My poor Almeida—now! [*Exit.*]

SCENE returns to the Castle.

ROSINE, watching ALMEIDA.

Ro. She sleeps! and, after such a storm, how
 calm

And beautiful is rest! At times, methought,
 The name of Clarence trembled on her lips,
 And then a smile, so bitter—still they smile!
 The cheek is faint, and yet a tender bloom
 Touches its damask, such as roses shed
 Over the marble, or as autumn leaves
 Upon the blasted fruit—not natural.
 She wakes! Almeida, how is it with you?
 Turn not away, it is Rosine who speaks.

Al. Rosine!

Ro. Oh, what a voice was there! Clarence,
 My dear Almeida, comes—won't you speak to him?
Al. He was all goodness, and I know his death
 Was happy!

Ro. Nay, he is not dead—torture!

Al. Why take me out of the grave? Clarence
 lies

Low in the ground! 'Twas not well done that they
 Should take him from me.

Ro. Even now he comes—
 Oh, scene more terrible than death!

Enter GERALDIN.

Speak to her;
 She thinks you dead! and turns away from me,
 When I would undeceive her.

Ger. Almeida!

[*Kneeling, and taking her hand.*]

Al. That voice!—it is a sound so fine, so like
A voice I loved—so musical! not death
Itself can steal its magic from that tongue!
Oh, speak again! There's been the live-long night
A demon howling at my heart! but those
Rich sounds, so silver sweet, have scared the fiend!

Ger. Clarence Geraldin speaks to you, Almeida.

Al. 'Tis false! ha! thou'rt the fiend! and fiends
can take

All shapes, and with the tongues of angels mock
The damned! Art not ashamed, being immortal!
To clog the dying hours of a poor, frail
Creature thus!

Ger. Spare me this agony. [*To ROSINE.*]

Al. In tears! and dost thou weep for me!
Ha! now

Thy form is changed again! O God! let me
Look on thee well—Clarence? [*Dies.*]

Ger. Speak thou, I cannot.

Ro. What avails it? *She* will speak no more!

Ger. Dead!

Ro. Dead, Clarence!

Ger. And so early!—Aye—quite dead!

*He bends over the body, and the curtain falls to
solemn music.*

END.

THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW ON FREEDOM OF TRADE.

[CONCLUDED]

FROM THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW OF FEBRUARY, 1851, WITH REPLY.

FREE TRADE.

CHAPTER II.

WE proceed to the examination of the "HARMONY OF INTERESTS." Here our task would be a light one, if we had to deal only with the writer's figures. Their correctness and the unsoundness of his theory are not compatible. It is even possible that the results are all exact, and not one of them referable to the facts, with which they are either concomitant, or which they follow in order of time. He must have been impressed with this opinion and afraid of it; for he goes a step farther, and assumes, that the results must be what in reality he has attempted to prove they are, as an inevitable consequence founded on one of nature's immutable laws. Bearing this proposition in mind as that which we have finally to controvert, we at once take up Mr. Carey's tables in the same order he has himself given them. His object is to prove not alone the prosperity of the interest protected by a tariff, but the general prosperity of the country; which, according to his argument, progresses or retrogrades in the same ratio as protection to particular interests rises or falls. With this view he divides the time between 1820 and 1851 into six unequal periods. They are as follows:—

First. The period between 1820 and 1830, as exemplifying the working of the tariff of 1816-'24.

Second. That between 1829 and 1835, as exemplifying that of 1828.

Third. That between 1834 and 1841, as exemplifying that of 1834.

Fourth. That between September, 1841, and June, 1843, as exemplifying the revenue duty then to come into operation.

Fifth. That between June, 1843, and June, 1847, as exemplifying the tariff of 1842.

Sixth. That between 1847 and 1850, as exemplifying the act of 1846.

A table is affixed, giving the average amount of imports during these six periods. It is offered in proof of the most difficult of Mr. Carey's results, namely, that the people consume most of taxed produce when it is most taxed. Of the two first periods, he gives the result thus:

| | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------|
| For the nine years beginning with 1821, and ending with 1829, total consumption..... | \$508,000,000 |
| Annual average..... | 56,400,000 |
| Average, per head, of the population..... | \$5 |
| Average population..... | 11,247,000 |

The second period, including the years 1830 and 1834, is given in detail:

| | | | |
|-----------|-------------------|-----------------------|--------------------------|
| 1830..... | \$55,500,000..... | Rate per head, \$4.32 | } Population, 13,698,000 |
| 1831..... | 81,000,000..... | 6.10 | |
| 1832..... | 75,500,000..... | 5.51 | |
| 1833..... | 88,000,000..... | 6.20 | |
| 1834..... | 103,000,000..... | 7.08 | |

Let us test this arithmetical reasoning so far. No authority is given for the figures, except the census for which the treasury reports are vouched. For the rest, Mr. Carey alone is responsible. But no matter; at present their correctness is assumed; and taking them as we find them, we shall see how far they sustain his conclusions. We give that which has reference to these two periods:—

"The facts derivable from an examination of the above accounts, are as follows: First, that the amount received from foreign nations, in exchange for our products, largely increased during the existence of the tariff of 1828."

This large increase, to mean any thing, must be in comparison with the increase during the preceding period. And, at the first look, the result would seem to justify the assertion in that sense. It only *seems*, however. The fact is exactly the reverse. Let us see how this is so. First, the comparison is unfair, inasmuch as the first period extends back into a remote time, when the resources of the country were almost in their infancy. The comparison, to be just, should be with the five last years of the first period. Secondly, the average of the two periods should be given, or the particulars of each. Thirdly, even taking the average of the first period, and Mr. Carey's own figures, he actually miscalculates in his own favor. The total is \$508,000,000. This divided by 9, according to our calculation, gives a product of \$56,444,444 and a fraction, instead of \$56,400,000, making a difference of over \$44,000.

We have no statistical tables before us, and we are too much pressed for time, to consult them at the present moment. Consequently, we cannot convert his average into its particular items; but we can take the average of his yearly table in the second period. We find it to be \$80,600,000, yielding a consumption per head of \$5.30. Here we have the "great increase." According to our mind, it is a beggarly increase; and, contrasting the two periods in other respects, no increase at all. But there is no disputing tastes. Mr. Carey may regard it, in the language of Lord Brougham and Vaux, as *prodigious*, "an he will." Let us, meantime, proceed to the next period, the examination of which may, possibly, enlighten us on this question.

Mr. Carey gives us only the average. He states it thus: Total, \$684,000,000; annual average, \$97,700,000; amount per head, \$6.02; population, 16,226,000.

In this case, as in the former, Mr. Carey presents to view two figures: one, \$7.08, representing a single year of his prosperous period, and the other, \$6.02, representing the average of the declining period. But the average of the prosperous period is actually only \$5.30; and, keeping the two averages in view, let us read Mr. Carey's conclusion, and wonder. Here it is:—

"Secondly, that the amount so received diminished greatly in this period."

Certainly, if between \$5.30 and \$6.02 he discovers a great diminution, he must regard the increase from \$5 to \$5.30 as too big for any plain English word to express. But why take the average? 'Tis for Mr. Carey to say. He is now precluded from asserting that he can show a continual increase in the periods of prosperity or high tariff. Who knows that the same continual increase does not occur in the other periods? If the particulars be useful and requisite in one case, are they not equally so in the other, and vice versa? But, be it remembered further, that the periods do not actually correspond with the tariffs which they illustrate. He avows this, and justifies it:—

"It will be observed, that I have placed 1829 in the first period, and 1834 in the second. It is not the passage of an act that produces change, but its practical operation; and the first year of the existence of a new system, is but the sequel of that which is passing out."

No doubt: but, in some instances, this piece of abstruse wisdom would amount to the following proposition: MEN BUY IN LARGELY, IN ANTICIPATION OF LOW PRICES. Such is its import, exactly applied to his facts. But it serves the argument to place 1834 in the second period. It supplies him with his largest figure, and he uses it for the purpose of a double fallacy. Now, suppose we change the order, placing 1829 in the second period, and 1834 in the third. The result would then stand thus, assuming 1829 to give the same amount as 1830:—

Second period, total, \$355,500,000; annual average, \$71,100,000; rate per head, \$5.12, of which \$6.02, Mr. Carey's average for the succeeding period, is, according to him, a great diminution.

But to refer once more to the averaging one period, and giving the details of the other, let us see if we can discover any other possible motive. It has been shown that 1834 yielded the highest figure; and the highest figure was necessary for that period. But notwithstanding, it would not have the highest figure, if the separate years of the next period were given. 1836 was the year of largest consumption since the discovery of America. For that fact, Mr. Secretary Corwin is the authority. In his report of this year, he says:—

"The past year has been exceeded in amount only by the year 1836; and, if the official figures could be made to represent the true cost of the imports of the former year, even 1836 would, it is believed, not be an exception. The imports of the first quarter of the present year show an increase of more than \$18,000,000 over the corresponding quarter of last year, indicating an importation, for the current year, greater, by many millions, than the imports of any previous one."

Before passing further on, it may be as well to contrast this citation with a prophecy announced by Mr. Carey on the faith of one of his inevitable results. It is contained in the following:—

"Seventh. That the amount of debt, incurred in the last two years, must tend to produce a further diminution in future ones."

Reader, dear, contrast this fact and prophecy, and decide for thyself. According to the prophecy, the past year, 1850, was to be that of most diminished consumption; according to the fact, it is that of most increased consumption. It is well nigh time to give up this table: yet, dry as it may seem,

it is exceedingly seductive. What blue-devil could withstand the beautiful solution of the fourth period? It begins in September, 1841, and concludes in June, 1843, and is applied to test the working of the tariff which was to come into operation in 1842, but actually never did come into operation at all. Mr. Carey writes as if some special tariff law was passed in 1841. To explain what really took place, a brief historical resumé is necessary.

There were, in place of five periods, as given by Mr. Carey for the operation of the tariff of 1828, in fact, eight periods, in each of which a distinct tariff operated. Thus, the tariff of 1828 came into operation September 1st, 1828, and continued in operation to March 3d, 1833, when considerable reductions took place in duties on most goods, and on a long list the duties were removed altogether. At the same time this important change took place, viz., that instead of paying cash for duties, merchants were allowed to give bonds for the amount, payable in three and six months—thus enabling the importer to sell the goods and realize the proceeds, before he paid the money for duties to the government. This was in March, 1833. In December of the same year, the "compromise tariff" took effect, under which linens, silks, worsteds, rail-road iron, and a large number of other articles, were made *free*; and the same law provided for *biennial* reductions of duties, until, in July, 1842, no duty should exceed 20 per cent. Thus this law provided for six reductions, each of which operated as a distinct tariff. The law was not, however, carried out in good faith, as far as the free articles were affected. In September, 1841, 20 per cent. duty was imposed *forthwith* upon most of the articles made free in 1833. And this operated one year, until August, 1842, when the fraudulent tariff of that year was imposed. That tariff continued to operate until December, 1846, when the present tariff came into operation. We have now, to test Mr. Carey's principle, constructed a table of the average imports per annum for each of these periods; also the average duties, and showing the average per cent. of those duties upon the dutiable imports, and their average upon the whole importation. It will be observed that all the property which comes into the country, whether taxed or not, is in payment for some property sent out of the country, and returns generally come in the shape which will pay best. The table will show the very large proportion which arrived as *free* goods. All the figures are from official reports, as follows:—

| Tariff of | Imports specie. | Free goods. | Dutiable. | Duties. | Duties per cent. of dutiable. | Total average imports. | Duties total av'ge imports. | Per cent. |
|---------------------|-----------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------------------------|------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------|
| 1829-33, 5 years, | \$35,843,393 | 48,862,381 | 373,002,394 | 146,193,078 | 39% | 91,541,629 | 29,238,615 | 32 |
| 1834-35, 2 " | 31,047,079 | 115,294,594 | 133,798,401 | 44,851,432 | 33% | 138,208,537 | 22,426,716 | 16½ |
| 1836-37, 2 " | 23,917,298 | 137,389,213 | 169,662,740 | 48,952,459 | 28% | 165,484,626 | 24,476,229 | 14½ |
| 1838-39, 2 " | 23,342,292 | 113,919,505 | 138,547,739 | 45,257,359 | 32% | 137,904,718 | 22,628,679 | 16½ |
| 1840-41, 2 " | 13,871,446 | 109,344,459 | 111,871,961 | 35,042,283 | 31% | 117,543,848 | 17,512,141 | 15 |
| 1842, 1 " | 4,087,016 | 26,540,470 | 69,334,601 | 16,622,246 | 24 | 100,162,087 | 16,622,746 | 16½ |
| 1842-46, 50 months, | 37,362,569 | 79,134,645 | 301,872,155 | 101,351,653 | 33½ | 101,130,084 | 23,895,204 | 23½ |
| 1847-50, 43 " | 40,397,694 | 59,939,417 | 422,228,103 | 115,678,052 | 24 | 162,570,756 | 32,222,244 | 19½ |

The first period was five years, embracing the entire operation of the tariff of 1828, except for the last half of 1833, when, under the law of that year, from March 3d to September 30th, many goods came in free. Under that tariff of 1828, nearly all the goods were charged with duty, and the average charge was 39½ per cent. The duty averaged, on the whole importation, 32 per cent. On the 1st of January, 1834, the first reduction under the compromise took place, and also at the same time the remission of duties upon silks, &c., &c. The import of free goods, for the two years, was very large, nearly equalling, in amount, those which paid duty, while the average duties declined 6 per cent.; and the average tax upon the whole importation was *one half* what it was under the tariff of 1828. In the next two years, viz., 1836-37, the speculative spirit culminated and retrograded. The second *biennial* reduction, which took place January 1, 1836, reduced the average duty from 33½ to 28½, and the duties averaged, upon the whole importation, but 14½ per cent. This arose partly from the fact, that in the depression of 1837, those goods which bore the highest tax could not be sold, and only the free and low taxed goods could be imported profitably. In 1838-39, the reaction took place, credit sales were renewed, and the high taxed goods, under the third biennial reduction, found buyers. In 1840-41, the fourth reduction in duties took place, and the general average tax was 15 per cent. In 1842, the 20 per cent. tax on goods before free was imposed, with ruinous effect. The importation of free goods declined \$28,000,000, from the average of the two preceding years, and the taxed goods only increased \$13,000,000. Merchants who had ordered goods under a law making them free of duty, found them taxed 20 per cent. on arrival; and in January of that year, the last and largest reduction, under the compromise act, took effect. In September, 1842, the tariff of 1842 began to operate, after one month's interregnum. That is, in July, 1842, no duties were higher than 20 per cent. Thirty days after, the tariff of 1842 raised the average to 33½ per cent., the same as in 1834, on dutiable goods, and the average tax on the whole importation to 23½. That tariff lasted 50 months, to December, 1846, when the present tariff took effect, and operated 43 months, to July, 1850, and has yielded an average of 24 per cent. on dutiable goods, or 19½ on the whole importation, or 3 per cent. less than that of 1842.

The reader of this tariff sketch will now be able the better to understand Mr. Carey's honesty, in embracing the year 1834 in his second period, which was designed to support his assumption that people buy more goods when they are taxed the highest. As we have stated, the law of 1832 came into operation in March, 1833; and as the fiscal year ended September 30, one half the year 1833, and the whole of 1834, was under the operation of that law. In order to show the precise operation

of the law, we have made a table of the duties under the tariff of 1828, and as modified by that of 1832, on leading articles, and given the quantities of those articles imported in 1830, and in 1834, as follows:—

| | Imports in 1830. | Duties of 1828. | Imports of 1834. | Duties of 1832, Reduc'n of Duties |
|---------------------|------------------|-------------------|------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Blankets,..... | \$594,044..... | 35 per cent. | \$1,068,065..... | 5 per cent.....30 per cent. |
| Worsted Goods,..... | 1,397,543..... | 35 " | 5,055,121..... | 25 ".....10 " |
| Silks,..... | 5,932,242..... | 25 " | 10,998,961..... | 7½ ".....17½ " |
| Tea,..... | 2,425,018..... | 12½ cts. per lb. | 6,217,949..... | free.....12½ cts. |
| Coffee,..... | 4,227,021..... | 5 " " | 8,762,657..... | ".....5 " |
| Sugar,..... | 4,630,922..... | 3 " " | 5,538,102..... | 2½ cts.....½ " |
| Fruits,..... | 520,273..... | 3 " " | 1,218,000..... | free.....4 " |
| Iron, (bar)..... | 2,273,612..... | 1-12 per cent. | \$,787,837..... | 90 cts.....22 " |
| Iron, (pig)..... | 25,644..... | 62½ " " | 270,325..... | 50 ".....12½ cts. |
| Hemp,..... | 279,745..... | 3-00 " | 514,743..... | 2 00 ".....1 00 " |
| Cocoa,..... | 137,453..... | 2 cts per lb. | 299,147..... | free.....2 cts. per lb. |
| Molasses,..... | 995,776..... | 10 cts per gal. | 2,989,020..... | 5 cts.....5 cts. |
| Spices,..... | 457,723..... | 6a100 cts per lb. | 493,932..... | free.....6a100 cts. |
| Oil Cloth,..... | 2,596..... | 25 cts per yd. | 27,328..... | 12½ cts.....12 " |
| Total,..... | \$23,899,614 | | \$47,241,187 | |

In addition to these articles, very many others were made free, and on still others, the tax was reduced. The whole dutiable importation of 1830 was \$58,130,675. The list we have given comprises 40 per cent. The effect of the reductions is apparent. It will be borne in mind, also, that the Gold Bill of 1834 promoted the importation of that metal. The general effect is seen in the following table, showing the consumption of foreign goods in these years:—

| | Specie. | Free goods. | Taxed goods. | Total. | Taxed goods, per head. |
|-----------|------------------|-----------------|-----------------|------------------|------------------------|
| 1832..... | \$1,727,829..... | 7,247,896..... | 68,330,956..... | 77,306,681..... | 5.00 |
| 1833..... | 4,458,667..... | 20,578,517..... | 63,258,392..... | 88,275,516..... | 4.61 |
| 1834..... | 15,834,874..... | 40,125,025..... | 47,248,632..... | 103,208,531..... | 3.40 |

Now, it is observed, that the increased consumption of imported goods, in the last eighteen months of Mr. Carey's second period, arose altogether from an important modification in most duties, and a removal of others. Yet he had the temerity to parade that increased consumption of free goods, under the tariff of 1832, as a consumption of taxed goods, under the tariff of 1828. It is apparent, that no little labor is requisite to expose the gross fabrications with which the whole book abounds; and they are of such a nature, that few have the means of exposing them.

Mr. Carey was aware of the facts, or he was not. If the latter, he wrote in ignorance of his subject, and a not over-harsh criticism would pronounce him a quack. If the former, the sangfroid of the following deserves a still more disagreeable name:—

"That the amount so received was still further and largely diminished under the strictly revenue clauses of that bill," (the compromise.)

What we have said of the act of '32 applies equally to that of '46. It became well known in 1845, that it was in preparation. Merchants informed anticipated it. It became the law in 1846, and the large transactions which Mr. Carey credits to the tariff of '42 were undertaken in contemplation of it. Thus his highest figure, his strongest argument, as far as this table is concerned, is a palpable fraud. In the previous year the increase is less than 15 per cent. In '46, '47, it was over 25 per cent. Naturally enough there was a decrease in the next year, owing to the market being so glutted.

The deductions for debts contracted abroad have little to do with the point. Except Mr. Carey, there is not a man in the Union who could not trace these debts to far other causes. And, even if it were not so, the object of the table being to show the power of the country to consume it, is enough, if the goods were purchased in the market here. That there would naturally be a larger consumption where there is a less price to pay, would seem self-evident. But Mr. Carey's logic contradicts it, on no better ground than that extremes meet, and that paradoxes alone are reliable truth. If his periods were chosen and adapted to the question, in good faith, it could be easily shown that there were countless circumstances which affected our imports besides the amount of the tariff. But the periods are so determined; years are so taken from one and added to the other, with sole reference to the result; every fact needful for that purpose is so supposed, and every deduction so assumed, that it is difficult to treat his reasoning with any thing but contempt:

"Hickory, pickory, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen,
Sometimes nine and sometimes ten,
Hickory, pickory, my black hen."

Mr. Carey may feel indignant at being referred to the nursery for an illustration. Nor have we the least disposition to speak of him with levity. But remembering the unerring accuracy with which a clever little girl would apply our quotation, so that begin with what playmate she may, let the number be what it would, she would be sure to escape having the last word fall on herself. We could not resist its appositeness to Mr. Carey's periods. With him, too, the last word—the evil consequence—is sure never to fall on a protective tariff. Our original purpose was to follow him through the entire of his calculations, bring them within the narrowest compass possible, with the view of showing that even

though the calculations were correct, the conclusions were in a great measure fallacious. Nor, though the errors were not a few, and always made in his own favor, if they could possibly be traced to accident or an incorrect view, should we deem them damnatory of his book. But with every disposition not to be harsh, we cannot follow him from chapter to chapter, every where meeting the same fatal taint. One table more we shall here refer to—the emigration table—it is as follows:—

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|------|---|--------|---|-------------|---|--------|---|------|---|---------|
| 1830 | - | 27,153 | - | 1834 | - | 65,336 | - | 1845 | - | 102,417 |
| 1831 | - | 23,074 | - | 1835 to '41 | - | 67,520 | - | 1846 | - | 147,251 |
| 1842 | - | 45,287 | - | 1842-3 | - | 88,133 | - | 1847 | - | 224,742 |
| 1833 | - | 56,547 | - | 1844 | - | 74,607 | - | 1848 | - | 229,492 |

This table is given according to Mr. Carey, with the view of showing how far the wages of labor tended to invite the people of foreign nations to come and reside among us, and thus does he announce the result:—

"We see here a large increase from 1830 to 1834, followed by a gradual diminution, until we reach 1843, after which the rise is very rapid."

"On a former occasion, I stated that immigration was not affected by changes of policy, until after the lapse of more time than was required for other of the subjects we have had under consideration. A change tends to raise or depress the value of labor—to raise or depress the price of men—and after a rise has been effected, men come to offer their labor for sale. It will be seen that the number in 1831 was less than in 1830, and that it was not until 1834 that it rose. With the exception of 1833, it continued to rise until 1836-7, when it reached 78,453, after which it fell. In 1843-4, it felt the effect of the disastrous year, 1842, and the number was only 74,600, and it was not until 1844-5 that it began to grow rapidly. At the present time it is large, because of the great demand for labor in the years that have passed."

The difficulty here is, where exposure is to commence. Let us take the fallacies in the order in which they occur. First, we have this assertion, "the number diminished gradually from 1834 to 1843." But the figures—Mr. Carey's own figures—say it increased. Here they are: 1834, 65,333. Average from 1835 to 1841, 67,520, "gradual diminution," quotha; average 38-42, 76,000, "gradual diminution,"—critical, figurative, statistical Mr. Carey: 1842-3, 88,133. The average fails to serve its proper purpose in this instance. But Mr. Carey is not satisfied with committing a palpable error. He undertakes its exposure himself, and commits another and a worse one. It was necessary to have recourse to an axiom, and one is invented, though it be a positive refutation of the foregoing facts and figures. Here it is in brief: "A change of policy does not affect immigration until after the lapse of some time." Thus, he says, "the number was higher in '31 than in '30." Marry, it was; but what that proves, unless the very opposite to his philosophy, we cannot divine. Here is the syllogism: The higher the tariff, the higher the figure of immigration. The tariff was highest in 1828, therefore the immigration figure must be higher in 1830 than in 1831. This looks rather awkward, but then the axiom remedies the defect. Time is required for the operation of the spell. Aye, in truth, but here it works like the crab's motion, backward. But though missing '31, it takes effect again in '32, and becomes more and more potent up to '37, increasing in the same ratio as the square of the distances. But it was not in fact till forty-four, the disastrous act of 1834 could check it. Then it yielded to the influence, and the very next year the tariff of '42, by a sort of leap-frog process, began to act, when the increase once more became rapid, and since then, and in consequence of the impetus it at that signal era received, it goes on with the most alarming rapidity, although the cause ceased in '46. But Mr. Carey anticipates a diminution soon. No doubt, and more especially if we have a new tariff in this year of grace and protection, 1851. We remember once being in a court of justice, where three sages meditated in ermine and horse-hair—Scraggs, Snaggs and Sambo will represent them as well as any other names. Scraggs had keen wit and deep learning. Snaggs was sagacious and accurate. Sambo was light and windy. A gnarled piece of law was under dissection. Sambo spoke first. He was long, luminous, and he thought unanswerable. Snaggs differed from him in every thing, and was curt and cutting. When it came to Scraggs to decide, he gravely said, "I agree with brother Snaggs for the reasons given by brother Sambo." Possibly Mr. Carey could discover whether the case applies.

Although, reasoning *a pari*, we might credit the prosperity of the country as far as that is evidenced by a largely increased immigration, to the approach made towards the principle of Free Trade in '46, we are by no means disposed to avail ourselves of so questionable an argument. The wages of labor have been, we know, an inducement to some, yet the number comparatively has been very trifling. Many causes have tended to swell the tide of immigration. Revolutions proscribed some in all the countries in Europe, but want of bread whole races. Men came here for shelter, and men came here to die. The halt, the maimed, the blind, were among them. Of all the thousands, amounting to nearly one million, who left Ireland since the potato blight, what one man, or woman, or child, calculated on the wages he or she was to receive in these States? The attempt to fly was through every step a struggle with death, from whose very gripe they were escaping.

We pass from the tables. It is a great relief. In the remainder of the work there is more room for fancy. If an error be encountered, it is pleasant to be able to trace it to a fallacy instead of a fraud. The argumentative part of Mr. Carey's book consists of sixteen chapters devoted to the proof of the service which is rendered by protection, to production and consumption, to commerce, to the quality of production and machinery, to the increase of population, to the machinery of transportation, to the farmer, to the planter, to the land owner, to the manufacturer, to the capitalist, to the laborer,

to the slave, to the currency, to the cause of peace, to the exchanger, to the social condition of woman, to morality, to the development of intellect, to public credit, and to liberty. How each of these interests is affected, depends in a great degree on the tables, of the accuracy of which we have given a specimen. We now cite two assertions, from Mr. Carey's deductions, connected with the tables given above. They are to be found in chapter 4, p. 2:—

"If now, we examine the period between 1834 and '42, it is impossible to avoid being struck with the fact, that the power to consume foreign products not only did not increase as domestic production diminished, but that it was *actually less in quantity than under the system of protection.*"

And again:—

"We adopted a course that we were assured would raise the wages of labor, but *immigration ceased to grow.* So it is now."

It will be remembered we have proved, that comparing the two periods before and after 1834, of one of which he only gives the average, and of the other the particulars; the average of the period of diminishing protection was 6 : 02, and that of the high tariff period was 5 : 30. But this is the rate per head of the population, which is more favorable to his position. The actual average consumption by the year is \$80,600,000 for the prosperous period, and the actual annual average for the other period \$97,700,000, after deducting a debt of \$170,000,000 which he was not strictly entitled to deduct. And here are the figures to which he is reckless enough to refer in proof of the allegation, that the consumption was *actually less in quantity*, under the lower duty, than under the protective system.

Again, as to immigration, he says it has "ceased to grow;" and in the same page, "immigration is *diminishing.*"

Who doubts it? Yet the table says, that between 1844 and 1850 it more than doubled. But speaking of immigration in another place with the table under his eye, he says, "at the present moment it is large;" thus in words and figures distinctly and unmistakably contradicting himself.

Having thus established the incorrectness of the tables and the fallacy of the reasoning, as far as both have been tested, and having incontestably shown that both are self-contradictory, we dismiss them. But ere taking up the other protectionist authorities, we are tempted to compare for a moment Mr. Carey's two books. In his first book, page 115, he says:—

"England is the richest nation in Europe. . . . A continuance of the system which is now in course of being pursued, will lead, if even the experience of the last few years has not already led to the conclusion, that the judicious employment of labor and capital begets a market for both. The railroads that have been made, have caused the absorption of both, which in its turn produces a demand for new roads, and they produce a demand for labor. Wages rise and houses are wanted, and coal and lime, and marl, and clothing, and the demand for labor and capital again increases, and thus on and on, each producing and produced by the other, with a constantly augmenting wealth, and constant improvement of condition."

Let us add to this the corroborating view of the able Secretary of the Treasury:—

"With a profound conviction of their truth, I repeat the opinion and words of my predecessor on this vital subject, in his annual communication to the Congress at the last session: 'All history shows that where are the workshops of the world, there must be the marts of the world, and the heart of wealth, commerce and power.'"

One glance now at the other side of the picture. We present it as we found it in Mr. Carey's other volume, Chap. 13:—

"But the fare of the man who is expected by his labor to develop year after year the agricultural resources of England, is little better than bread and water, the fare of the condemned cell. . . . Contrast his condition with that of the slave in the Southern States of America. In Virginia, the great slave State, it is seldom a day passes, that the slave does not eat butchers' meat of one kind or other; in England he eats it perhaps once a week, and not always that. In addition, when the slave is old and infirm, he has a claim on his master for support; in England, when the laborer is disabled, or loses his work, he must starve, or as the alternative, become a vagrant, or the recipient of a formal and organized charity."

This is rural England. Now for a peep at England in the great heart of the kingdom, in the heart of what Mr. Corwin designates as the centre of wealth, commerce and power—we cite from Chapter 20:—

"The greater portion of these poor creatures, (the needle-women of London,) living as they do far beyond the social state, resort to prostitution as a means of eking out a miserable subsistence. Whenever the pressure threatens their extension, then they turn into the street, and pauperism runs into inevitable vice."

And lo! here is a glimpse at the manufacturing districts:—

"The direct tendency of the existing monopoly of machinery, which it is the object of Free Trade to maintain, is towards barbarism. It drives hundreds of thousands of Englishmen to abandon mothers, wives and sisters, and barbarize themselves, while a large portion of those who remain behind are too poor to marry, the consequences of which are seen in the immense extent of prostitution, and the perpetual occurrence of child murder."

This is truly simple-hearted. Mr. Carey demands protection, and on the faith of his picture which he presents as the result of the highest protection which exists in the world. If the sentence read,

the monopoly of machinery which *protection has produced*, it would state a fact, instead of assuming a consequence, and it would state it truly. Is not the "work-shop of the world," which presents to the gladdened eye of Thomas Corwin, the realization of this very monopoly of machinery? Let no man mince the matter, it is the precise object which protection contemplates; and here is the result,—it makes man a barbarian and woman a prostitute.

But all this is to be changed after the following fashion. Mr. Carey's system has for its end, among other benevolent objects, that of raising wages abroad. He would elevate the savagery and vice of other lands by inviting hither its excess. And as an inevitable result, a time will soon come when Europe can find ample employment for its own hands. "Excellent, I faith." We need immigration, says Mr. Carey; therefore let us betimes take such measures as will check it for ever. A suggestion occurs to us which we have not time or space to follow out; but which, if we could attend to it, would afford infinite amusement in this season of merriment. It is to cull some scores of Mr. Carey's contradictions, and give them by way of square readings. They would present as pretty a specimen of the "concordia discors" as need be desired in the very heart of New Harmony—the identical consonant jumble which inspired Pope's famous paradox:—

"All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;"—

wherewith we take our leave of Mr. Carey, wishing him a thousand years to enjoy his dream of universal harmony.

"Dii tibi dent annos nam dele cetera sumes."

In dealing with the Whig Review, few words only are needed. The reason is, we scarcely think the writer had in view the inculcation of a protective tariff, or any tariff at all. His chief aim is to show that "Free Trade" in the mouth of England is only a cabalistic word, and in its application by her to international policy, covers a swindle. This we feel no inclination to deny. That she robs whomsoever she can, without scruple, remorse or mercy, we are not to gainsay. Nay, that her arrogant pretensions to freedom of trade, freedom of institutions, and liberality of laws, is a massive solid juggle, we are ready at any time to assent to. And furthermore, it needs no seer to inform us, that in free commerce she will have the balance of advantage at her side, if force or fraud avail her. But the question is, whether Free Trade, in its most comprehensive sense, or a high protective tariff, is more calculated to compel justice at her hands; or rather, (for that is at best subordinate,) would the one system or the other insure the greater amount of prosperity and happiness to the citizens of the republic? In one instance the propriety and policy of protection is more plausible. 'Tis when we are compelled to it as a measure of retaliation. But this is the exception, and not the rule. If I am driven to the wall, and the assassin's knife is at my throat, I strike him down, and justly; but this does not sanctify the shedding of human blood. We will suppose a case. If the States impose a tariff on cotton goods, knives and forks, wrought iron and every other article of British manufacture, England, in self-defense, would be justified in imposing a similar duty on our products, and turning all her attention and energy to the production of the same articles in her eastern or Australian colonies. No doubt she would do so under such circumstances. It may be a losing game, but play it she should to the very last card. So the United States, under similar circumstances, even though obliged to convert her farmers into miners, and smiths, and bellows-blowers, might pursue such a war of mutual material injuries.

But the question here is, whether the general prosperity of the United States would be benefited by giving the capitalist a premium at the expense of labor—giving to money a further advantage over the thew, and the sinew, and naked hand of the working man? The example of England shows that the people at large would suffer. How far Ireland and India (and this country, while a province) have been laid bare and desolate, in their helpless state of dependence, is beside this question, and it must be determined on its own merits. But the Reviewer states, Dec. No. page 647:—

"We have erred a little from our fair path, to exhibit, in its true colors, a short history of a plot, for baseness and hypocrisy unexampled in the annals of mankind. May it not be without exciting those who read it to careful thought on that country, in whose teeth every man with fat on him seems privileged to throw an insult; may it not be either without exciting the reader to consider, whether the policy whose results we have been describing is *not actually practised towards this country, with results less only in degree?*"

The policy described is that adopted by England against Ireland, the most nefarious in the annals of national plunder. For proof of its application to this country, we must refer back to the former number, where we find it in the shape of an exceedingly amusing and able illustration. It begins page 524:—

"Johann Bool's store is filled with merchandise of all kinds: fine cottons of the handsomest patterns; shoes ready made, and of all shapes and sizes; beautiful penknives; Britannia metal spectacles with shagreen cases; every thing, in fact, saleable, as manufactures, but no food.

"Opposite to this is the quiet cottage of a worthy cobbler, who, besides knowing his trade, has a small garden producing cabbages and stuff sufficient for his family. He can make shoes if he likes, and has made great numbers of pairs of shoes for the villagers before Mr. Johann Bool stocks the store opposite, but now getting lazy, he determines not, and needing a pair of shoes for his own feet, he takes a different way of coming at them besides making them, and bringing several baskets full of his best cabbages, carrots, &c., over the way, where every thing is so cheap, there barter them for a pair of shoes."

The process whereby the cobbler is brought to ruin in his exchanges with Johann, is detailed with critical minuteness, and wonderful power and tact. To ruin he does come inevitably, as every lazy dog of his kind ought. But so marvellously well hung together is the story of his fate, that one could not for worlds cut it short by a word. The cobbler is the hero of the epos, and 'twere a thousand pities to tear one rag from his idle carcass, until his proper destiny had been fulfilled. Even now that he is properly "laid out," we are not disposed to interfere with the propriety of the last rites. Let the libations be poured out, and the adieus be spoken. Even then we feel loth to say, his fate only applies to illustrate the familiar maxim, "ne sutor ultra," &c., and not at all to the operation of free trade. The true illustration would be, a kitchen gardener or ploughman becoming metamorphosed into a cobbler. Free trade says, Let every man pursue the avocation for which he has capacity or natural aptitude. Protection says, Let men be compelled to pursue that for which they have least aptitude, and from which they will have least return. The cobbler's fate would actually illustrate the working of the corn laws in England, but to the operation of the principles of free trade it has not the most remote application; if any thing, it proves the reverse of the position of the writer. An episode in the epos is Johann's carrier boy, nibbling the carrots and cabbage-heads. This is laughing through the philosophy of Mr. Carey with a vengeance. Who that reads it can fail to see the wisdom and appropriateness of his objection to the cost and consumption of the machinery of exchange? No where could it be better illustrated than in a great romance or grand epic, of which wonderful invention is the topmost excellence, and in no epic could it be dealt with by an abler master hand. But when we compare the carrier boy, no matter what he represents, with the calibre and capacity of the American marine, he is signally dwarfish and singularly unsuited to the purposes to which he is applied, namely, to be the common carrier of the raw produce of America, and the manufactured products of England. One glance at our ships or the docks of Liverpool ought to allay this alarm for ever.

We are now come to the grand proposition of the Protectionists, philosophically announced by Mr. Carey, and practically enforced by Horace Greeley. It is this, that the prosperity of a people consists in having the consumers and the producers side by side with one another, and that it is the first duty of Government, through the operation of the excise, to realize that result.

This involves two inquiries: first, What would be its practical operation? and secondly, How far is it possible?

H. Greeley tests the first by an illustration. He calls it his strong point, and assumes that it is incontestable.—"*American Laborer*," page 278. He takes two neighboring towns, Londonderry and Lowell; and two periods, one without and one with protection, and thus shapes his equation:—

| | | | | | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---------|
| First period, Londonderry buys 1000 yards of cloth at | - | - | - | - | - | \$4,000 |
| Second do. do. do. | - | - | - | - | - | \$5,000 |
| Loss to Londonderry by protection | - | - | - | - | - | \$1,000 |

"But this is one side. Here is the other:—"

| First period, Londonderry sells | | | Second period, Londonderry sells | | |
|-----------------------------------|---|---------|----------------------------------|-----|---------|
| 4,000 bushels Apples, | - | \$500 | do. | do. | \$1,000 |
| 1,000 barrels Cider, | - | 1,000 | do. | do. | 2,000 |
| 1,000 cords of Wood, | - | 1,000 | do. | do. | 3,000 |
| 2,000 bushels Potatoes, | - | 500 | do. | do. | 750 |
| 1,000 Turkeys, | - | 500 | do. | do. | 1,000 |
| 1,000 bushels Corn, | - | 500 | do. | do. | 5,000 |
| | | \$4,000 | | | \$8,500 |
| | | | | | 4,500 |
| Loss to Londonderry on sales, | - | - | - | - | \$4,000 |
| Gain to do. on purchase of cloth, | - | - | - | - | 1,000 |
| Free trade, | - | - | - | - | \$3,500 |

This calculation is grossly defective. It omits, in the first place, many of the necessaries, and most of the superfluities of life. It omits, in the second place, to debit Londonderry with the increased cost of other excisable articles, such as silk, iron, tea, coffee, sugar, &c., &c., in each of which it gains a loss. But its main and fatal fallacy consists in the assumption, that there are no people in Londonderry but farmers and orchard men, and none in Lowell but cloth manufacturers. If the latter had no purchaser but the farmer, their accounts would be soon and easily closed; and if the former, on the other hand, were the only persons to devour apples and turkey pie, Mr. Greeley's prolific supply would serve them to the day of doom. But there are in fact multitudes of others in Londonderry and Lowell, whose interests are something, though not worthy a place in his consideration. Nay, these others are as nine to one of the population. There is the ploughman, and the milk woman, and the stable boy, and the orchard man, and he who presses the apples, and he who makes the press, and he who makes the barrels, and he who drives the team, and the carpenter, and the smith, and the tailor, and the milliner, and the millwright, and the small trader and the large, and thousands, too many to enumerate, to each of whom the enhanced value of apples and turkeys would be a loss instead of a gain; not \$1,000 to balance the \$1,000 lost on the cloth, but \$2,000 added thereto.

THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEWER REVIEWED.

In our last, we gave the first chapter of an article from our Democratic contemporary, professing to be a review of Mr. Carey's works. In doing so, we were in part actuated by the hope, vain as we fear it is likely to prove, that our neighbor might be induced to follow the example and copy our sayings, as we had done with his, thus enabling his readers, for once at least, to see both sides of the question. The second chapter is now given, and with it we renew our proposal that he should copy our remarks thereon, pledging ourselves to do the same by his rejoinder, and thus enable him, if he can, to convert our readers by the strength of his arguments, while fortifying his own in their political faith by exposing the weakness of those of his opponents. It is a fair offer, and should prove to him a tempting one; but we doubt greatly its acceptance, it being the rule of our free-trade, or British-monopoly, friends to keep their readers as much as possible in the dark as to what is said by any but themselves.

Before proceeding to examine either the contents of Mr. Carey's book here reviewed, or the facts and arguments of his reviewer, we desire to have our readers observe how perfectly this second chapter is in keeping with the first, already printed, of this admirable performance. In the one, a question of the highest importance was settled by a dialogue between a couple of negroes, while another and most important one was dispatched by aid of a bundle of potato-stalks. In that now given, Scraggs, Snaggs, and Sambo prove themselves equally useful in settling one great question, and the black hen and her chickens in disposing of another. We presume the editor correctly appreciates the understandings of his readers, and desires to have articles adapted to their capacities, and we have no right to complain if he is of opinion that such a mode of treating a great subject is the one best suited to their tastes.

Before commencing our review of the reviewer, we will briefly state the object of the book here said to be reviewed.

It has been shown that the whole English system which looks to establishing and main-

taining a monopoly of the manufactures and trade of the world, and is known by the name of free-trade, is based upon the supposition that there exist divine laws in virtue of which the return to labor diminishes with the growth of population and of wealth, producing a necessity for dispersion in quest of the rich soils of the earth. It has also been shown that the English school teaches the existence of another law of God, whereby of this diminished *quantity* obtained in return to labor, the land-owner or other capitalist is enabled to claim a constantly increased *proportion*, and, consequently, that the rich become daily richer, and the poor daily poorer and more enslaved; and it is to the almost universal prevalence of this idea in England and France that we owe the great prevalence of Radicalism, in its various forms of Socialism, Communism, and Red-republicanism. That such should be the case is not extraordinary, for the teachers of this system assure their hearers that wages can rise only at the expense of profits, and profits only by the reduction of wages, and that thus the true interests of the laborer and capitalist, the land-owner and his tenant, are invariably opposed to each other. It is, therefore, a mass of discords; for which reason we presume it is, that it is so strenuously advocated by the free-trade party represented by our Democratic contemporary, who advocated the invasion and plunder of Mexico, and who now sneers at the idea of aiding Ireland by peaceful means, assuring his readers that "if it be ours to speed the bolt of justice," we should, "in God's name, go right straight about it."* His "voice is still for war," and he is ever to be found ready to commit wholesale murder in the name of God. That he should be so is due to the fact that he has been educated in the English school, which teaches that war, famine, and pestilence are the modes appointed of God for restraining population within the limits of subsistence.

Mr. Carey teaches, on the contrary, that the Divine laws, when properly expounded, tend to the production of harmony and

* See page 234, ante.

peace—equality and freedom—and that “all discord is harmony not understood.” He shows that the real law of distribution is directly the reverse of that taught in the English school, and that as population and wealth increase the return to labor increases, with constant increase in the laborer's *proportion*, and that therefore the interests of all—individuals and nations—are to be promoted by the adoption of measures tending to the maintenance of peace and the promotion of the growth of wealth. The British system teaches the opposite of the great law of Christ. It would have each man do unto his neighbor as he would *not* have that neighbor do to himself, and therefore perhaps it is that it is so strenuously supported by our contemporaries, who glorifies himself and his country in relation to our recent warlike deeds. The American one teaches that individuals and nations prosper precisely in the ratio of their obedience to that law; and as the British system looks to war and murder, it is scarcely matter of surprise that Mr. Carey and his doctrines should be unpopular with the learned Thebans engaged in the effort to sustain it.

In accordance with the idea that individuals and nations can thrive only at the expense of their neighbors, Great Britain has endeavored to secure to herself power to tax the nations of the world, by establishing a monopoly of the machinery for transporting and converting the raw produce of the earth, and the perfection of that monopoly is what is sought to be accomplished under the mask of free trade. She prohibited manufactures in Ireland, and denied to that country the exercise of the right to exchange its products except through the medium of English ports, English ships, and English merchants. She interdicted manufactures in this country, and thereby drove our forefathers into Revolution. She prohibited the export of machinery or of artisans to any country of the world. That done, it became important to prove that other people would only be impoverished by engaging in manufactures, and that in acting in obedience to her laws, they were doing that which was most for their own interest. Then it was that the systems of Malthus and Ricardo were invented, by aid of which it was shown that the farmers and planters of the world were great gainers from being *compelled* to forego the proximity of the artisan and the

manufacturer, and to send to her all their raw products, to be transported in her ships, converted in her looms, and returned again in her ships to the place of production, *minus* four fifths deducted for the maintenance of the British system of ships, colonies, and commerce. By the theory, it was the most fertile soil that was occupied by the colonist, and the more men dispersed themselves over the world in quest of such soils, the richer they would grow, and therefore Britain was rendering them an important service in interdicting them from the purchase of machinery that might lead them to give some of their labor to the making of cloth or iron. The theory was a good one, but it had a serious fault; and that was, that it was untrue. The more men dispersed themselves over the world—the more they were compelled to dispense with the habit of association with their fellow-men—the poorer they grew; for the farmer was everywhere compelled to exhaust his land by sending from it all its products, returning to it none of the manure, while losing all the cost of transportation back and forth, and wasting far more labor than would have been requisite for the conversion of his produce into the forms fitting it for consumption. The result is seen in the fact, that every country subject to the system has been, and is, becoming daily poorer—as witness Ireland, India, the West Indies, and Portugal. Every where, consequently, there is from day to day more felt the necessity for protection against a system so unnatural and so destructive; and wherever protection is adopted, wealth is seen to grow, as witness Germany, late the customer, but now rapidly becoming the rival of England in the markets of the world. In this country we have had two periods of protection, each of four years' duration, but the system being denounced as “a waste of national capital,” and “a war upon the labor of the world,” Mr. Carey was induced, as he states in the first chapter of this work—The Harmony of Interests, Agricultural, Manufacturing, and Commercial—to examine into the operations of the last thirty years, with a view to ascertain whether under it there was an increase or diminution in the power of the laborer to obtain the necessaries, comforts, and conveniences of life.

“The one party insists [says Mr. Carey] that protection is ‘a war upon labor and capital,’ and that

by compelling the application of both to pursuits that would otherwise be unproductive, the amount of necessities, comforts, and conveniences of life obtainable by the laborer is diminished. The other insists that by protecting the laborer from competition with the ill-fed and worse-clothed workmen of Europe, the reward of labor will be increased. Each has thus his theory, and each is accustomed to furnish facts to prove its truth, and both can do so while limiting themselves to short periods of time, taking at some times years of small crops, and at others those of large ones, and thus it is that the inquirer after truth is embarrassed.* No one has yet, to my knowledge, ever undertaken to examine all the facts during any long period of time, with a view to show what have been, under the various systems, the powers of the laborer to command the necessities and comforts of life. One or other of the systems is true, and that is true under which labor is most largely rewarded; that under which the laborer is enabled to consume most largely of food, fuel, clothing, and all other of those good things for the attainment of which men are willing to labor. If, then, we can ascertain the power of consumption at various periods, and the result be to show that it has invariably increased under one course of action, and as invariably diminished under another, it will be equivalent to a demonstration of the truth of the one and the falsehood of the other. To accomplish this has been the object of the inquiry in which I have recently been engaged."

He then proceeds to show what have been the different revenue systems of this period, and what has been the power of consumption in regard to coal, iron, cottons and woollens, flaxen and silken goods, sugar, tea, coffee, and various other commodities, domestic and foreign. Thence he goes on to examine into the effect of each system upon immigration, upon internal commerce as manifested by the increase or decrease of tolls upon the principal rail roads and canals, upon the power to maintain external commerce as manifested by the power to build ships and by the amount of imports, and finally upon the revenue and expenditure of the Government. The inquiry is a most extensive one, as our readers will readily perceive, and the result is that of showing, and in the most conclusive manner, that the power of consumption and the power to maintain commerce, internal and external, have in all cases grown with great rapidity under a system of efficient protection, while they have, as invariably, declined with each

and every approach towards the subjugation of the country to the monopoly system of Great Britain, which it is the object of our democratic reviewer to sustain.

The results of his investigation are thus stated by Mr. Carey:—

"Before proceeding further, I would urge upon the reader a careful examination of these tables, bearing always in mind the precise position of the question that is to be discussed. It is *admitted* by all that protection tends to increase the domestic production of the commodity protected. That, therefore, does not require to be proved. It is *asserted* that protection tends to raise the price of the protected article and to diminish the power of consuming it, whereas the removal of protection diminishes its cost and increases the power of consumption. That is denied, and that it is *which requires to be proved*. If this assertion be true, then the power of consumption must diminish with protection. We see, however, that the consumption of iron, of coal, of cotton, and of wool, increased with great rapidity in the years between 1830 and 1834, and in those from 1843 to 1847. If it be true, the quantity of men and things passing on the roads and canals, and the number of exchanges to be performed in our cities, should diminish with protection, whereas they increased with great rapidity in both of the above-named periods. If it be true, then it must reduce the wages of labor, and thus diminish the inducements for foreigners to come among us and occupy our vacant lands, whereas immigration increased with great rapidity under both protective tariffs. If it be true, then it must diminish our power to trade with foreign nations, and the inducements to build ships, whereas shipping grew with great rapidity in both those periods.

"If, now, we examine the period between 1834 and 1843, it is impossible to avoid being struck with the fact that the power to consume foreign products not only did not increase as domestic production diminished with the approach to free trade, but that it was actually less in quantity than under the system of protection. The building of furnaces and rolling-mills was stopped, yet we consumed less foreign iron than before. So was it with cotton goods, the import of which fell from above *fifty* millions of yards down to *eight* millions. We killed off our sheep, but the importation of foreign cloth diminished. We prevented increase in the domestic consumption of cotton, but shipping did not grow with the increased necessity for depending on foreign markets. We adopted a course that we were assured would raise the wages of labor, but immigration ceased to grow. So is it now. The building of cotton-mills is stopped, but our whole import of last year, in which we incurred a debt of twenty-two millions, but little exceeded a pound of cotton per head. We have closed furnaces and rolling-mills, but we consume far less iron than before. We have abolished the system that was regarded as "a war upon labor and capital," yet immigration is diminishing, and there is no demand for capital. Steam-engines are idle, and there is no demand for new ones, except for a

* A person employed in the preparation of Government statistics inquired, on being asked to prepare some tables, what was to be the policy to be proved. "Why," said the other, "could you prove both sides?" "Equally well," said he.

few steam-vessels. Railroad tolls are diminishing, and steam-boats on the Western waters are idle. Iron is low in price, but it is not wanted. So is coal. So are cottons and woollens. So is almost every description of merchandise. The power of consumption is diminishing, because the demand for labor and capital has largely diminished.

"The power of the people to pay taxes for the support of Government is dependent upon their power to consume commodities that are taxed, and if protection diminished wages, it must of course diminish revenue; but when we examine the facts, it is shown that, notwithstanding a great increase of the free-list, the revenue increased under the tariff of 1828, and fell off so much afterwards that the Government was compelled almost to beg for loans in the markets of Europe. With the tariff of 1842 it grew rapidly, but with that of 1846 it is diminishing in actual amount per head, notwithstanding the purchase of more than twenty millions of goods on credit in a single year. If that debt were now called for, the revenue of the current year would not exceed that of 1842.

"The question to be settled is: 'Does the power to import grow with the diminution in the power to produce that follows the withdrawal of protection?' If it does, the facts must prove it. There is no question that the power to produce iron and cloth grows with protection. That is, as I have already said, admitted by all. Were it not, the facts prove it. The burden of proof lies, then, with the opponents of protection. To establish their system they must show that the power of production and consumption grows now as it grew three years since, and that it grew from 1835 to 1843 as it grew from 1830 to 1834."

Why should this be so? Why should the power to consume foreign merchandise grow with increase of duties? The answer is to be found in the fact that production grows under protection, and *the power to consume* grows with, and is dependent upon, *the power to produce*. The farmer who raises his own corn and potatoes will probably have some to spare with which to purchase cloth and iron, but the farmer who is obliged to buy food for his family will be likely soon to see his children in rags, and his plough in the hands of the constable. The nation which makes its own iron and its coarser cloths will have much to spare with which to purchase silks, but the one which purchases iron and coarse cottons will have little to spare, even for them. That such is the case may be seen by an examination of any country of the world. Under the operation of the tariff of 1842, the domestic production of iron grew from 200,000 to 800,000 tons, the domestic consumption of cotton grew from 268,000 to half a million of bales, and the domestic consumption of wool grew in almost like proportion, while the

domestic production of coal grew from one to three millions of tons, and production in every other department of industry grew with wonderful rapidity; yet we had more food, cotton, and tobacco to export than in any former period, the consequence of which was a vast increase in the demand for ships, and in the power to purchase commodities abroad. In the period immediately preceding the enactment of that tariff, known to all as the period of free trade and almost utter ruin to all the interests of the nation, the power to export our own products and to pay for foreign ones, and the demand for ships, diminished precisely as the domestic production of coal, iron, and cloth diminished. To explain why this has been, and must be, so—to give the rationale of the facts—is the object of Mr. Carey's subsequent chapters, in which are examined the modes in which protection operates upon the farmer and planter, the laborer and the capitalist, the operative and the master manufacturer, the ship owner and the large and small trader, the slave and his master, &c. &c.; and the result is a more thorough examination of the principle upon which protection is based, and a more complete demonstration that *protection is the true and only road to perfect freedom of trade*, than had ever before been given to the world.

Improvement in the condition of man depends upon the increase or decrease in the power to obtain food, clothing, and the other comforts and necessities of life. Increase in the power to obtain machinery to aid in the production of food, clothing, and fuel, is manifested by increase in the power to consume iron. These powers increase under the protective system, or they do not. *If they do*, there must be increase in the power to produce commodities to give in exchange for food, clothing, and iron, and as with every increase in the *amount of production* there is an increase in the *proportion* going to the laborer, it follows that there must be an increasing tendency towards equality and increase in the power of self-government, or democracy. *If they do not*, then the reverse must be the case, and protection must tend to deteriorate the condition of the laborer, to render him more dependent upon the capitalist, and to diminish his power of self-government. Here was a question of great interest for a *democratic* reviewer, and we might fairly have expected to see it ex-

amined with a gravity proportioned to the scientific claims of our opponents, and also proportioned to its own high importance.

We pray our readers to bear in mind that these reviewers represent all the politico-economical science in the country—that portion of the community which treats as “fallacy” all that we are accustomed to believe, and regards ourselves as merely the representatives of the “obsolete ideas” of less enlightened times—and then to peruse, if even for a second time, the chapter prefixed to this article. They will there see that the great question of increase or decrease in the power to consume food, cloth, and iron—the true test of the condition of a people—is not even mentioned, and that the reviewer has limited himself to furnishing a vast quantity of figures in relation to the power to import foreign merchandise, the whole question of the well-being of the democracy being held to be quite secondary to that of the increase or decrease in the quantity of merchandise transported. Our contemporary thus blindly adopts the idea of the British monopoly school that a nation *must* be prosperous provided it employs ships and wagons which produce nothing, even though the people who should follow the plough, strike the hammer, and drive the shuttle, be deprived of employment, and compelled to dispense with food and clothing, as is the case with those of Ireland and India. In perfect keeping with the profundity of this examination is the beauty of the illustrations of the views of its author. Snaggs, Scraggs, and Sambo, negroes we suppose, are placed on the bench of justice for the purpose of deciding whether high wages do or do not tend to produce immigration from less favored lands; and the black hen and her chickens are introduced for the benefit, as we presume, of the grown children who yet believe that *freedom of trade* is to be attained by securing to Great Britain a *monopoly* of the manufactures and trade of the world.

The absence of every thing like freedom of thought among the advocates of what is called free trade is among the most remarkable circumstances within our knowledge. The great blunder of the whole Manchester system of political economy is that of insisting that the labor of the man who *carries* the grain is not only as productive of the necessities and comforts of life as that of the man

who *produces* it, but even more so; the work of transportation being more advantageous than that of cultivation. Hence arises the very vulgar error that the prosperity of a nation is to be measured by the quantity of things that pass backward and forward. If India be decimated by repeated famines and pestilences, consequent upon the enormous taxation of England, the amount of its exports in payment of those taxes is produced as evidence of the prosperous condition of the people. If the people of Ireland be compelled to invest all their accumulations, small though they be, in the English funds, because of the absence of employment for them at home, their exports are increased thereby, and the amount of exports is produced as evidence of the improved condition of the country. If we become impoverished, and consume less of our own home-made cloth, the exports increase, and that increase is produced as evidence of our prosperity. All this is certainly absurd as well as false, and yet our free traders copy slavishly the ideas of the Manchester school, and persist in seeing in the amount of transportation the sole evidence of the improved or deteriorated condition of our people. It is really time that they should begin to think for themselves; but that they can never undertake to do while they continue to sustain a system which requires that they shall *dodge* every difficult question, and fly from all free discussion.

The real and great question—that of the power of consumption—*could not be met*. To have attempted it would have involved a necessity for admitting that the power to consume cloth, iron, and other manufactured commodities, *always increased under protection*, and always diminished with its withdrawal. It was therefore necessary for our reviewer, as it is for all his tribe, to limit his examination to the little details of foreign trade, the smallest and least important portion of the commerce of the nation, although in their eyes the most important. An increase of \$361,000 in the import of spices, and of \$25,000 in that of oil-cloth, is deemed worthy of note,* but an increase of the domestic production of iron to the extent of 600,000 tons, worth, in the various forms in which it was consumed, fifty or sixty millions of dollars, could not provoke the

* See page 332, *ante*.

slightest remark. His business was with the quantity carried, and not with the quantity consumed; and an increase of the latter, four-fold though it was, and marking the vast improvement in the condition of the people, was deemed unworthy the attention of this representative of all the political science of the country.

Having limited himself almost entirely to the consideration of the imports and exports of the country, dodging the questions of production and consumption, we might reasonably suppose that, in so contracted a field of inquiry, safety might be found in stating fairly and honestly the facts of the case. Far different, however, was it. To make the true facts square with the Manchester theory was entirely impossible. Nevertheless, the theory was to be sustained, and to accomplish that object the facts had to be distorted, as we shall now have occasion to show. In doing so, we repeat our disclaimer of any desire to charge our re-

viewer with the intention to make statements that he knew to be false. His first chapter almost satisfied us that he himself had never read the book he was reviewing, and his second has confirmed us in that belief. He appears to us to have been made the dupe of some wily advocate of the British-monopoly system, who has furnished him with extracts and calculations upon which he was to write the commentary; and we therefore freely acquit him of all charge of any knowledge of the contents of the books, the review of which he has manufactured.

Mr. Carey's proposition in regard to foreign trade is, that it grows with the growth of the power of domestic production, and diminishes with its diminution; that, therefore, the power to purchase from, and to pay, foreign countries for their productions, increases with protection, and diminishes as protection diminishes. In illustration of this he has given us the following table of imports:—

| | Total. | Annual average. | Per head. |
|------------------------------------------------|---------------|-----------------|-----------|
| 1821 to 1829 - - - - - | \$503,000,000 | \$56,400,000 | \$5.00 |
| 1830 - - - - - | 55,500,000 | | 4.32 |
| 1831 - - - - - | 81,000,000 | | 6.10 |
| 1832 - - - - - | 75,500,000 | | 5.51 |
| 1833 - - - - - | 88,000,000 | | 6.20 |
| 1834 - - - - - | 103,090,000 | | 7.08 |
| 1835 to 1841 - - - - - | \$854,000,000 | | |
| Deduct debt incurred, - - - | 170,000,000 | | |
| | 684,000,000 | 97,700,000 | 6.02 |
| 1842 to 1843, (21 months, ending June 30.) - - | 145,000,000 | 82,000,000 | 4.18 |
| 1843-'44 - - - - - | 96,000,000 | | 5.03 |
| 1844-'45 - - - - - | 101,000,000 | | 5.16 |
| 1845-'46 - - - - - | \$110,000,000 | | |
| Add debt and back interest paid, - - - | 5,000,000 | | |
| | 115,000,000 | | 5.75 |
| 1846-'47 - - - - - | \$138,000,000 | | |
| Do. - - - - - | 5,000,000 | 143,000,000 | 7 |
| 1847-'48 - - - - - | \$131,600,000 | | |
| Deduct debt incurred, - - - | 8,000,000 | 121,600,000 | 5.88 |
| 1848-'49 - - - - - | \$134,700,000 | | |
| Do. - - - - - | 22,000,000 | 112,700,000 | 5.19 |

"The facts derivable from an examination of the above accounts [says Mr. Carey] are as follows:—

"First. That the amount received from foreign nations in exchange for our surplus products largely increased during the existence of the tariff of 1828.

"Second. That the amount so received diminished greatly after the Compromise Bill began to become operative.

"Third. That the amount so received from foreign nations was still further and largely diminished under the strictly revenue clauses of that bill, and that the tendency was downward when the system was changed.

"Fourth. That the amount so received increased

rapidly under the tariff of 1842, attaining nearly the same point that had been reached under the tariff of 1828, and that in both cases the tendency was still upwards when the system was changed.

"Fifth. That the amount so received diminished in the year 1848.

"Sixth. That the amount of debt incurred in the last two years must tend to produce a further diminution in future ones."

Mr. Carey's object in this table is clearly to exhibit the growth or diminution of the power to pay for foreign merchandise, and

to show that *that power* grows under protection, while under the opposite system it diminishes to so great an extent that we are compelled to run largely in debt, until at length bankruptcy closes the scene. It suits the reviewer's purpose, however, to keep that idea out of view, as will be seen by an examination of the table of imports that he has supplied. It is the rule of the monopoly, or free trade, party to dodge every difficult question, and it is in their successful execution of "the artful dodge" that they prove their title to exclusive scientific knowledge.

The average import prior to 1829-30 having been five dollars per head, Mr. Carey has here given the exact amount, per head, in each of the five subsequent years, closing with the fiscal year in which the compromise tariff came into operation, with a view to show the equal and regular character of the foreign trade, constantly growing as the power to *produce* increased under the action of the protective tariff of 1828—the last year being nearly forty per cent. greater per head than the average of the nine years of the first period. This mode of examination, however, did not suit our reviewer. He preferred to lump the whole and take the average, which he puts at \$5.30, for the purpose of amusing his readers at the cost of his author, Mr. Carey having described this "beggarly increase" as a large one. In doing this he must certainly have counted largely upon the unsuspecting character of his readers, or upon their total incapacity to calculate for themselves, as he thereby rendered himself liable to the charge of making a wilful and gross misstatement. The average import of those years, as correctly given by himself, was \$80,600,000, and the average population, as given by Mr. Carey and adopted by himself, 13,698,000. Dividing one of these quantities by the other, we obtain as the average \$5.88 per head, being an increase of no less than 17.60 per cent. *under a system that was to destroy our foreign trade.* It suited him, however, to make it \$5.30, giving an increase of only six per cent.; and so he has done, and yet he has had the hardihood to use the words "palpable fraud" in speaking of Mr. Carey! It is painful to be compelled to expose to the world such a course of conduct on the part of men claiming to possess so much scientific knowledge, but having entered on the work of exposure we must proceed.

In the paragraph immediately preceding the one containing this gross misstatement, Mr. C. is sharply reprimanded for stating in round numbers the average of the first period at \$56,400,000, instead of "\$56,444,444 and a fraction." Little things are great to little men. We have frequently heard of "Satan reproving sin," but have rarely seen it more perfectly exemplified.

Why this extraordinary misstatement was *needed* we now propose to show. One of the objects of the book is to show the quiet, beautiful, and regular growth of internal and external trade, as the productive power grows under the system of protection, the average increase in the five years having been 17.60 per cent., while that of the last of those years was no less than *forty* per cent—thus affording evidence that further increase might fairly be looked for, and was indeed to be counted upon as certain to take place. With the compromise came a succession of changes of the most extraordinary kind, imports being immense in one year, falling off in another, then rising, and then falling again, showing the extraordinarily uncertain and ruinous character of trade as we became more and more linked with England, and more and more compelled to aid in the maintenance of her monopoly system. The average of this latter period is given by Mr. Carey, and it is shown to be far below the point which our foreign trade had reached in the last year properly belonging to the tariff of 1828, having been only \$6.02; or almost precisely the average of the years of that tariff; showing, therefore, that there was really no increase, although *the special object* of the compromise was that of increasing the foreign trade. To compare these years with 1833-4 would not suit the reviewer's purpose. To compare them with the true average would suit him little better; but to compare them with the *manufactured* quantity, \$5.30 *would* answer, because he would thereby be enabled to exhibit a growth of *fourteen* per cent. under the compromise, against one of only six per cent. under the tariff of 1828; whereas, the true figures were 17.60 under the system that was, as we were told, to destroy foreign commerce, and only 2.6 under one that was, as we were assured, to increase it rapidly. We pray our readers now to turn to the remarks of the reviewer about Mr. Carey's "honesty," and then estimate for themselves that of our contemporary.

The reviewer objects to Mr. Carey's arrangement. The reason of the latter for the course he has pursued we now give in his own words :—

"It will be observed that I have placed the year 1829 in the first period, and 1834 in the second. It is not the passage of an act that produces change, but its practical operation, and the first year of the existence of a new system is but the sequel of that which is passing out. When protection is given to the makers of cloth and iron, mills and furnaces are not built in a day, nor are they abandoned as soon as protection is withdrawn.

"In the tables that I shall now offer for consideration, I have pursued, as nearly as possible, a uniform course, commencing each period at the time at which the system might fairly be deemed to become operative, to wit : at the close of the fiscal year following the one in which the law was enacted. If error, then, exist at the commencement of the period, it will find its compensation at the close, and thus justice will be done to all."

This is in accordance with common sense. Nature requires time for the performance of all her operations.* The skilful practitioner knows that it is not the act of swallowing the medicine, but the working of it that effects the cure. The quack alone would promise an instant cure. Mr. Carey's proposition is, that the power to purchase depends on the power to produce things to be given in exchange for those that it is desired to obtain, and that the power to produce increases or diminishes gradually as one or the other system of policy is pursued. The reviewer insists that the power of purchase depends upon the *will* to do so, and that if duties are high we will not purchase foreign commodities, however able we may be to pay for them, whereas if duties are low we will buy, even although the nation may be bankrupt.

He therefore insists that every thing must be reckoned from the passage of the law ; that the exhaustion of 1842-3, consequent upon the operation of the compromise tariff must be charged upon the tariff of 1842, and that the prosperity of 1846-7, con-

sequent upon the working of the latter tariff, shall go to the account of that of 1846 ; and thus it is that this eminently scientific person sets aside all the laws of nature, and establishes the entire supremacy of those established by man. So be it. We are willing to meet him even on that ground, first calling to his mind that the proposition we desire to establish is, that protection is the true and only road to perfect freedom of trade ; that under a system of efficient protection the foreign trade would grow so rapidly as to render necessary an effort to keep down the revenue by freeing every thing that could be freed without injury to domestic production ; and that ultimately, and speedily too, cloth, iron, and all other protected articles would cease to need protection, leaving Congress at liberty, if it would, entirely to abolish custom houses, and the system of import duties. The correctness of this view was fully established under the tariff of 1828. The revenue increased so rapidly that it became indispensable to reduce it, and coffee, tea, and many other articles were made free of duty, a *consequence of protection* ; and yet, as our readers have seen, this very fact is claimed as a triumph of his peculiar doctrine by this disciple of the Manchester school. It is really time that our opponents should define to themselves their position. We do not ask them to do so to us, for that would be, we fear, a task beyond all human power. In 1833 the duties were to be reduced that the revenue might be diminished, and in 1846 they were to be reduced that it might be increased. In 1846 they were to be reduced that consumption might be increased. Consumption has greatly diminished, and yet we are told of the *triumphs of free-trade policy*. The triumph will probably be greater when we shall have closed half of our remaining mills and furnaces, and brought back the consumption of iron and of cloth to the point from which it started in 1842. We would be greatly pleased if they could be induced to explain to us what they expect, and stand by their explanation for a year or two at least ; but all hope of any such evidence of scientific knowledge is, we greatly fear, entirely vain.

The proposition of the reviewer is that imports increase as duties diminish. If this be true, it applies most particularly to those commodities upon which highly protective

* "La Providence," says M. Guizot, "ne s'inquiète de tirer aujourd'hui la conséquence du principe qu'elle a posé hier ;—elle les tirera dans les siècles, quand l'heure sera venue ; et pour raisonner lentement selon nous, sa logique n'est pas moins sûr. La Providence a ses aises dans le temps ; elle y marche en quelque sorte comme les dieux d'Homère dans l'espace, — elle fait un pas, et des siècles se trouvent écoulés."

duties were established by the tariff of 1828, and he has fortunately furnished us with a table* that enables us to decide the question. We copy from this table the following statement of the amount of merchandise imported, and average of duties thereon, adding ourselves the population and the amount per head:—

| | Average duties, on those subject to duty. | Average amount of such mdee. imported. | Population. | Amount per head. |
|--------------------|-------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|-------------|------------------|
| 1829 to 1833 - - - | 39½ per cent. | \$74,600,000 | 13,091,652 | 5.69 |
| 1834 to 1835 - - - | 33½ " | 66,889,000 | 14,962,415 | 4.66 |
| 1840 to 1841 - - - | 31½ " | 55,935,000 | 17,560,082 | 3.18 |
| 1842 - - - | 24 " | 69,534,601 | 18,051,499 | 3.85 |

In the first, tea, coffee, and silks are included, so far as concerns the first three years of the period. In the others they are excluded. We therefore take the three latter ones, which prove that the consumption of cloth, iron, and of protected articles of foreign production, *diminished with the reduction of the duties*. The third period is less by almost one third than the second, although the duty is admitted to have been slightly reduced; but how the reduction should have amounted to only two per cent. we are unable to imagine, the actual reduction provided for by the law having been at that time four tenths of all the excess over twenty per cent., whereas in the second period there had been but a single reduction of one tenth under the compromise act. The fourth period is slightly in excess of the third, which is explained by what the reviewer himself tells us of the effect produced on trade by the anticipation of changes. The almost certainty of the passage of the act of 1842, produced large imports in the few months that preceded its enactment, and but for the excess thus produced, they would not have reached in 1841-2 even three dollars per head. Let him deny this if he can. The books of almost every importing merchant will prove the fact.

We had been previously told by this most scientific reviewer that it was wrong to compare 1830 to 1834 with the period from 1821 to 1829, because "the latter extended back into a remote time when the resources of the country were almost in their infancy," but here this excuse cannot operate. The growth of the years from 1829-30 to 1833-4, was almost regular, from a total of \$4.32 to \$7.08 per head, but under the compromise the tendency was downward, until at

length in 1841-2 the total import* was but \$100,162,087, from which if we deduct the re-exports, we shall have from ninety to ninety-five millions, or about five dollars per head, being almost exactly the same average as that of the period from 1821 to 1829, that "remote time" in which "the resources of the country were in their infancy," and yet the duties had been reduced from 33½ to 24 per cent. for the sole purpose of promoting this import trade. From 1833-4 to 1841-2, the resources of the country *should* have been more "developed," the nation having enjoyed the *advantage* of a gradual progress towards the beautiful system called free-trade, that would have warranted us in finding the amount doubled instead of being reduced almost one third. Will our reviewer do us the favor to explain why it was that external commerce increased so rapidly under the tariff of 1828 as to make it necessary to free from duty coffee, tea, and silks, and why it was that it diminished so rapidly under the tariff of 1833 as to compel us to go back to protection? We should be much pleased if he could favor us with one that would pass current in his politico-economical school, and by which he would agree to abide, if only during the time required for its examination.

We have thus seen that by the reviewer's own figures the power to import duty-paying commodities diminished with the diminution of protection, and with the closing of the mills and furnaces of the country. With 1842, the system changed, and the average of duties payable on dutiable goods was raised, as the reviewer himself informs us, to 33½ per cent. Did the power to import diminish? On the contrary it grew steadily,

* The reader is requested to observe that the figures in the above table refer only to the imports of duty-paying merchandise.

* See page 331, *ante*.

the average import of duty-paying goods having been 71,000,000, even according to the reviewer's own mode of statement, the correctness of which may be judged by the following facts. In the fiscal year 1841-2 there were large importations in anticipation of a rise of duties, and the necessary consequence was a diminished amount of importation for the first few months after the passage of the law. In the first half of 1846-7, every thing imported not immediately required for consumption was warehoused, and imports of all kinds were kept back until the new law should go in force. The reviewer objects to Mr. Carey's mode of arrangement because it provides a compensation for these things, preferring to take the days and the hours of the existence of the law, although he cannot but know that it produces error to the extent of at least fifty millions of dollars, or a million per month of the period. With all this error, and taking the average, as insisted upon by the reviewer, we obtain for the import of duty-paying goods, 71,000,000 per annum, or \$3.60 per head, against \$3.18 in 1840-41. In the last of these years the import of cotton and woollens was almost double, and of iron greater by twenty percent. than in the first of them. All this our contemporary must have perfectly well known, and we do hope that in his next tables he will endeavor to be more fair and honest. He says that protective duties diminish the power to maintain trade. If so, why did trade grow so rapidly under the tariff of 1842? He says that the British monopoly system tends to increase the power to maintain trade. If so, why did trade diminish so rapidly under the compromise? We pray him to explain.

The reviewer fails to accomplish his object, even by his own mode of arranging the figures, the effect of which is to throw not less than fifty millions of dollars of the real foreign trade of this period into those immediately preceding and immediately following it. That such was the effect he knew, or he did not know it. *If he did*, then his object must have been to mystify and deceive his readers. *If he did not*, then his want of knowledge should disqualify him for further discussion of such questions. We beg him to select for himself the horn of this dilemma most suited to his taste.

In the view thus far given of the working of the tariff of 1842, we have omitted all

reference to the fact that during the existence of the compromise we had incurred a debt of two hundred millions; that in its last year we were unable to pay even the interest upon that debt; that the first two years were merely years of preparation; that during the period of its existence we sent to Europe property amounting probably to thirty millions for the payment of back interest, and thus diminished our power to import; that in the last year we had paid up the back interest, and had resumed the payment of current interest to the extent of probably ten millions per annum, thus still further diminishing our power to import. Let these things be added to the amount that was imported, and it will be seen to how vast an extent our power to purchase *and pay* grew as with the operation of the tariff of 1842 our power of production increased.

The system of 1828 was in the direction of real freedom of trade. Under its most beneficent operation, tea, coffee, and many other articles were freed from all duty. That of 1846 was a move in the opposite direction, many commodities being subjected to duty that were free under that of 1842. An examination of the reviewer's table shows that under it the free goods imported have been less by about twenty millions than under that of 1842.

The total imports of the year 1845-6, the first in which we could be considered to have even moderately recovered from the effects of the compromise tariff, amounted to \$110,000,000, and if we estimate at that rate the forty-three months of the tariff of 1846, ending June last, we shall have \$394,000,000. The average excess of population has been about eight per cent., which would give \$32,000,000 more, or a total of \$426,000,000. Our reviewer states the whole import of the forty-three months at \$582,000,000 and some "fractions" that we do not care to count, and thus the excess of import is \$156,000,000, giving him all the advantage of the year of prosperity, 1847, when, *as he knows well*, the tariff of 1846 was rendered almost wholly inoperative by the high prices produced by the speculative condition of affairs in England. Of this \$156,000,000, the potato rot alone gave *forty millions*, and we have gone in debt for the balance. We have worn the cloth and used the iron, but have yet to pay for it, and this the reviewer knows. Not a dollar can be shown of real increase

in the power to maintain trade, even although the reviewer has arranged the tables to suit himself, at a cost of at least \$50,000,000 to the tariff of 1842. Under that tariff each year went ahead of its predecessor, while the most that can be said of its successor is that it has rendered foreign commerce stationary, preparatory to its diminution as in the closing years of the compromise tariff.

The reviewer objects to bringing our foreign debts into consideration. He says that "except Mr. Carey, there is not a man in the Union who could not trace those debts to far other causes." Indeed! We presume then, that he, as the exponent of all the political science of the Union, can enable us to trace out those causes, and can explain why we *always* go in debt under the Manchester system, and *never* under the real free-trade one, based upon efficient and complete protection. If he will not, we will do it for him. When we make coarse cloth we can buy and *pay* for fine cloth. When we make pig iron we can buy and *pay* for silks. When we import coarse cloth and pig iron we become too poor even to pay for them.

The increase of 1830-34 over 1821-30 could, said the reviewer, readily be accounted for. The latter was "a remote period," and "the resources of the country were not developed." How was it in that from 1846 to 1850? Were they more or less developed than in 1833-4? Why then is it that under this beautiful *free-trade* system our actual import, per head, is less than it was then? It then reached *seven dollars* per head, and so it did in 1846-7; and *all the goods were paid for*, and this is the quantity actually retained for consumption, the re-exports being deducted. This would give for the period now under consideration an amount of more than 560,000,000, whereas our reviewer can make out a total of only 582,000,000, from which are to be deducted the large amount of re-exports,* probably 40,000,000, and the immense debt that we have contracted, and upon which we have now to pay interest. Will he oblige us by an explanation of the reason why the inter-

vening years of development under the Manchester system show a decrease, while, under the protective system, the increase in our foreign trade is so nearly regular?

We desire now particularly to call the attention of our readers to the "artful dodge" of our reviewer in avoiding all reference to the question of the power of consuming cloth, iron, and other commodities under the different systems. The home production of iron grew, as we have stated, in the period of 1843 to 1847, from 200,000 to 800,000 tons, and it was all consumed and readily paid for. The manufacture of cottons and woollens, and the production of grain, sugar, wool, and hemp grew with a like growth, and yet we not only paid our back interest, but we resumed payment not only of the interest on our foreign debts, but even of the debts themselves, and imported more than we had ever done before. In vain will the reader seek in the article of this *Democratic* reviewer for facts so important to an inquiry into the effect of these different systems upon the condition of the people. All he can see is how much we import; how much we contribute to the support of the British system. Provided that be supported, his object will be accomplished, and his poor friends, the Democrats, may go without food, cloth, or iron, for all the interest that he appears to take in that, the real and great question.

In strong contrast with his indifference to this question, is the remarkable interest that was required to induce the collection of the important information about spices, oil, cloth, &c., as given in the table at page 332. In that are embraced tea, coffee, and fruits, and immediately following is furnished a table of the quantity of "taxed and untaxed goods" imported in 1832, '3, and '4, by way of exposing the "temerity" of Mr. Carey in claiming 1833-4, the year in which the compromise bill went into operation, as subject to the regime of 1828. The unfortunate reviewer has forgotten that we advocate protection as the road to freedom of trade, and that it was because of the vast development of the resources of the country under the tariff of 1828, that we were enabled to repeal the duties on tea, coffee, and fruits. *That repeal was the great triumph of the protective principle*, and he cannot but know that it was so. Had the tariff of 1828 been maintained, the trade in

* Owing to the manner in which the reviewer has arranged his table, we are unable to obtain the amount of foreign merchandise exported for the corresponding periods. Those of the last fiscal year exceeded thirteen millions.

four fifths of the commodities we import, and probably all, would be now as free as is that in tea and coffee. We beg of him to read the books he has reviewed, and try to satisfy himself that such is the case. Until he shall do so, we trust he will not have the "temerity" to undertake the manufacture of further tables.

Under the tariff of 1828, there was an increase, as has been seen, of 17·6 per cent. in our foreign trade, while the domestic trade grew with great rapidity. With the reduction of duties foreign trade declined, and the domestic trade was prostrated. Under the tariff of 1842, the foreign trade increased, and the domestic production grew with a rapidity never before known. Under the tariff of 1846, the foreign trade, except so far as depends upon the power still remaining to us to purchase on credit, has become stationary. Progress is then the characteristic of the American system, and immobility followed by decline that of the British one. Why it is so is easily seen. The power to trade depends on the power to produce, and the latter grows with protection while it diminishes with its withdrawal.

The professed object of the tariff of 1846 was to increase the power to consume cloth and iron. Has it done so? Has it not diminished it? Has it not even diminished the actual quantity consumed, notwithstanding the great increase of population? We pray our contemporary to answer these questions.

We come now to the question of immigration, in regard to which Mr. Carey's views are thus given:—

"Were we now importing a million of people, the shipping required for that purpose alone would be 830,000 tons, and freights to Europe would be almost nominal, for great numbers would go altogether in ballast. Whatever tends to increase the bulk of the commodities imported tends equally to diminish the cost of transportation, and to increase the export of the products of the farmer and planter. If we imported raw silk, we should import Frenchmen to manufacture it, and coffee for them to drink, and the ships that imported the silk, the men, and the coffee, would cheaply transport cotton or cotton cloth. If we import gutta percha, we obtain it from one who desires to buy

cloth, and to whom cloth can then be cheaply sent. If we import gutta percha goods, we obtain them from men who have cloth to sell, and to whom cotton cannot be cheaply sent. If we desire, then, to increase our commerce and our navigation, the object is to be accomplished by the adoption of measures that will bring the loom to take its place by the side of the plough. The harmony of the agricultural, manufacturing, and shipping interests would here appear to be complete.

With such an importation of men, there would be an annual addition of 1,000,000 with whom we would have *perfect* freedom of trade, uninterfered with by custom-house officers, sailors, or ships. At the end of ten years, there would be thus made an addition of twelve or thirteen millions of persons, who would consume twice as much cotton as is now consumed by the whole people of Great Britain and Ireland. The harmony between the views of the free-traders and those of the protectionists would thus appear to be almost perfect. The more the subject is examined, the more obvious does it become that the *only* road to perfect freedom of trade lies through perfect protection."

Here was a question of considerable importance to a free trader and a Democrat, both of which our reviewer professes to be. If protection tended to raise the wages of labor, it could not fail to increase commerce, increase the demand for ships, extend the area of free trade, and also to impart to millions of Europeans the advantages of improved physical and moral condition, and self-government. Under these circumstances, it would seem to be entitled to grave consideration; but the reviewer belongs to the sect whose Bible is contained in the single line, "Buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest one," and he has nothing but ridicule to bestow upon the "simple-hearted" author who looks to the improvement of the moral and physical condition of the human race.

We have now to call the attention of our readers to a fact that will enable them clearly to estimate the reliance to be placed on any statement of our reviewer.

Mr. Carey has furnished a table of the growth of SHIPPING, with a view to show that it always grows with protection, and with the consequent growth of immigration, and diminishes as protection diminishes, and as immigration falls off. It is as follows:

| | Total shipping built, Tons. | Per thousand of population. | Steamers built. | Per million of population. |
|------------------------|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|-----------------|-------------------------------|
| 1821 to 1829, average, | 90,000 | 8 | 1823-29 35 | 3.1 |
| 1830, | 58,000 | 4.5 | 37 | 3 |
| 1831, | 85,000 | 6.4 | 34 | 2.6 |
| 1832, | 144,000 | 10.5 | 100 | 7.2 |
| 1833, | 161,000 | 11.4 | 65 | 4.6 |
| 1834, | 118,000 | 8.1 | 68 | 4.7 |
| 1835 to 1841, | 108,000 | 6.6 | 92 | 5.7 |
| 1842-3, | 91,000 | 5 | 108 | 5.8 |
| 1845, | 146,000 | 7.5 | 163 | 8.5 |
| 1844, (nine months), | 103,000—137,000 | 7.2 | 163—217 | 11.4 |
| 1846, | 158,000 | 9.4 | 225 | 11.5 |
| 1847, | 243,000 | 11.8 | 198 | 9.7 |
| 1848, | 316,000 | 15 | 175 | 8.3 |
| 1849, | 256,000 | 11.8 | 208 | 9.6 |

We see here a large increase in the years from 1830 to 1834, followed by a gradual diminution until we reach 1843, after which the rise is very rapid.

The facts here given are so conclusive as not to admit of question. They are therefore *dodged*, and the reviewer says nothing about the shipping. He takes, however, the paragraph above given, and joins it on to the next succeeding one, which relates to immigration, and attaches the two to the table of immigration, for the purpose of making Mr. Carey contradict himself within half a dozen lines, as will be seen by reference to his article.* The trick is ingeniously performed, and well calculated to deceive his readers; but what shall we say of the honesty of such a proceeding, and particularly on the part of a man who is perpetually crying out fraud and deception, on the strength of his own unceasing perversion of words and figures, for the purpose of proving that which cannot be proved? The whole *thing*, miscalled a review, would be appropriately named after the old farce, *The Budget of Blunders*, or, the Budget of something worse than blunders. We pray our readers to read the two paragraphs, and then determine for themselves if it were possible for a man with the table of shipping before him, to imagine even for a moment that he had made an honest quotation.

The difficulty with our contemporary was, as it appears, "to tell where exposure was to commence." With us, the case is different, the difficulty being to tell where it is to end. We look in vain throughout his whole article for a single frank, fair, and honest statement as a set-off to the errors, accidental or intentional, that have been pointed out; but it would be easy to add to the number of those errors did we desire longer to trespass upon the patience of our readers with the examination of such a paper as the one we have now copied for the purpose of

enabling them to see and understand for themselves the arguments of the leaders of the Free-Trade League. We presume, however, that they have already had enough of this political economist, who has yet to learn the meaning of the word Rent; this free-trader, whose *beau idéal* of freedom of commerce would be realized in the adoption of measures tending to secure to Great Britain a *monopoly* of the trade and commerce of the world; this *Democrat*, whose system looks to sustaining the moneyed *aristocracy* of Britain at the cost of the farmers and planters of the world; this friend of equal rights, who believes in the existence of divine laws, by virtue of which the rich must be made richer and more powerful, and the poor poorer, and more enslaved; this philosopher, who finds in the negro *quarter* and the hen-roost appropriate illustrations of his views in regard to human progress. We therefore take our leave of him with a single word as to the future. We have treated him most leniently in affording him the opportunity to determine upon which of the horns of a very disagreeable dilemma he will hang himself, but he must not calculate upon a repetition of such leniency. If we find him again trespassing in the same manner, he shall have Lynch law. We will hang him him up ourselves, without judge or jury.

In closing this article, we desire to call the attention of our readers to Mr. Carey's views of the comparative merits of the two systems, as thus given at the close of his work:—

"Two systems are before the world; the one looks to increasing the proportion of persons and of capital engaged in trade and transportation, and therefore to diminishing the proportion engaged in producing commodities with which to trade, with necessarily diminished return to the labor of all; while the other looks to increasing

* See page 333, *ante*.

the proportion engaged in the work of production, and diminishing that engaged in trade and transportation, with increased return to all, giving to the laborer good wages, and to the owner of capital good profits. One looks to increasing the quantity of raw materials to be exported, and diminishing the inducements to the import of men, thus impoverishing both farmer and planter by throwing on them the burden of freight; while the other looks to increasing the import of men, and diminishing the export of raw materials, thereby enriching both planter and farmer by relieving them from the payment of freight. One looks to giving the products of millions of acres of land and of the labor of millions of men for the services of hundreds of thousands of distant men; the other to bringing the distant men to consume on the land the products of the land, exchanging day's labor for day's labor. One looks to compelling the farmers and planters of the Union to continue their contributions for the support of the fleets and the armies, the paupers, the nobles, and the sovereigns of Europe; the other to enabling ourselves to apply the same means to the moral and intellectual improvement of the sovereigns of America.* One looks to the continuance of that *bastard* freedom of trade which denies the principle of protection, yet does it out as revenue duties; the other to extending the area of *legitimate* free trade by the establishment of perfect protection, followed by the annexation of individuals and communities, and ultimately by the abolition of custom-houses. One looks to exporting men to occupy desert tracts, the sovereignty of which is obtained by aid of diplomacy or war; the other to increasing the value of an immense extent of vacant land by importing men by millions for their occupation. One looks to the *centralization* of wealth and power in a great commercial city that shall rival the great cities of modern times, which have been and are being supported by aid of contributions which have exhausted every nation subjected to them; the other to *concentration*, by aid of which a market shall be made upon the land for the products of the land, and the farmer and planter be enriched. One looks to increasing the necessity for commerce; the other to increasing the power to maintain it. One looks to underworking the Hindoo, and sinking the rest of the world to his level; the other to raising the standard of man throughout the world to our level. One looks to pauperism, ignorance, depopulation, and barbarism; the other to increasing wealth, comfort, intelligence, combination of action, and civilization. One looks towards universal war; the other towards universal peace. One is the English system; the other we may be proud to call the American system, for it is the only one ever devised the tendency of which was that of *elevating* while *equalising* the condition of man throughout the world.

"Such is the true mission of the people of these United States. To them has been granted a privilege never before granted to man, that of the exercise of

the right of perfect self-government; but, as rights and duties are inseparable, with the grant of the former came the obligation to perform the latter. Happily their performance is pleasant and profitable, and involves no sacrifice. To raise the value of labor throughout the world, we need only to raise the value of our own. To raise the value of land throughout the world, it is needed only that we adopt measures that shall raise the value of our own. To diffuse intelligence and to promote the cause of morality throughout the world, we are required only to pursue the course that shall diffuse education throughout our own land, and shall enable every man more readily to acquire property, and with it respect for the rights of property. To improve the political condition of man throughout the world, it is needed that we ourselves should remain at peace, avoid taxation for the maintenance of fleets and armies, and become rich and prosperous. To raise the condition of woman throughout the world, it is required of us only that we pursue that course that enables men to remain at home and marry, that they may surround themselves with happy children and grand-children. To substitute true Christianity for the detestable system known as the Malthusian, it is needed that we prove to the world that it is population that makes the food come from the rich soils, and that food tends to increase more rapidly than population, thus vindicating the policy of God to man. Doing these things, the addition to our population by immigration will speedily rise to millions, and with each and every year the desire for that perfect freedom of trade which results from incorporation within the Union, will be seen to spread and to increase in its intensity, leading gradually to the establishment of an empire the most extensive and magnificent the world has yet seen, based upon the principle of maintaining peace itself, and strong enough to insist upon the maintenance of peace by others, yet carried on without the aid of fleets, or armies, or taxes, the sales of public lands alone sufficing to pay the expenses of government.

To establish such an empire—to prove that among the people of the world, whether agriculturists, manufacturers, or merchants, there is perfect harmony of interests, and that the happiness of individuals, as well as the grandeur of nations, is to be promoted by perfect obedience to that greatest of all commands, 'Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you,' is the object and will be the result of that mission. Whether that result shall be speedily attained, or whether it shall be postponed to a distant period, will depend greatly upon the men who are charged with the performance of the duties of government. If their movements be governed by that enlightened self-interest which induces man to seek his happiness in the promotion of that of his fellow-man, it will come soon. If, on the contrary, they be governed by that ignorant selfishness which leads to the belief that individual, party, or national interests, are to be promoted by measures tending to the deterioration of the condition of others, it will be late.*

* Russia is now raising by loan five millions of pounds sterling to pay the expenses of the war in Hungary. The farmers and planters of the Union are the chief contributors to this loan.

THE CROWNING OF QUASHEE:

A CORONATION COMMEMORATION.

—
BY POMPEY SAMBO,

POET LAUREATE TO HIS SABLE MAJESTY THE MOSQUITO KING.

—

I.

ONCE a great and famous city
Of old Europe, Rome by name,
Casting off its feudal fetters,
Girded on the robe of Fame;
People's voices rose in anger
'Gainst the tyrant barons, proud,
And a voice above the clangor
(T was a Smith's) addressed the crowd;
And he said, "Tell me, ye Romans, who 'll be Tribune of the State,
Who so well the laws can honor as who did the code create?"

II.

"None so good as he who made them,
And ye Romans I herewith
Name Rienzi—King, or Tribune!"
So spake Vecchio, the Smith.
And a shout, like human Etna,
When volcanic peoples pour
Their lava-voiced defiance
O'er the sides they propp'd before,
Arose, and shut the clear air out with density of breath:
"Live Cola di Rienzi; we will follow him to death!"

III.

And bells shook with their merry peals
San Angelo's proud dome;
And standards waved while on him fell
The Tribuneship of Rome;
And men-at-arms and bishops join
The crowd of hearts that roll,
Bearing, like waves, Rienzi to
The famous Capitol.
And close he barred the city gates, (so says historic lore,)
And when the nobles came, he cried, "Who 's knocking at my door?"

IV.

But ye who thirst for school-boy tales,
Or study *Forum* looks,
May read the full account of this
In Bulwer's, Mitford's books;

In Petrarch, Gibbon, Sismondi,
 De Cerçeau, and, in short,
 The best I think 's the German one,
 Von Felix Papencordt,
 Printed at Hamburg; and who likes to praise Rienzi, may—
 But to a nobler far, my friends, I dedicate my lay!

v.

You have read of coronations
 In the old and later time;
 Of Semiramis the gorgeous,
 And of Persian kings sublime;
 You have heard of Sardanapalus,
 Assyrian courts among,
 And of William, crown'd at Hastings,
 While the sword on helmet rung;
 Of Tudor's making Bosworth field a blood-surrounded throne;
 And of Bruce's solemn crowning 'mid the hardy Scots at Scone.

vi.

You have read of magic Turkey,
 When it gives celestial sway;
 Of perfumed mosques, and putting there
 Young maids in *Harem's* way;
 Read the pompous ceremonial
 Of Napoleon's crowning hour;
 How glad France shook when Boney took
 The crown with despot power;
 And all the earth has read with mirth Victoria's crowning *fête*:
 But these are straws, for fools' applause, to that which I relate!

vii.

Hail, O Muse! who erst sat over
 Homer's Iliads, while I sing
 In immortal strains trochaic,
 Of Mosquito's gracious King!
 And you, Muse, who sittest over
 Turkey's bard, immortal Bosh,
 Aid me while I crown the scion
 Of the royal race of Quash.
 Robert Charles Frederick Sambo, Britain's ally, Prince of Rum,
 Grant "protection" while thy poet now tattoos thy kettle-drum.

viii.

Doctor Smyth and Doctor Pritchard,
 You may stretch your digits out
 From your noses, at Agassiz,
 Who hereafter ne'er can doubt.
 Ghosts of Blumenbach and Cuvier,
 You may dance in Hades now,
 For I've made a grand discovery
 To prove you right, I vow:
 Ay! prove to all philosophers both living and deceased,
 "The Unity of Races" in one monarch's loins at least!

IX.

For the blood of John Bull ranges
 In my royal Sambo's veins,
 And the dusky stream of Afric
 With the vengeful tide that 's Spain's ;
 And ruddy hue of Mexico,
 With hate of pirates bold ;
 And skipper's race from Deutschland—
 Vagrant blood of Viking old !
 With creole greed, a world-wide breed, and negro's lazy limb,
 For of those climes his fathers were—find me a king like him !

X.

On the solemn April morning,
 Sambo first received the crown ;
 Crowded in the valiant Caciques
 To Balize, hence famous town.
 There was rum from old Jamaica,
 Whiskey toddy from the Isles,
 And anticipating red lips
 Grinning wild and thirsty smiles ;
 And the cheer that hailed Rienzi was a nursery squall to that
 Which usher'd in the crown'd head knocked in a three-cocked hat.

XI.

Oh for pen of sacred poet,
 To describe with Willis' knack
 The Chatham street habiliments
 Of these gentlemen in *black* !
 Oh for artist's eye of color,
 To describe those color men,
 Or the whole force of a Garrison
 In an abolition *pen* !
 Or were I e'en a *Long*-fellow, that black of lightsome leg,*
 A kindred race would grant my face, that brass which now I beg.

XII.

In the court the sable nobles
 With approval "yah" and grin ;
 Rows of teeth, like half-moon crescents,
 Shine o'er each receding chin.
 Here struts Jake : a sailor's jacket
 Clothes his legs, for arms designed—
 Clothes his bursting calves of olive,
 And is buttoned up behind ;
 From his waist a sword is dangling, and though every step he takes
 Rends his leggings, still he loves to hear the noise his scabbard makes.

XIII.

Here a Herculean shoulder
 Smiles through dislocated seams ;
 There a pantaloonly Cacique
 In an oil'd-coat fondly dreams

* Henry Long, the *fugitive slave*. No connection of the other *Longfellow*, the *fugitive slave* maker of Boston.

Queen Victoria is his sister ;
 And yon chief with noble mien
 Thinks his captain's coat *sans* skirting
 Hides what never should be seen ;
 And an epauletted major gives his naked friend a sneer,
 Feeling *tall* in Hessian top-boots and a cap of grenadier.

XIV.

Here a noble far less modest
 Might draw from me some remark,
 But the white guests will remember,
 Save themselves, all there was *dark* ;
 And though *spectacles* were plenty,
 Still e'en second sight would fail
 To see aught but *darker ages*,
 Girt with British true *black mail*.
 At times they made me think of (and I'm sure you'd think so too)
That transcendental writing which I ne'er saw rightly through.

XV.

Lo ! the King invites attention—
 His majestic scarlet coat
 Glowing o'er his scanty check shirt
 Tightly buttoned to the throat.
 Though his legs reject the trouser,
 And of boots he wears but one,
 Still is his the kingly figure
 That I love to gaze upon.
 Now see how he smiles around him, casting *perfume* on the air,
 As he runs—like Broadway dandy—his blest fingers through his hair.

XVI.

Round the jolly Rum is quaffed, till
 Chiefs and nobles yell and lurch
 In allegiance, while the pageant
 Seeks the coronation church.
 There a chair stood by the altar,
 Where sat down the man I sing :
 "Rule Britannia !" said the chaplain,
 And sung out, "God save the King !" *"*
 And the black-guards cried, "God save the King, great ruler of the sod,"
 And they danced like conquering devils in this fallen house of God.

XVII.

Never king was more delighted
 Than our Robert Charles Fred. ;
 He twirl'd his digits to his nose,
 And "yah'd" at all was said !
 And straightway all his nobles then,
 Partaking of his bliss,

Out—"yah'd" the King : "Oh, such a day
Was neber known as dis."
And then they ate, and drank, and sung, and kissed the *fair* ones all ;
And the pleasures of free nature crowned with bliss the royal ball.*

XVIII.

And is my King not mighty King
As ever King of yore ?
Doth he not now Honduras hold,
San Juan, San Salvador ;
Balize, and Costa Rica, too,
And swears he won't give o'er,
Until his dreaded standard shrouds
The Isthmus, shore to shore ?
The temper fades from Yankee blades where'er his flag's unfurled,
And soon *my* King shall to him bring the commerce of the world ! †

XIX.

Now some may sneer, and some may jeer,
At this modern civilization,
And some may laugh who the moral quaff
From this kingly coronation.
As they eye their pipe, they may pipe their eye,
At this doleful state of things ;
And the one may joke, and the other smoke
O'er the glorious trade of Kings :
But I say the worst, the more doubly curst, are they who let it be ;
So, hurrah for the King of Mosquito, boys ! and three cheers for his bard—
that's me !

* The following picture of the court, coronation, and courtiers, is painted by an English hand, and we may be certain there is in it "nothing extenuate nor ought set down in malice." He says:—

"On the previous evening cards of invitation were sent to the different merchants, requesting their attendance at the court-house early in the morning. At this place the King, dressed in a British Major's uniform, made his appearance ; and his chiefs similarly clothed, but with sailors' trousers, were ranged round the room. A more motley group can hardly be imagined. Here an epaulette decorated a Herculean shoulder, tempting its dignified owner to view his less favored neighbor with triumphant glances," &c. * * * After proceeding to the church and being duly crowned, the following note is made of the royal Sambo by the same pen:—"His Majesty seemed chiefly occupied in admiring his finery, and after his anointing, expressed his gratification by repeatedly thrusting his hands through his thick bushy hair, and applying his fingers to his nose ; in this expressive manner indicating his delight at this part of the service." After which all parties adjourned to a school-room, "where these poor creatures all got intoxicated with rum—a suitable conclusion to a farce as blasphemous as ever disgraced a Christian country."—*Dunn's Central America.*

It is with no little gratification that the Poet Laureate of so mighty a monarch as his Majesty of Mosquito can adduce testimony of so indubitable and English a character to "back up" the glories of which he sings, as the foregoing paragraphs. In fact, to take a liberty (but that is nothing in poetry when nations take such large ones) with a late verse of Mr. Longfellow's, I might say,

"In the English books I've quoted,
Of a late and pirate time,
You will find in prose the legend
Which is here set down in rhyme."

† His Majesty is about constructing a ship canal across the Isthmus ; that is his principal reason for spreading the Mosquito standard over that territory, and promising to allow his sister Victoria's *Bull* to dance in the *China* halls of the celestials, and throw the followers of Confucius into confusion.

HON. WILLIAM WRIGHT,

OF NEW-JERSEY.

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

WILLIAM WRIGHT, the subject of this sketch; was born at Clarksville, Rockland county, in the State of New-York, within a few miles of the Jersey line, in 1794; and is now in his 57th year. His father was a graduate of Yale College, an educated physician, and a gentleman in the true sense of the term. He died in 1808, leaving his son, then but fourteen years old, an orphan, and with no other patrimony than an honest name. At the period of his father's death he was pursuing his studies, preparatory to a profession, at the academy at Poughkeepsie; but, deprived of his means of support by his father's death, it was necessary for him to abandon his studies, and adopt measures to obtain his subsistence by some more industrial pursuit.

He was accordingly placed by his uncle with Anson G. Phelps, Esq., now one of the most respectable and wealthy citizens of New-York, (and who could very appropriately apply to himself those beautiful and expressive words of Job, as recorded in the Scriptures of Divine Truth, "*The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy,*") to learn the trade of a saddle and harness maker. The industry and vigor of his character were here shown; for, besides supporting himself, he was able to save, by the end of his term, the sum of three hundred dollars. With this sum, which was the foundation of the large fortune he subsequently acquired, he repaired to Bridgeport, hired a small store, and soon began to develop those mental resources which have placed him at the head of the manufacturing interests of the section of country where he resides. He remained in Bridgeport for seven years, engaged in extending his business; and in 1822 removed to Newark, N. J., where he has since resided, and where the principal manufacturing establishment, with

which he has been ever since connected, is located.

From his large interest in the extended trade and manufacturing business of the city of Newark, his strict integrity, and his extended information, he soon became one of its most valued citizens. He declined, however, all official position, until in 1839, '40 and '41, he was successively elected Mayor of the city, without opposition.

In 1843 he was brought forward by the business interests of one of the strongest manufacturing districts in the Union, as a suitable candidate for its representative in Congress. He was duly elected, and represented the Fifth District of New-Jersey in the Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth Congress, where his intimate acquaintance with the commercial and manufacturing interests of the country rendered him a most valuable member. While in Congress he was scarcely ever found absent from his post; and his votes and acts proved him a true representative of the interests of his district, and of the Union at large.

On his declining a re-nomination to Congress, in 1846, he was regarded throughout the State of New-Jersey as the most eligible candidate for Governor which the Whig party could select; and at the Whig State Convention, held in 1847, he was nominated for that office by a large majority on the first ballot. Unexpectedly to the Whig party, whose standard-bearer he had become, an insidious opposition was manifested by a small number of Whigs during the canvass which succeeded; and yet, small as was this number, it was of serious importance in a State so evenly balanced as New-Jersey. The result of the contest, though gallantly fought, was the defeat of Mr. Wright; but it did not in the slightest degree weaken the confidence of his friends, or his strong position in the

State. It was well known from the commencement that the contest was doubtful, and that the slightest defection rendered it hopeless; yet the vote given him was a flattering testimonial from the working Whigs, of their entire sympathy with him as a Whig, and their estimation of him as a man.

In the character of a liberal benefactor, few men in the Union can surpass the subject of our sketch. In all departments of education, among all religious denominations, he has munificently expended the fortune which his ability and prudence had acquired, by steady perseverance in honest and honorable pursuits. It has ever appeared to be a pleasure to him to do good with the ample means with which Providence has blessed him. He has not locked up his money in his coffers, but has distributed it broadcast, to relieve the destitute, to aid the enterprising but poor mechanic, to promote the cause of education, of morals, and of religion. He has ever been the warm and steadfast friend of the industrial classes, and in no one instance has he ever departed from that policy which secures their rights and promotes their interests. He is in private life a courteous, well-bred gentleman, and marked in all his dealings by the strictest integrity of action.

The position of Mr. Wright in New-Jersey is one of a commanding character. At the head of the manufacturing interest—

his interests strongly identified with the full protection of American industry—his large resources heavily invested in the internal improvements of the State—he seems naturally to possess a powerful influence. Few men are better acquainted with its manifold resources, or have more liberally co-operated in their profitable development. This is with him not simply the result of business speculation, but is the effect of an enlarged and vigorous conception of the true uses of property and wealth. Uniting the practical education of business-life to an attentive observation of political affairs—combining the experience of the manufacturer with that of the legislator—his judgment ripened by intercourse with the best statesmen of the country, it is natural that he should exert a decided influence in any party.

New-England and the Middle States have furnished, within a few years, a number of this class to the National Councils, and they have been uniformly regarded as among the ablest, in their practical views of the policy of the Government.

We trust that such individuals, wherever found, may be truly ranked in our estimate of public men. It is not always the most brilliant speaker that deserves the highest honors, but rather he whose services to his country have been measured by their practical good. In the ranks of such men few can more justly claim pre-eminence than Hon. William Wright, of New-Jersey.

P A R O D Y .

HAIL, *Politics!* thou power reserved!
In chase of thee what crowds hae swerved
Frae *honesty*, and sunk enerved
'Mang heaps o' *papers*;
And och! o'er aft thy joe's hae *starved*
Mid a' *their copers!*

LONGFELLOW'S POEMS.*

THESE poems, taken as a whole, form a book at once tasteless, tedious, and uninteresting. We had once some hopes of Mr. Longfellow as a poet, but his book has, unfortunately, spoiled all—has even spirited away the partiality we had entertained for some of his fugitive poems which chance threw in our way some years since, and which, now that they are thrown in company with the pithless train before us, have somehow lost their former hold. Familiarity, it is said, breeds contempt; and if the truth of the old proverb is doubted, we need only refer, in proof, some *lang syne* friend of this author, who, like ourself, may have been momentarily won to an *American* poet by some stray lines travelling the newspaper rounds,—we need only to refer such, we say, to the elaborated production now in our view; and if he can so tax his patience and his taste as to read through both volumes, we are quite sure that he will doubt no longer. We know that this is a very harsh sentence, but there is consolation in knowing also that malice is not the prompter. There are, on the contrary, strong reasons why we could have wished to admire and praise Mr. Longfellow's poetry. He is, in the first place, an American; and this, of itself, is a sufficient cause to induce regret that his book of poems has fallen so very far short of that standard which, in our judgment, must be fully compassed, if one would attain to even passing excellence in this hallowed art. It is greatly to be lamented, indeed, that our land should have been, thus far, so barren in this respect; and the mystery is, how to account for it? The harvest is plentiful—themes are not wanting—minstrelsy is challenged on all sides. The Indian history, wandering through the checkered fortunes of a thousand different tribes, abounds richly in the lore of tradition. The charms of nature, whether in the association of primeval forests, of scenery wild, majestic, and beautiful, of lakes and rivers

overflowing with legendary interest, are every where displayed through a region extending from latitudes of unbroken winter to perennial spring and tropical suns. History teems with numberless events—thrilling, vivifying, enchanting—which are linked with poetic inspirations, and which belong more properly to verse than to prose. Romance and reality, both, dallyingly open their storied arms, and invite a foray on their luxuriant possessions. The wondrous tales of the Mexican Conquest—the lovely and touching story of Pocahontas—the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers—the wild legends of King Philip's heroism—the Salem witches—and many other incidents which might be named, all afford tangible material with which to weave a poet's chaplet. The poetry shines in every page of the old chroniclers' quaint books, from Bernal Diaz to Captain Smith and Cotton Mather. No pedantry, no tasteless detail can distort or smother the enlivening features of song, which gather shape and symmetry as we turn each succeeding leaf.

Here, then, is ample ground—ample inducement; but genius, so far, is the thing yet lacked. So far, indeed, as prose is concerned, master artists have been engaged in the work. Prescott, Irving, and Cooper have gone over the field, and illumined the path to poetical elicitation. Their works have clothed history with a fascination that the sons of song, whose province it more properly is to gather the romance of early time, may well envy, and has thrown all attempts at minstrelsy completely in the background. What Goethe and Schiller have done for Germany—what Camoens did for Portugal—what Moore has done for Ireland, and Walter Scott for Caledonia, these illustrious writers, though no poets, have accomplished for our country. All human beings, of whatever clime or tongue, long for some information about past times in their history, and are delighted with narratives which present

* Poems. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. In two volumes. A new edition. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

pictures to the eye of the mind. To this may be traced the origin of ballad poetry and of metrical romance; and the man who possesses the genius to embellish the scanty but treasured memorials of early-day scenes and events, will always be highly esteemed in his own generation, and almost revered by a grateful posterity. To this enviable fame, no one in our country has yet preferred a successful suit. The materials languish in neglect, and have nearly gone to decay. Our rhymers are full of every other kind of poetry save that which alone is open to them. They are eternally inditing silly verses about every-day silly things—are lavishing pretty words in the sickly attempt to retouch and embellish Scriptural incidents—making sonnets about flowers, and cigar-girls, and pigeon-nests; or else, like Mr. Longfellow, are running a wild-goose chase to catch up insipid fragments of German or Swedish verse, for which the reading portion of their own countrymen care about as much as they care for a translation of Merlin, or a reprint of Henry the Eighth's Defense of the Roman Church. And yet these venal pretenders are called *poets*, have admiring coteries, assume a puny arrogance of air and manner, and, now and then, flaunt over to England, that, after begging a reluctant moiety of praise from one or two writers anxious to court American favor, they may prop their petty productions by exhibiting a transatlantic puff.

"These are the themes that claim our plaudits now,
These are the bards to whom the Muse must bow."

We may here quite aptly observe, in this connection, that among the aphorisms admitted by general consent, and inculcated by frequent repetition, there is none more famous than that compendious monition: *Gnothi seauton—be acquainted with thyself*. In general, we are far more willing to study others than to study ourselves; and hence it so frequently occurs that men, seduced by incautious self-admiration or by the flattery of weak friends, so often mistake their calling and their gifts, and blindly run counter to their destiny. Men of good common sense, and of unquestionable talent, are sometimes as apt as their inferiors to fall into this common error. On no other ground can we account for Mr. Longfellow's poetical adventurings. No one can doubt but that he

is a man of practical sense, of very considerable talent, and of high and enviable attainments as a scholar; yet we see the strong evidences of nature's inconsistency in his condescension to father poems which might have graced the Dunciad, and which, for bad taste and tame composition, might stand a comparison with the shallowest specimens of the American school. Indeed, this gentleman, highly accomplished though he may be in other respects, seems to be fatuitously possessed with the idea that whoever can make words rhyme, or arrange words in strange and fantastic measures by square and rule, may aspire to minstrelsy; that a man may become a poet by a simple act of volition. This same hallucination has, we suppose, given birth to the thousand and one scrambling and puny contestants who have ventured to attune their crazed, discordant lyres, and to set up for being recognized as *American* poets. The observer has only to witness, momentarily, this selfish, elbowing strife of frantic aspirants—each, like the hackmen who infest hotels and dépôts, crying and huckstering for the floating penny—to find out the secret of our deficiency as regards true poetical development. It thus stands disgustingly revealed to his vision, and, of course, excites most unmitigated contempt. No wonder that the muse should shrink from competition with the rampant and vulgar herd!

Now, we should have thought that Mr. Longfellow's ripe scholarship would have effectually unfolded to him the dangers and the miseries of poetasting in the absence of natural endowments, and have also convinced him that Horace uttered no untruth in declaring that a poet is born, not made. Indeed, we incline to think that the Roman bard, when inditing the following advice, was seeking to forewarn just such unwary aspirants as the author of whom we are speaking:—

"Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis,
Indoctusque pile discive trochive qui-scit,
Ne spissæ risum tollant impunè coronæ:
Qui nescit, versus tamen audit fingere! Quidni!
Liber et ingenuus, præsertim census equestrem
Summam nummorum, vitioque remotus ab omni.
Tu nihil invitâ diceas faciesve Minervâ;
Id tibi judicium est, ea meus: si quid tamen olim
Scripseris, in Metii descendat judicis aures,
Et patris, et nostras; nonumque prematur in
annum.

Membranis intus positis, delere licebit
Quod non edideris; nescit vox missa reverti."

If Mr. Longfellow had been less learned than he is; if he had been gifted with no talent more likely to lift him to eminence; if, longing for fame, he could have addressed himself to nothing else as a mean of attainment than reckless poetical errandries; if, in fine, he had not opened a pathway to literary renown through the surer medium of classic and dignified prose, there would be more excuse for his presumption in throwing before a critical and discriminative public the rickety verses of the two volumes now under review, and we, in common with many others, might have been inclined to exercise more amiability and charity. As it is, we have before us the picture of an accomplished and astute Professor turned topsyturvy by a poetic mania, and evidently laboring under the inflictions of a diseased and morbid ambition. The least censorious would be hard put up to find a palliative for this rhyming furor in one from whom better things might have been expected; for it requires no ordinary effort to suppress a feeling of contempt that tastes, otherwise so well adapted, should thus have been perverted to idolatrous oblations at the shrine of a mongrel deity, no more akin to the true goddess of verse than was the spurious creation of Prometheus to a real man. Mr. Longfellow may, we think, gratefully thank his stars if, after these feeble offerings to the muse, he shall escape the just vengeance which overtook this bold usurper of Jove's functions.

The first of these volumes opens with a prelude, as the author calls it, to a series of poems entitled "Voices of the Night," and is not altogether unpleasant; indeed we are not quite certain but that it is the prettiest composition to be found in the whole book. It certainly approximates much nearer than any other piece to real poetry, of which the following stanza is a partial evidence:—

"The green trees whispered low and mild,
It was a sound of joy!
They were my playmates when a child,
And rocked me in their arms so wild!
Still they looked at me and smiled
As if I were a boy."

We desire not to be hypercritical with our author, and we will say that the *sentiment* of the stanza is tinged with true poetry, though we must insist that the stanza itself is not so harmoniously worded as the idea might have warranted.

The author is represented as the hero; who, after giving us an introduction to himself, tells of how he wandered into the heart of a venerable forest, communed with the trees and the air, received a call to write poetry, and then winds up by informing us that he is restricted to writing only solemn lines. We can assure the reader that the restriction is not broken. The whole work is sicklied over with the snuffling cant of the conventicle, sometimes bordering on a sort of versified litany or *Te Deum*.

The first Voice is a Hymn to the Night, consisting of six stanzas, set to some particular metre with which we happen not to be acquainted. As a specimen, we quote the three last, italicizing what we consider especially flat and puny:—

"From the cool *cisterns* of the midnight air,
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there—
From those deep cisterns flows.

"O holy Night! *from thee I learn to bear*
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy *finger* on the *lips* of care,
And they complain no more.

"Peace! peace! *Orestes-like* I breathe this prayer:
Descend with *broad-winged* flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night!"

Next in succession comes a Psalm of Life—dull and common-place enough—which reminds us, as to measure, of the mystic chant of Meg Merrilies, beginning—

"Twist ye, twine ye, even so," &c. &c.

But the half-demented old gipsy indulges a strain at once wild, striking, and rhythmic; whereas, the Psalm is deficient in every respect, and we cite a stanza in proof:—

"*Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,*
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day."

The first line is as bad as it can be—not only bad taste, but bad grammar; for we have two nouns nominative most unmusically and incorrectly qualified with a negative each, and then connected by a conjunction. Poetry is not passable when, by disjoining the rhythm, it will not make good prose; and this being so, we cannot see how Mr. Longfellow will ever reconcile his two negatives.

We cannot pause to find fault with each

of this series as they come; but the fifth in the succession is so strangely unique, so flimsy, and so peculiarly of the heteroclitical species, that, in justice both to the author and to our criticism, we feel bound to transcribe it entirely; only asking the reader to notice the *nonchalance* with which rhyme is taken up and then dropped, tacked on or shaken off to suit the idea, evoked or discarded as caprice may suggest, or as invention may hold out. It is entitled, "Footsteps of Angels:"—

"When the hours of Day are numbered,
And the Voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

"Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful *firelight*
Dance upon the parlor wall;

"Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more.

"He the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

"They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross and suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!

"And with them the *Being Beanteous*
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

"With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair *beside me*
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

"And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and *saint-like*,
Looking downward from the skies.

"Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessing ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

"Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!"

Surely nothing more insipid, lifeless, unoriginal, was ever put off for poetry! What though a moiety of soft sentiment dwells in the idea—and Mr. Longfellow does not lack for *ideas*—how tantalizing it is to shroud

and smother the same in a congealed mass of stale, shilly-shally rhymes!

The "Midnight Mass for the Dying Year," we must candidly pronounce to be really pitiful and drivelling. We give below the three first and the middle stanzas:—

"Yes, the Year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and bleared:
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely—sorely!

"The leaves are falling, falling,
Solemnly and slow:
Caw! caw! the rooks are calling,
It is a sound of woe,
A sound of woe!

"Through woods and mountain passes
The winds, like anthems, roll;
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing, *'Pray for this poor soul,*
Pray—pray!

* * * *

"To the crimson woods he saith,
To the voice gentle and low
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,
'Pray do not mock me so!
Do not laugh at me!"

With this poem ends the first series. We come next to the "Earlier Poems;" and we will here venture to suggest that it is a pity the author's poetical aspirations could not have been satisfied at this point, and with these juvenescent achievements. His fame as a writer would then have been without a shade, and we should have been spared the present undertaking; for although there is, as might be naturally expected, some silly sentimentalizing among them, there is yet much to admire in these youthful offerings to the Muse. The following verses, taken from the poem of "Woods in Winter," possess much harmony and sweetness:—

"When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That overbrows the lonely vale.

* * * *

"Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

* * * *

"Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day."

These poems, as we are, indeed, frankly told in the preface, were written in the hal-

eyon period of life—the bright and balmy years of youth. It is the season when the spirit of poetry stirs within every bosom. The humble ploughboy, even, feels the inspiration, though he may never attune the sentiment and bring it into being; and as he roams the flowery fields, and inhales the freshening breath of early spring, words of song float dreamingly through his untutored senses, infusing into his soul the healthful incense of bright hopes, to cheer the dull monotony of more real scenes. The same feeling pervades, to a much greater extent, the inmate of the academy or the college—who, imbibing daily the glowing imagery of the classic writers, and feasting the young mind on choice dainties culled from the rich garner of ancient and treasured lore, gives vent to inspiration by clothing opening life with the genial garb of poesy, mingling with its real scenes the lively impressions of excited fancy, which are only erased when remorseless time first lays its cold touch on the heart to awaken it to a sense of the world's drudgery. Hence, we suppose that there is scarcely one graduate out of every hundred who has not, at some golden moment of this shining period, blotted a lady's album or his own scrap-book with some fugitive, heartfelt offering to the Muse, which, even in long after years, will be found to own some sentiment allied with purer days, and to be possessed of some merit interwoven with the dawn of thought, and fresh from recesses of the heart which then knew not the world's corrosive blight. Most men, instinctively aware of these illusory temptations, stop with their early effusions, well knowing that, though almost every person may thus be impressed with poetic impulses, it is not decreed that every man shall be a poet born. Others, unwarily seduced by these guileful phantasms, and foolishly persuading themselves that "the Land of Song" lies before them, swim along heedlessly with the current, until, all at once, the limpid waters of the fountain are swallowed up in that muddy abyss where so many frail barques, with their frailer pilots, have gone to wreck and ruin.

This, we gather from his "Prelude," has been the case with Mr. Longfellow, who, if not already stranded on these friendless shores, will, unless he shall take timely warning, ultimately perish among the wild and desert wastes of this unfathomed ocean.

And if, in the course of these further remarks, we shall draw from his after productions such specimens as may serve to bring him to his proper senses, or that shall wean him from these will-o'-the-wisp pursuits, and set him again on the open plain of his true element, we think his readers, yet remembering with pleasure the interesting pages of *Hyperion*, will thank us for the deed, no matter how roughly it may have been achieved.

To effect this, we must now pass on from these early-day offerings, and pause for a while amid the soulless pages of his "Translations." We are not sufficient scholars to undertake to scan the merits of his German, French, or Spanish renderings; and, as concerns these, therefore, must content ourselves with the single observation, that we never before met with a more barren and bleak foundation on which to begin the labor of translation, than we behold in the poems selected on this occasion. But there is one, purporting to have been rendered from the Anglo-Saxon, which evinces such genuine devotion to crazed drivelling, that we can scarcely credit the fact that the work is from a source of unquestioned erudition. The piece is entitled "The Grave," and to satisfy the reader that we have not been unjustly harsh, we shall quote, as amply sufficient to answer the purpose, the two first stanzas, premising that we are wholly unacquainted with the measure:—

"For thee was a house built,
Ere thou wast born;
For thee was a mould meant,
Ere thou of mother camest.
But it is not made ready,
Nor its depth measured,
Nor is it seen
How long it shall be.
Now I bring thee
Where thou shalt be;
Now I shall measure thee,
And the mould afterwards.

"Thy house is not
Highly timbered,
It is *unhigh* and low;
When thou art therein,
The heel-ways are low,
The side-ways *unhigh*.
The roof is built
Thy breast full nigh,
So thou shalt in mould
Dwell full cold,
Dimly and dark."

We think the reader will agree with us that this can be called nothing else than

gibberish—a sort of jabbering incantation, that makes one involuntarily couple with the most solemn of subjects a feeling of ridicule. But, turning over some few pages, we find that such is not alone confined to the Anglo-Saxon minstrelsy; for Mr. Longfellow has eviscerated its mate from a relict of German poetry, attributed in the original to Klopstock. It is to be hoped, for the memory of Goethe and Schiller, that the American version is not literal; for, although the Italy of Horace and Virgil produced also a Bavius and Mævius, we yet hope that, in this enlightened age, the same soil has not produced the author of *such* strains along with the venerated fathers of German song. The title of the poem is “The Dead,” and we quote it entire, as follows:—

“How they so softly rest,
All, all the holy dead,
Unto whose dwelling-place
Now doth my soul draw near!
How they so softly rest
All in their silent graves,
Deep to corruption
Slowly down—sinking!

“And they no longer weep,
Here, where complaint is still!
And they no longer feel,
Here, where all gladness flies!
And, by the cypresses
Softly o’ershadowed,
Until the Angel
Calls them, they slumber.”

We are really no little astonished that this learned gentleman should thus audaciously venture to trifle and dally with the patience of partial readers. American literature will never be reared on a dignified and solid basis, if its votaries be too amiably indulged with such idle flippancies, and allowed thus, with impunity, to incorporate as poetry the merest balderdash, having not the faintest approach to either sense or harmony. And while we are willing to recognize Mr. Longfellow as, in many respects, a worthy representative of our dawning national literature, we, at the same time, must seriously protest against that increasing leniency which suffers him quietly to excavate or invent nonsense only to swell out a volume intended to be shelved as a specimen of American poetry.

The Translations are succeeded by the Ballads. That of the “Skeleton in Armor” is well conceived, and is not altogether without either merit or extrinsic interest. It is

founded on the fact that, some years ago, a skeleton was disinterred near Newport, clad in broken and corroded armor. The author has connected this with an antiquated Danish structure near by, and framed quite a legend out of the materials thus afforded; which, however, we regret he did not choose to tell otherwise than in verse. But the “Wreck of the Hesperus,” although very tame and common-place now and then, is yet, we think, much the best of the series, and partakes strongly of the genuine ballad tone throughout. To justify ourselves with both the author and the reader, we shall venture on quoting the entire poem, leaving clear thus every chance to confirm or to refute the correctness and justice of the judgment we have meted out to it:—

“It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter
To bear him company.

“Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

“The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

“Then up and spake an old Sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish main:
‘I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

“‘Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!’
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

“Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

“Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable’s length.

“‘Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow.’

“He wrapped her warm in his seaman’s coat,
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

“‘O father! I hear the church-bells ring;
O say, what may it be!’
‘Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!’
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns;
O say, what may it be?
'Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!'

"O father! I see a gleaming light;
O say, what may it be?
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

"Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fix'd and glassy eyes.

"Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the waves
On the lake of Galilee.

"And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

"And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

"The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew,
Like icicles, from her deck.

"She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side,
Like the horns of an angry bull.

"Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank:
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

"At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

"The salt sea was frozen on her breast.
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

"Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a wreck like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!"

A few pages further on, Mr. Longfellow favors us with another and more distinctly marked specimen of that outlandish metre with which his book abounds. What earthly motive can prompt him to turn off as poetry such miserable, prolix, drawling stuff, we cannot imagine; nor are we, or, we suppose,

any other mortal man, able to understand the bent of a taste which, although highly cultivated in some respects, can coolly go to work and disentomb from a Swedish literary charnel-ground so despicable a production as "The Children of the Lord's Supper." We venture the assertion that no ordinary reader can extract from it the first novel or interesting thought, the first pretty expression, the first engaging sentiment, the first approach to any thing like poetry. It is tasteless, tedious, and trifling, from beginning to end—leaving the mind unimpressed but with disgust, or with wonder that such flippant jargon should ever have been revived.

The piece purports to be translated from the Swedish of some prelatial diatribist, whose mind, we should imagine, was about as barren of poetical impulse as the bleak hills and ungenial soil of his native land are of aught that contributes to the sustenance of life. We shall subjoin a few lines by way of example:—

"Lo! there entered then into the church the Reverend Teacher.
Father he hight and he was in the parish; a
Christianly plainness
Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of
seventy winters.
Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel
Walked he among the crowds, but still a contemplative grandeur
Lay on his forehead as clear, as on moss-covered
grave-stone a sunbeam.
As in his inspiration (an evening twilight that faintly
Gleams in the human soul, even now, from the day of creation)
Th' Artist, the friend of heaven, imagines Saint John when in Patmos,
Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so seemed then the old man;
Such was the glance of his eye, and such were his tresses of silver.
All the congregation arose in the pews that were numbered,
But with a cordial look, to the right and the left hand, the old man,
Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in the innermost chancel."

Such is the stale, puling verbulosity which Mr. Longfellow adopts, and attempts to put upon his readers as poetry. We protest. It is by no means our disposition or intention to abet that silly furor which seems to possess many who, ascribing to this author all the qualities of a poet, witlessly

admit as poetry that which is not even receivable as good prose. Without pausing, however, to dwell on the general imperfections of the lines we have quoted from this effusion, we shall only notice those which the reader will have remarked are specially italicized. We should think Mr. Longfellow might be puzzled to reconcile a similitude of the kind above marked. If "contemplative grandeur" lay on the old preacher's head no *clearer* than a "sun-beam" on a "*moss-covered* gravestone," we are of the opinion that the sign was not very distinctly impressed; for, of all sheltering in the world, a thick cover of moss is the most impenetrable. This, however, is about on a par with the very tame description of the old man's entrance into the church, where the author is so hard run for the wherewith to fill out his line, that he obligingly acquaints us with the fact, that the *pews* were "numbered,"—leaving it somewhat doubtful, by the way, whether we shall infer this mere *fact* from the expression, or whether he intends to convey that it was only that part of the "congregation" which sat in "numbered pews," that had the good manners to *rise* when the pastor entered.

If Mr. Longfellow does sincerely and really set any store by this flat portraiture of a village pastor, it is to be lamented that his taste is so low as not to have been frightened by the contrast with that most lovely and inimitable picture of the same personage found in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." To enable the reader readily to mark the difference betwixt poetry and its counterfeit, we take the liberty, to save reference, of copying a few lines from that beautiful and admired poem:—

"Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flower grows
wild;

There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wished to change his
place;

Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd, and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service pass'd, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's
smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares dis-
tress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the
storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are
spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

We delight, as doubtless does the reader, to glide lingeringly along with soft, melodious cadences like the above, and while nestling in the music of smooth-flowing words, to float placidly down the limpid current of these genial and inspiring sentiments. We will not be cruel and unamiable enough to invite a too strict comparison with Mr. Longfellow's unhappy attempt to draw a like picture.

What shall we say of Mr. Longfellow's poems on slavery? Here, too, he is treading in the footsteps of a most illustrious predecessor—putting forth a feeble effort to share the laurels of Montgomery. Perhaps, if we were mischievously inclined, we might here cite, alongside the modest name of our author, that of quite a *noted* competitor in the same race. It must not be forgotten, especially in sunny climes, that a lately *Americanized* writer, not content to rest on the achievements of his "Richelieu" and his "Gipsy," would fain essay a rhyming tilt in the very *sentimental* tournament where Montgomery had flashed his maiden sword. Mr. Longfellow may, we think, well afford to congratulate himself that he is thus shielded by so redoubtable an exemplar in the lists of flimsy imitation.

The slavery poems are prefaced with a somewhat pompous, serene-tempered note, telling us that they were written while at sea; and that the first verses, addressed to Dr. Channing, who had just written his book about slavery, were no longer appropriate,

since the death of that eminent gentleman. Being thus speciously charged, we were, quite naturally as one may imagine, very considerably impressed as to the character of the production about to be read. The opening stanza, however, brought us, very unwelcomely, down several steps:—

"The pages of thy book I read,
And as I closed each one,
My heart, responding, ever said,
'Servant of God, well done!'"

To say the least, this was coming at his subject in quite a point-blank, somewhat too unpoetical manner; though we doubt not that its *benediction* would have been very encouraging to Dr. Channing, had he been alive to see and read it. There is besides in its tone a positiveness, an abruptness, which is always inelegant and ungraceful in metrical composition.

We have next quite a spiteful ebullition of rhythmic¹ invective:—

"Go on, unti' this land revokes
The old and chartered Lie,
The feudal curse, whose whips and yokes
Insult humanity."

There is, if we do not greatly misjudge, something else than mere *poetical* sentiment involved in this fierce denunciation, to which some, who live in parts of "this land," might quite reasonably object. Indeed we are not so sure but that these lines to Dr. Channing might come within the meaning of certain laws enacted by States of this Union to prevent the circulation of certain mischievous documents. There is, at least, more of *feeling* in its tone and expression than prudence might warrant; and because Mr. Longfellow chooses to come among us as a votary of Apollo, we are not therefore estopped from guarding against the bad tendencies of his poetry. But we are loath to believe that any mischievous effect was intended; and though we might have been better pleased to have found his book *prudently* retrenched of this one poem, we desire not to be understood as endeavoring to affix any improper *motive* on so amiable a writer.

"The Slave's Dream" is prettily conceived, but in view of so prolific and suggestive a subject, very indifferently and tamely executed. There is, however, much of

genuine spirit in some of the stanzas, as, for instance, the following:—

"Wide through the landscape of his dreams,
The lordly Niger flowed;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain,
Once more a king he strode,
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain road."

We cannot dwell on each poem of the series; but passing over much fanciful and silly jeremiading, we pause a moment or two to notice the one called "The Witnesses." Montgomery, in his celebrated poem of the "West Indies," has the following eloquent and stirring lines, in speaking of sunken slave-ships:—

"When the loud trumpet of eternal doom
Shall break the mortal bondage of the tomb;
When with a mother's pangs the expiring earth
Shall bring her children forth to second birth;
Then shall the sea's mysterious caverns, spread
With human relics, render up their dead:
Though warm with life the heaving surges glow,
Where'er the winds of heaven were wont to
blow,
In sevenfold phalanx shall the rallying hosts
Of ocean slumberers join their wandering ghosts,
Along the melancholy gulf that roars
From Guinea to the Caribbean shores.
Myriads of slaves, that perished on the way,
From age to age, the shark's appointed prey
By livid plagues, by lingering tortures slain,
Or headlong plunged alive into the main,
Shall rise in judgment from their gloomy beds,
To call down vengeance on the murderers' heads."

Now for Mr. Longfellow, as he essays to attune his lyre to similar lofty strains:—

"In ocean's wide domains,
Half buried in the sands,
Lie skeletons in chains,
With shackled feet and hands."

"Beyond the fall of dews,
Deeper than plummet lies,
Float ships, with all their crews,
No more to sink nor rise."

"There the black slave-ship swims,
Freighted with human forms,
Whose fettered, fleshless limbs,
Are not the sport of storms."

"These are the bones of slaves;
They gleam from the abyss;
They cry from yawning waves,
"We are the witnesses!"

We shall not sport with Mr. Longfellow or his admirers by invoking a comparison at this point; but we will say that he must possess a goodly share of courage or of self-

esteem, to put forth *such* lines in the very face of those we have quoted from Montgomery, and from which, doubtless, the idea of "The Witnesses" was unguardedly borrowed. But, apart from comparison, we are seriously bothered to make sense of Mr. Longfellow's expressions and references; for who on earth can possibly understand how ships can "float" in an ethereal element, "beyond the fall of dews,"—"deeper than plummet lies," and where they can "no more sink nor rise." This, we think, all will conceive, is truly incomprehensible. It brings to mind an anecdote quite *apropos*, which may, perhaps, afford Mr. Longfellow some defense for his senseless paragraphs, on the score of precedent.

The great Edinburgh publisher, Constable, while reading over a manuscript poem by the "Ettrick Shepherd," which had been submitted to him, tartly observed, on reaching some obscure sentence, "Deil's in it; but I canna tell what you mean by this!" To which Hogg artlessly replied, "Hout, tout, man, that is na strange, for I dinna ken, sometimes, what I mean mysel'!"

The poem of "Evangeline," in the second volume, is most excessively dull, stiff, and tiresome. We cannot say one word in its favor, and only wonder how a reader can beat his way through its long succession of prosing lines—lines much more apt to induce a comfortable *siesta* than to excite admiration. It is the lengthiest production of the two volumes, except perhaps the *Spanish Student*, and is composed to the same mumbling, unmeaning measure as "the Children of the Lord's Supper," while it is, if

possible, even more barren of ideality. We cannot get our consent to transcribe any portion of it, lest we might by *such* repeated intrusions effectually worry out the reader's patience. Nor can we so reconcile it with our present undertaking as to dwell any longer on the second volume. It is of like sort with the first; perhaps, if there be any difference at all, even less creditable to the author.

We shall close our notice of Mr. Longfellow by remarking very briefly on the "*Spanish Student*." This, in our opinion, is a work of much intrinsic worth, and evinces talent of a high order. It is piquant, racy, full of spirit and vivacity, and contains much pretty composition—never rising, perhaps, into the powerful, yet never falling into the common-place. The plot is quite artistically conceived, and the dramatic features are fully developed and well delineated. The character of Preciosa is most gracefully and handsomely drawn; and Crispa is not, in her department, less happily portrayed; while Victorian and his rival bring out the full contrast of right and wrong. It is to be regretted that our author was not content to rest his ambition with this achievement, and that he could not have reconciled it to himself to leave out of his book all else but this single production—looking for a permanent fame more to those works by which he doubtless sets far less store. In fine, it is quite grateful and refreshing, after having found so much fault with Mr. Longfellow, though justly so, as we think, that we are enabled thus to bid him so kindly a farewell.

LONGWOOD, MR.

* * *

THE HUMBLE REMONSTRANCE

OF

STEEL SCISSORS,

AN OVER-WORKED AND ILL-USED MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN PRESS.

(FORWARDED BY FAVOR OF BELLEROPHON BROWN, ESQ.)

I REGRET to appear before the public in the character of a complainant; nothing but the extremest distress could prompt me to make my grievances the subject of this open exhibition. But I have borne much, and borne it long. I am worn almost to a shadow with long-protracted, severe, and unremitting labors, unrelieved by a single spark of intellectual enjoyment.

I begin to wax feeble in the joints, and persons who have observed me closely, think they perceive in my shrunken shanks and grey head the unmistakable tokens of a premature old age. I am, I believe, a worthy object of relief; and I proceed to make my appeal. I appeal, I may say, in behalf of a large connection; for there cannot be less than ten thousand of my brethren who daily gnash their teeth in servitude throughout this free republic; and some of them (can they be blamed?) with so spiteful a clash, that, on a still day, you may hear their united click, like the buzzing of locusts, all over the land.

I come of a good family. My grandfather was a farmer of the name of Spade, (not the slightest relation to the jack of spades, but an honest straightforward person,) who, the moment he came of age, and of a size suitable to the union, formed an alliance with a lady of the name of Wood, (intimately related to those hearty fellows, the Greens.) My mother was a Chisel or a Gouge, I could never learn precisely which; for, to tell the truth, a slight stain creeps in here upon the family-escutcheon, and has left the armorial bearings of our house a little dimmed and disordered. At any rate, the original stock was good, whatever impurities may have become casually mixed with it in the course of generations. For myself,

the first distinct recollection I have of this world, is, that I found myself lying in a basket, in a wooden building, in the town of Springfield, Massachusetts—that I was christened Scissors, (which name I still bear,) and that at an early period of life, I was sent away from home to live with an old lady who kept a small thread and needle shop in Division-street. She was a good, quiet old lady, who read her Bible and always had a spare copper for the poor. I cannot deny but that the old needle-woman treated me kindly. She never required me to perform any other duties than the ordinary attendance on the counter, in the daytime, to measure tapes and calicoes to her customers. In the evening, it was my business to trim the lamps—not the neatest or most elegant of employments; but it was an honest one, and as it increased the light and comfort of the house, I never cared much that I did grease my fingers a little.

This course of life, simple, humble, and blameless as it was, was not to last long: one day the good old lady died—her effects shortly after (I spent a lonesome time of it shut up, by myself, in the darkness and solitude of the little store—poor orphan that I was!) passed into the hands of a cloth-merchant who was her chief creditor and administered upon her affairs. Behold me now, still, I may say, in the innocence of childhood, thrown upon the very highway of business, and associating daily with a gentleman of high reputation, a member of the church, and (as I learned, by being taken to the place of worship on a certain afternoon by my new employer, by a curious accident, which I need not stop to explain) one of the deacons who carried the plate. I became acquainted with a great many curious mat-

ters while I remained at the cloth-merchant's, the one-half of which would not be believed, if I were to tell it. One circumstance occurred so often, that I cannot avoid mentioning it, for it is the chief recollection of that period of my career. Whenever the cloth which was sold was measuring out to a customer, my master was in the habit of giving me a sly nudge, which caused me to slip my hold, and *under-measure* the article, in all cases: sometimes to the extent of several dollars in value. In the course of a busy day's trade, it would amount to a very handsome sum; and my employer, as he counted his cash and closed his ledger, would fetch me a lively poke in the ribs (so to speak) which made me jump again. The world changes with all of us! I had never been entirely at my ease (considering the lessons of moral deportment I had learned at the old needle-woman's) with the merchant; but as his love of money, and, consequently, his requisition of my services grew the more the longer I was with him, I saw no prospect of a termination to those irksome services, when, one dark night—I remember it well—I slept in the store, and there was a little shaky glimmer of light from a quarter-moon in one of the window-shutters—I, together with the entire contents of the money-drawer, was seized, and without a moment for remonstrance, dragged into the street and hurried on board a vessel lying at the wharf; in a twinkling the sails were spread, and, long before I could recover from my astonishment, we were scudding before the wind far out at sea. My first discovery on the dawning of light in the morning was, that I had for fellow-passenger my late master's head clerk; my second, by a conversation I overheard in the cabin, that the ship we were on board of was bound on a piratical cruise. You can readily understand, in what followed, that there were many things not altogether congenial to a temper like mine. We visited many countries, and I had a fine opportunity to sharpen myself by travel, and acquire that last polish and elegance, which, it is said, travel alone can give; but, on the other hand, I was an enforced witness to scenes, which, at this late day, even make me tremble in my very joints. I look back to one circumstance only with unmixed satisfaction—the assistance I rendered in preparing a bandage to bind up the wound of a beautiful young lady, who was injured

in a skirmish with a government ship, from which our vessel took her captive.

How I got back to dry land once again, and came into my present engagement, connected as it is with some very curious developments of human nature and rather queer traits of character, I shall not relate, further than to say, that I am now, after going through so much, and when, one would suppose, after a life of active service, I might have acquired an honorable release for the residue of my days, in the employ of the editor of a newspaper—a man who seems to have made a vow to never allow me a moment's rest. From morning till night, it's trot, trot, trot; click, click, click; Scissors here, Scissors there; What's become of Scissors?—where's Scissors?—what have you done with Scissors? (as if somebody from pure spite had meditated putting me out of the way.) And although my employer is mainly indebted to my activity for bread for his family, he is accustomed to treat me after the most cavalier fashion, hustling me about without the slightest respect; although I will acknowledge that I have known him at times take me by the hand and contemplate me with a look which certainly seemed to partake of affection. This would happen, however, only when he was contriving some fresh work for me—then to it again, trot, trot, trot; click, click, click!

I speak now more particularly of my services upon "the daily"—this, vexatious as it is, I could endure; I am willing to yield so far to the wicked customs of the world as to be ready, at the prompting of my master, to pitch into any other newspaper—large or small—foreign or domestic—to spare neither age nor sex—in my wild forays. All is fish that comes to our net; but the mischief of it is, I am no sooner relieved from "getting out" the daily, than I am summoned to lend a hand in the preparation of a monthly magazine, (of which my worthy employer has also charge,) and the fashion in which he sets me to tumbling the foreign reviews, monthlies, and weeklies—cutting their back-strings—slicing whole chapters and books by the armful, sometimes makes me feel as if I must give out for sheer lack of strength. I have more than once exhibited symptoms of a stand-still or a total break-up; in which case, master merely gives me a knock on the head, and threatens me with the grinder if I don't look out what I'm about!

You would perhaps think, here is an end of his troubles: Scissors, poor fellow, has at last on his back quite as much as any one poor pair of mortal shoulders can bear. Be not too sure of that, my anxious friends! Do you know the brother of my employer, that industrious and Herculean compiler of school-dictionaries, geographies, grammars, etc. etc.? Would you believe it, the brute has compelled me to study German; and scarcely a day of my life passes, that I am not head-foremost in some thumping quarto, with its grating consonants and throat-tearing gutturals, which set my very teeth on edge when I think of it. In a word, (to make a short story of my troubles,) I am on the constant go, I may say, from morning till night; and even when darkness falls upon the house, and one would really suppose that I was to get a little rest, there is still no peace; for it unfortunately so happens that there is a moon-struck apprentice, (who wears his hair at length, and his collar rolled down upon the nape of the neck,) who lodges in a little closet—some, perhaps, would call it a room—just off the printing office, and who, being badly taken in the very dead of night with what he mistakes for poetical pains or spasms of inspiration, rushes out of his cot, and seizing me by the shoulders, begins in the most maniacal fashion, (and yet I fancy the rogue knows well enough what he is about,) pushing me rudely about among the old heaps of newspapers in every direction. By my aid, taking a line here and a line there, (he has a skill in “taking out” a line, which he may have acquired from his business as a compositor,) with the practised dexterity of a surgeon in removing a bone, or an oculist a mote from the eye, and patching them cunningly together, he succeeds in making a sort of coverlid of verses, to which he affixes his name, has the whole printed, and, without the slightest reference to my services in the matter, sends them abroad in the world as his own, sole, unaided achievement. In such villainy am I compelled (by the force of circumstances) to be an accomplice! But I observe whenever, in company, the subject of poetry is brought up, and I happen to be in the room, the young knave steals a look at me, and quivers, like one suddenly seized in an ague-fit. Now, my friends, is there no relief for me from this horrid bondage? Am I to wear

out all the poor remainder of my days in this dog’s-work?—mixed up with all sorts of wickedness, blasted and blighted and rusted, without a possibility of recovering the pristine purity and fairness of my nature? Am I to consort with jobbers and pirates, with snippers and snappers for ever? I do not (understand me!) object to employment. Heaven knows, I come of a family of working people! (My grandfather, Spade, was accounted as faithful a hand as ever labored on a farm; and I know, from authentic sources, that my mother’s father, Old Chisel, was a clever workman, although at times a little eccentric.) But, to speak my mind plainly, I feel that I am not fulfilling the fair and faithful destiny for which I was born. I have fallen, I feel, into very low and wicked ways. Won’t some body help me out? Is there no philanthropist of a generous heart, no man of ample means and liberal understanding, to give me a better sphere? I am willing to fill any decent situation; and if I were thrown upon the world to-morrow, I believe I could earn an honest living. I may be asked: What do you consider yourself fitted for, and what sort of employment would be agreeable to you? How would you like to engage yourself to a young seamstress of our acquaintance? Excuse me, I’d rather not: I have already seen misery enough for one life time. Would it suit you to be a grocer’s assistant? What, to snip twine and slither brown paper! Pardon me, my good sirs; there is my cousin Shears, a sturdy, big, broad-shouldered fellow, just the boy for *your* business! Journey-work for a barber—how would that do? Thank you!—that is somewhat nearer to the mark. Talking of the head, you must remember I have spent my best days in connection with the public, and in striving (under adverse circumstances) to minister to their intellectual improvement. I would like to go on in that pursuit, but in a different fashion. I still desire, if the general good seems to demand it, to continue an honorable and honored Member of the American Press. And if some kind, high-minded, intelligent, and philanthropic person will but buy my time and release me from my present irksome connections, I promise to serve him to the best of my humble abilities. Well, Mr. Scissors, what can you do, with satisfaction to your own conscience, and advantage to

your future employer? I will only now promise to make myself generally useful. Only ask me to do what becomes a gentleman, an honest man, and a decent member of society, and you may direct to me (where

I am always to be heard from) at any one of the newspaper offices, publishers or booksellers, of the United States, care of B. Brown, Esq. Respectfully yours,

STEEL SCISSORS.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN A MINORITY.

THE Church of England counts 10,160,000 of population, who conform nominally to its rules and tenets.

The *other* churches count 17,100,000, who refuse to conform.

The Church of England claims, notwithstanding, to be *the* Church of England, Scotland, and Ireland, in which countries all this difference exists against it.

In Ireland the great majority are Catholics; yet here, too, the people, in mass, are obliged to submit to "Church of England" taxes.

In Scotland the great majority are Scotch Presbyterians, and in that country aristocratic members of the minority Church ("of England") claim to regulate the affairs of the Scotch Church.

This "Church" so largely in minority in Great Britain and Ireland, is barely a majority in England proper; eight and a half millions being the number of Conformists, and eight (millions) the number of non-Conformists, and the difference against the so called "Church of England," and the other churches increasing steadily and with great rapidity in numbers from year to year.

The experience of all governments in all ages, reduced to a science by the ablest and wisest minds, has established the rule that great powers in a State are then only dangerous to its internal peace when they are unrepresented in its government.

If the Christian Church is recognized as a power in the State, as it is in England, Scotland, and Ireland, its various elements must be fully and adequately represented in the government, or it is in continual danger of revolution, through the active hatred of those churches, like that of Scotland, and the Catholic of Ireland, which remain unrepresented.

In America we have escaped the danger of unequal representation, by refusing to recognize any "Church" as a political power: in this we have acted not from choice, but from necessity.

We have refused also, with one exception, to admit the social or aristocratical power, founded on individual differences of men, as an element in government; and hence the impossibility of exciting social revolutions in the United States. Wherever such differences do exist, and are recognized, as in the Southern States, it is found necessary to allow them a representation in the Central Government. The slave is represented by his master.

The rejection of these two elements of authority, the social and religious, from the system of our government, was not understood to be a theoretic movement on the part of the founders of the Constitution; they had no choice to do otherwise. Small jarring churches, and small mushroom aristocracies, were of necessity left unrepresented, and because all were equally rejected, they have occasioned no serious disturbance.

In Great Britain, on the contrary, social power and church power are admitted as elements of national sovereignty. The monarch is not only an executive head of law, but is the first grade of social difference, the dispenser of reputation, wealth and influence. All the grades of nobility, wealth, and social eminence are in the gift of the sovereign, in virtue of an idea of personal difference, or individual superiority, as an element of public power, of which the sovereign is the incarnation or mysterious representative. Such at least is the idea of the powerful minority, and they are supported in it by the dread of revolutions and appeals to the people; appeals to the

crown are much less doubtful in their issue.

The number of persons recognized as aristocracy, and whose honors and privileges depend upon royalty for their existence, does not perhaps exceed 40,000; but they hold the best lands, and govern the best tenancies, and have the largest body of dependants, and relatives of all grades, living by their favor, of any class in Great Britain. They are consequently—in a country like England, unwarlike, effeminate, and disarmed—a very powerful body, and admitted of necessity among the governing powers.

Aristocracy is probably a more enduring element of government in England than Church power. Aristocracy is equally and more than well represented, and it endeavors on all sides to maintain its position by the pretence of liberality, and the show of popularity. In the course of revolution the Established Church goes first by the board, aristocracy and royalty follow. As a proof of this we cite the following particulars, published in the *London Sun*, and quoted by the *New-York Tribune*. The statistics above are from the same.

The Lord Chancellor has the patronage of 800 livings. The two Universities of 700; the Colleges of Eton and Winchester of 60; various noblemen and gentlemen of 6207.

The body of the "Church" called "of England" is thus seen to be an establishment for the especial support and benefit of the aristocracy and gentry. They have the privilege guaranteed them by law of filling the vacancies of the ministry; and the only power that stands between them and this right is that of the Bishops appointed by the crown, and themselves members of the House of Lords.

The presentations to livings are probably the right arm of the English aristocracy, as it secures them the enthusiastic support of the Church, so called, "of England."

This sect of clergymen, supported on one side by the aristocracy, and on the other by acts of Parliament, which enable them to collect their salaries by process of law from all persons alike, without distinction of creed, is of necessity a conservative body; perhaps the most conservative in the world; nay, it is the well-spring of all conservatism in Church and State, and the preventer of revolution, and of every species of progress or intelligent reform. It is not to blame

for this; human nature is weak, but especially salaried human nature, with the sword of Damocles above its head.

The conservatism of this declining power may be estimated by the following items:

The salary of the Bishop of London is some \$300,000 per annum; and yet who, for good or for evil, knows any thing of this "conservative" lord, whose power and income are equal to a small principality?

Three other bishops have salaries equally preposterous; and the twenty-five minor bishops are restricted within the narrow limits of \$30,000 a year each; which we are to suppose is an afflicting poverty, to be endured with a conservative resignation.

The most extraordinary item of all in the cost of this vicious establishment is the exaction of \$20,000,000 in tithes and revenues, which is paid over in various sums to five thousand aristocratical non-residents,—persons who consume the salaries, without performing the duties of clergymen. Five thousand idlers are turned loose upon the community, with incomes averaging \$5000 a year, to exert, we suppose, "a fine moral and conservative influence upon the upper and middle classes."

This Church, called by Lord John Russell "the most tolerant Church in the world," says the *London Sun*, "has lately made a display of its tolerance and pious conservatism, by carrying the chairs away by force out of a Quaker meeting-house, at Houndsditch, to pay some one of her clergymen with."

Now, in America, what should we think of a Methodist or Baptist clergyman, who, under pretence that his was the true Church of the county or village, should make a descent upon the "Episcopal meeting-house," and carry off all the footstools and velvet cushions? Suppose the custom of the country sanctioned this, would it not be a wicked custom? and would not a popular "revolution" in behalf of "toleration," ending in the ducking of the scoundrel Methodist or Baptist, however well "established" he might boast himself, be a very pardonable offense?

If "a people," such as we intend by "a people," in America, namely, a population of intelligent persons, with the full consciousness of individual freedom in them, existed in England, Church and Aristocracy would disappear like a shrivelled scroll; but we too often forget that in England, instead of "a

people" they have only a plebs, a plebeian rout, unarmed, ignorant, vicious, and servile, out of which the more intelligent labor with might and main to escape upwards to a clearer and more comfortable social medium.

It is evident to common sense, that the unrepresented Church powers, Catholic and Protestant, in Great Britain, must in time demand a representation in the government; or the American plan must be adopted of a "separation of Church and State."

The words "separation of Church and State in Great Britain" have a terrible significance, and contain nearly all the consequences of a modern Republican Revolution.

The first and least important step in such a separation might be the exclusion of the Bishops from the House of Lords. The consequences of this would not be immediately evident.

The second might be a reduction of their salaries; and the third a removal of the power of presentation from aristocratical hands; which would destroy the present powerful social connection between the sect so called "of England" and the aristocracy.

The aristocracy would naturally give themselves no farther trouble about any particular sect of religion excepting the one to which, from choice or education, they might happen to belong. Each nobleman would pay a chaplain of his own sect, as in the good old times of the Reformation.

The powerful interest of the old sects in the conservation of the State being destroyed, it would begin to seek popularity for its own support. Catholic clergymen would be

supported by Catholics, Protestant by Protestants.

That the present aristocratic Constitution of Great Britain could maintain itself without the conservative aid of an Established Church is not generally believed. If the ascertained laws of Revolutionary progress will apply to Great Britain, the Church, so called, "of England" must soon lose its hold upon the government; but whether this movement of Revolution is to be the first in order, or whether an extension of the franchise will precede it, is esteemed to be a point of much uncertainty. The great fact, that the aristocratical Church has fallen into a minority, and must go out of power, is the one to which we wished more especially to direct the attention of our readers. Some of them will naturally ask, If the voluntary system is ever adopted, and the presentations to livings removed from aristocratical hands, how many persons can then be counted members in the Church, so called, "of England?" If the Dissenters and the Catholics now outnumber the Established sect, with all the advantages of land, wealth, patronage, and fashion in its favor, what would be the relative proportion with those advantages removed? Would not the Church, so called, "of England," collapse on a sudden into a frightfully small minority? And if such is the fact, how far are its opinions or its conservatism as a political power entitled to respect even in England, much less in America, where government is merely organized liberty, revolution in permanence?

MR. MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY ON ITS TRAVELS.

At a late visitation of "eminent men," legislators and others, to the various public institutions in and about the city of New-York, the Mayor made an English Poet, M. F. Tupper, visible at the Institution of the Blind. The following is from the *Tribune*:—

"Mr. Tupper was introduced to the pupils and the audience by his Honor, the Mayor, as a distinguished English poet, and the author of 'Proverbial Philosophy.' Mr. Tupper said he did not expect to be thus called upon, and should not attempt to make a speech. He was not prejudiced against Americans, for he looked upon them as Englishmen. He would, instead of making a speech, deliver a few verses written by himself. They were composed some time since in London, and a copy of them was solicited by Mr. Lawrence, our distinguished representative, who lived in a style of princely magnificence in London, and they were published in this country before his arrival. If he could not remember them all, the audience would forgive him. The poem was entitled 'The Union, written by a Unit.' He gave the first verse, and the remainder appeared to have escaped his memory, but, after a determined effort, they came back and he was enabled to complete the recital."

How condescending, and how pleasantly and autobiographically egotistic of Mr. Tupper, "English Poet and Philosopher," to recite his own doggerel; to carry his own dunghill about with him to crow upon. We hope he has "more of the same sort left," for no doubt he will have to "go round," and

will be expected to go through the performance before many very select audiences. They must be excessively amusing, and it will have a run from the novelty. Only think, a Proverbial Philosopher amusing! It must have been a treat to see a "philosopher" making a "determined effort" to overtake some fugitive stanzas which "appeared to have escaped." Why they should leave his mind we are at a loss at present to imagine; they must be *his*, for we do not know any other mind so stupidly unpoetical as to conceive such a piece of sermonized jingle.

What a pity the pupils could not see the antics of this "English poet and philosopher." There would be no danger of their ever becoming anti-national. Nothing is so good as the force of example. This, however, does not hold good with Willis and the other small-talk writers of the press. They are better anti-national as they are; for they have the doubtful honor of being in earnest, while if they espoused the right side they would be hypocrites. They would disgrace a good cause, while as it is their connection only ratifies a bad one.

Sympathy is a more dangerous disease than we were aware of. We all know the effect produced (as the story goes) on a sympathetic, sober man, by the presence of a drunkard. We are told that it was too much for poor sympathy, and he consequently became drunk. From our childhood we have read this story constantly in the papers, put there, we suppose, as a warning to youth, "not to look on drunkards" with sympathy; but notwithstanding the credence attached to its constant appearance in the said way, (for, as the song says, "It must be true, I read it in the papers,") we always doubted the fact. But Mr. Tupper's late conduct on visiting the Lunatic Asylum on Blackwell's Island knocks our doubts of years into a metaphorical "cocked hat," and not only argues but proves the power of sympathy in a remarkably strong and interesting light. Like the effect produced on the sober man by the appearance of the toper, the presence of the lunatics was too much for Mr. Tupper.

"Why, Martin, law! how changed you *are*; not the domestic-hearth-loving being you used to be—how noisy you are getting! how valiant!" said a particular friend of Mr. Tupper's to him on reading the following in the *Morning Herald* of the 25th March:—

"On Mr. Tupper's introduction he said: 'I have not prepared a speech—all that I have to say is that *I love you*. I have come over the Atlantic ocean to say *I love you*. You have some faults which I do not mean to flatter; but you deserve to be called *Englishmen*. (Cheers, mingled with suppressed murmurs.) I find no difference. I have crossed the ditch, and I find you are Englishmen at the other side. (Cheers and hisses.) Yankee Englishmen, I mean. (Cheers and laughter.) I wish to write a book about you.

"A Voice—Not in the Dickens style.

"Mr. Tupper—I want to tell the truth about you. I WILL PROTECT YOU, though I am aware you do not need protection. I find England as great here as at home. I have come into the land of orators and statesmen. I want to say a few words about this institution. I have come among you—(Interruptions, with cries of 'Go on,' amid which Mr. Tupper sat down, while a horn was sounding in vain for silence)."

"My dear fellow, good Martin, is this true?"

"Yes," replied M. F. T.

"You're mad, by G—!"

"No, 'pon my life; but I've been looking at the lunatics, and——"

Unless Mr. Tupper was overcome by the sight of the madmen, we do not know how to receive his insulting and unbecoming speech. How English a piece of kindness it was to come over the ocean to tell us he loved us! Bulwer says the same thing, while he is immortalizing himself as a pickpocket on a gigantic scale.

The mountebank Thompson came with the like intent, and we are pleased to see that his overtures have been met with due appreciation. His telegraphic exodus from Springfield proves that dead cats are often much more formidable than live ones, and that a diseased egg can often "double a man up" better than a "game chicken." We hope Mr. Tupper does not mean to follow in the paths of these gentlemen. If he does, we think he will find that his receptions will prove (he is fond of proverbs) that "practice makes perfect."

Has Lord Palmerston, seeing how admirably his protectorate is succeeding in Central America, sent out Mr. Tupper (Heaven save the mark!) to be the lord protector of the United States?

"I will protect you," says my Lord Tupper. What a burst! Vanity was at a high pressure when that was let off. It must be a source of solid pleasure to Mr. Tupper, in his private reflections, that he was not permitted to proceed, and we trust he may profit by the fact, and not allow himself to be carried any further in a course of disreputable notoriety by the recurrence of such scenes. Every foreigner is modestly welcome to our shores; the laws protect strangers: but when they sink the gentleman in the mountebank, then it is our duty to inform them that we do not allow such proceedings to go without a critical reproof, and against every thing absurd, disgusting, or positively injurious in such a public display, we feel bound to enter protest.

Mr. Tupper will be made a fool of by the few persons who aspire to a place in the book he is going to write on America. The little reputation he has will be crushed, and any good-nature in the man will be pressed out of him, toadying and being toadyed in turn. He will be led to believe he is a poet, which, notwithstanding Mayor Kingsland's discovery and Senator Stanton's "distinguished" patronage, we beg disinterestedly to doubt. Poetry is not proverbs or sermons cut up into set lines and walking on a certain number of feet.

Mr. Tupper and the public are equally (to use an intensely British phrase) *sold* by these paltry publicities. If travelling Englishmen, of some literary reputation, wish to retain it, they should beware of holding it up to contempt: the less often they say, "I have come among you," the better. "I have come among you," quoth he! Lord, what a simpleton!

MISCELLANY.

A GREAT NOVELTY;

To Wit:

CORRUPTION IN THE STATE LEGISLATURE OF NEW-YORK.

THE good people of New-York have been laboring for several days under a grand fit of astonishment and horror, at the discovery the most novel and original—a discovery of an attempt at corruption in their Senate! A late representative from the city of New-York, inspired by a pure and patriotic enthusiasm, has with a commendable diligence raked together and published in the *Herald* some shocking particulars, which we commend to the attention of all State legislators and their constituencies. The mischiefs of corruption in a State Senate are not confined to the State itself. Every body knows that, by the nature of our governments, as the State Governments are, so will the Central Government be. It is the force of example then that we are to fear; lest by any possibility the hitherto unsullied purity of our *National* (?) Senate and House of Representatives may by sinister example, in some faint, imperceptible shadow of a degree, be contaminated! Frightful possibility! Suppose, for example, the virtue of a national legislator, under strong temptations, were to give way; suppose he were actually to *sell* a vote or his support of a bill;—should we not immediately hear the crack of doom? Would not the Union incontinently fall to pieces? For is not 'virtue,' glorious 'virtue!' the foundation of Republics; and if the foundation were to crack, would not the nation fall?

Money, it is said, was paid to legislators to prevent the passage of a bill against gambling! Dreadful and deplorable novelty! How thankful we ought all to be that virtue and the law have at least one stronghold left, that the Central Power of the Union is *sound* and *pure*. Happy people!—glorious in the majesty of a pure, vigorous, and incorruptible Central Legislation!

MODERN MODESTY.—We read: "It is said in the *Messaggiere* of Modena, that the naked statues in the churches at Rome are to be covered, from motives of modesty. Canova's Genius of Death in the monument to Pope Clement is to be thus adorned, and the many little cherubs which abound in various churches are no longer to be left in a state of improper exposure. The immodest pictures are also to be improved." What is meant by "improving" immodest pictures, we leave our readers to find out. But surely Catholicity has forgot its soul when it becomes worse than Iconoclastic, merely maudlin sentimental, "covering up little cherubs in a state of improper exposure!" Our readers will remember the answer of Napo-

leon to one of the ladies of his suite, who remarked on the indecency of these very statues, that the "immodest idea was not in the marble, but in the mind of the observer." Nevertheless, we will tell a better story than that. A friend of ours, an artist of some eminence, had once occasion, in his youth, to instruct a young lady in the art of drawing from life; and to begin, he directed her notice to a plaster cast of the nude figure known as "Hercules leaning on his club," which had been for years innocently resting on a pedestal in a corner of the parlor of the mansion in which she lived. The first lesson progressed well, nor did the plaster create greater alarm on that occasion than it had done while standing merely ornamental in its corner. On returning, however, to give his second lesson, our friend discovered the young lady modestly sitting at her drawing table with eyes intent on the little statue, about whose white waist there hung suspended in graceful folds, an impervious and picturesque curtain, being a small red cotton pocket handkerchief, the property of the lady's maid. We recommend the device to Pio Nonò, and "the Genius of Death."

MULTUM IN PARVO.—If the population of the United States is 25,000,000, including all ages and colors, and the imports of the year 1850 are \$150,000,000,—though there is little doubt, by smuggling and "*ad valorem*," i. e. false valuations they will come nearer \$200,000,000 in worth,—every man, woman, and child in the United States will have paid six dollars to foreign merchants and manufacturers. The payment will be made in money and in provisions, flour, &c., in a proportion not well ascertained.

This tax or tribute is paid chiefly on manufactured articles, such as can easily be made in America, and upon products which can easily be grown upon our own soil. The entire expenditure, excepting about \$10,000,000, paid for materials which cannot now be grown or made upon American soil, is paid by our people to enable other nations, but chiefly England, to drive us out of all the markets of the world. A part of the profits of this enormous taxation maintains the English steam navy, pays the salaries of the English Free-trade ministers, the cost of armies in India, and the murderous armed police of Ireland. A yearly subscription of not less than Five Dollars a year for every man, woman, and child in America is paid out, directly or indirectly, for the maintenance of the British Empire.

Now there are not fewer than two millions of industrious and able artificers in America, living in forced idleness, or digging the earth for a scanty subsistence, to the detriment of the true American farmer, who could produce at least one hundred dollars annually more than they do, in the kinds of

labor suited to their knowledge and capacity. Full a million more could be profitably employed in the production of food and raw material, to be used by the two millions of artisans well employed.

Three millions of persons, now either bankrupt, idle, or badly employed, would add, if well employed, at least \$300,000,000 to the annual income of the nation.

An armed steamship costs about \$500,000. For \$50,000,000, a hundred powerful steam-vessels can be built. For \$100,000,000 annually a steam navy of one hundred vessels can be kept afloat, in such strength and order as to defy the combined French and English squadrons. With such a navy, which would cost every man, woman, and child in the United States \$3 32, a commercial system could be kept up all over the world that would compel England to share the market which she now monopolizes, and break up that frightful system of extortion and aggression upon which she now depends for the support of her manufactures and for her ability to tax and frighten America. She would be driven off the continents of North and South America. She would be checked in her designs upon the Chinese. She could be compelled to evacuate or liberate the East Indies. She could make no wars nor commercial treaties until the people of America gave her leave to do so. America would dictate terms for the defence of the liberty of all nations.

The five dollars a year paid by every man, woman, and child in America for the support of the British Commercial Empire, would be invested in profitable industry, and give employment to the entire idle or impoverished population, native or immigrant, of the United States. An enormous and cheap supply of manufactures and produce would be the consequence, yielding a grand surplus to be sent away and sold in foreign markets. The profits of such a trade, so defended, would come back to us in the shape of money, and all the elegancies and luxuries of other nations and climates. An immense commerce, five-fold our present trade, would be the consequence. Every mode of industry, every kind of enterprise would be employed. The people would be rich, proud, and happy. The Republic of America would be not only the first power, but absolutely the *ruling power* of the earth. No nation would dare to make war upon it. All this and more may be accomplished by mere legislation. But at present England legislates for America, and Congress dares not do anything for the people because they have no steam-navy. SHAME—SHAME!!

TRAVELLING ENGLISH NOBLEMEN IN AMERICA.—The *New-York Herald* of January 4th reports a lecture delivered by Lord Morpeth at the Leeds Mechanic's Institution in England. The Hall was densely crowded, and his Lordship was welcomed with unbounded enthusiasm, which we may take as an indication of popularity at least. Of course a great number of very distinguished persons were present at the lecture. Lord Morpeth is now Lord Carlisle. According to his own representa-

tion, his Lordship's visit to the United States was a kind of political rustication, or leave of absence. Various reasons have been assigned for his visit. Our own private belief is that Lord Morpeth came here in a double capacity: first, as a private gentleman, for health and amusement, and second, as an English humanitarian statesman, to spy out the land, and see what it could do and what might be done with it. He travelled through twenty-two States, kept a journal of his progress, and lectures from the journal. His Lordship has so vast an abundance of words, it is difficult to give the matter they signify without great labor of sifting; and, indeed, the lecture itself is so dull and sleepy a performance, so thoroughly superficial and devoid of ideas, after reading it the critic is fitter for a nap than for anything else. His Lordship landed in Boston; he describes the city with all the dulness and without any of the minuteness of the Guide Book. His affection for Boston is evident; he expresses it. He observed the Bunker's Hill Monument—the old elm tree at Cambridge, beneath which Washington drew his sword to take command of the national army. He dwells upon the English character of Boston. He remarks that Mr. Justice Story was an enthusiastic admirer of his country; but that Mr. Story also had a great admiration for Lord Hardwicke and other English lawyers. He qualifies his praise of Mr. Story with the remark, that when he was in the room few others could get in a word. He gives the usual description of Dr. Channing in his last days. In brief, he saw the notabilities of Boston. He took notice of the public schools of Boston. The only topic upon which his Lordship is absolutely enthusiastic is that of the waiters at the Tremont House, who were all, he says, Irish and English. He remarks that American railway cars have stoves in them, which is very convenient. "New-England," says his Lordship, "produces chiefly ice and granite." After describing the city of Albany he remarks, "What can be more striking or stirring, despite the occasional rudeness of the farms, than all this life, enterprise, and energy swelling up in the desert?"

He notices that some of the towns are called by Roman, others by Indian names. He says, he thought his arrival at Niagara very exciting, and immediately enters upon a description of a stage coach which is very long. He then enters upon a description of his sensations at Niagara, which were very much like those of other men. In short, everything that one finds in the newspapers in summer time, except their spirit and animation, may be found in Lord Morpeth's lecture. Upon the whole, it is the most exquisitely dull of all travellers' descriptions. His Lordship is an abolitionist. He winds up with a violent and bitter denunciation of slavery. He thinks, however, that America may, in future generations, do much for the liberty of man and the glory of God. His dulness, blandness, prosiness, humanitarianism, English prejudice, and imperturbable insolence and self-sufficiency do so thoroughly qualify him for the office, we doubt not he will one day become a member of the English Cabinet, perhaps Premier. He is "as tedious as a king;" you can no more be witty upon him than you can upon a pudding.

APPLICATION OF IRON TO RAILWAY STRUCTURES.—It was to investigate the subject of the application of iron to railway structures that a Commission was appointed, consisting of Lord Wrottesley, Professors Willis and Hodgkinson, Captain James, and Messrs. George Rennie and William Cubitt, with Lieut. Galton as secretary. At starting, the Commission endeavored to make themselves acquainted with all the experiments which had been already made on iron by engineers; and on this point they state (*London Athenæum*):—

"From the information supplied to us, it appears that the proportions and forms at present employed for iron structures have been generally derived from numerous and careful experiments, made by subjecting bars of wrought or cast iron of different forms to the action of weights, and thence determining, by theory and calculation, such principles and rules as would enable these results to be extended and applied to such larger structures and loads as are required in practice. But the experiments were made by dead pressure, and only apply therefore to the action of weights at rest. As it soon appeared, in the course of our inquiry, that the effects of heavy bodies moving with great velocity upon structures had never been made the subject of direct scientific investigation, and as it also appeared that in the opinion of practical and scientific engineers such an inquiry was highly desirable, our attention was early directed to the devising of experiments for the purpose of elucidating this matter."

To ascertain the effects of moving weights, a well-devised apparatus was constructed in Ports-

mouth Dockyard, and a very extensive series of experiments made by Captain James and Lieut. Galton. "The results which they obtained were equally new and important, developing for the first time the fact, that a given weight, passing rapidly along a bar, produces a greater deflection in that bar, during its passage, than it would have done had it been suspended at rest from the centre of the bar." Thus, for example, when the carriage loaded to 1,120 lbs. was placed at rest upon a pair of cast iron bars nine feet long, four inches broad, and one and a half inches deep, it produced a deflection of six tenths of an inch; but when the carriage was caused to pass over the bars at the rate of ten miles an hour, the deflection was increased to eight tenths, and went on increasing as the velocity was increased, so that at thirty miles per hour the deflection became one and a half inches, that is, more than double the statical deflection. Since the velocity so greatly increases the effect of a given load in deflecting the bars, it follows that a much less load will break the bar when it passes over it than when it is placed at rest upon it; and accordingly in the example above selected, a weight of 4,150 lbs. is required to break the bars if applied at rest upon their centres; but a weight of 1,778 lbs. is sufficient to produce fracture if passed over them at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

The Commissioners properly insist, therefore, on the importance of giving to all railway structures an amount of solidity far superior to that which is found by experiment or calculation sufficient to support as a dead weight the heaviest loads that can ever travel over them.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Jesuit; or the Amours of Captain Effingham and the Lady Zarifa: A Drama, in Three Acts.
By THOMAS W. WHITLEY. New-York. 1851.

"This is, really and truly, a goose of a book; or, if any body wishes the idiom to be changed, a book of a goose." So wrote the celebrated and classic wit, Dr. Maginn, on one of the books of a certain Nathaniel Parker Willis. We thank the Doctor for the sentence quoted, for it expresses our idea exactly of the so-called drama before us. To follow up his opinion, he says, "There is not a single idea in it, from the first page to the last, beyond what might germinate in the brain of a washer-woman." Our sentiments exactly on the "Jesuit."

It is a strange fact that small minds are celebrated for "nothing in particular," save the great amount of vanity they are able to contain; and lest Mr. Whitley (by any of those self-conceiting and self-pacifying arguments which vanity takes refuge in) might for a moment imagine he is as tall (in a literary point of view) as Mr. Willis, because we have without any trouble placed the same cap on both their heads, we at once beg to

take his conceit by the forelock, and wake him up to the fact that he is not. He must stand alone. He is unapproachable in his way. Stupidity at times is so ridiculous as to be laughable; but this pamphlet has not even that doubtful recommendation. It is so stupidly stupid as to be tiresome. Well it is for the author of the "Jesuit" that the ancient practice of the gods wreaking their vengeance on offending mortals has fallen into disuse; else would the goddess of the dramatic art have given him (without much difficulty) the fate of Midas, or drowned him—not in the classic Styx, anticipative Mr. W., there are too many poetic reminiscences thereabouts—but in a butt of congenial ass's milk. The ablest physicians recommend it for consumption.

In plot, dialogue, character and action, this drama has the distinctive marks of being meagre, commonplace, unnatural and stupid. Even the title is excessively stupid. Any thing so ultra smacks of illiberality, bigotry to say the least; and for a drama such a title was ridiculous, for persons who do not agree with the sect "Jesuitical" would derive no pleasure from seeing what

they dislike taking up the two or three hours they wish to devote for instruction or amusement in the theatre. It was evidently written and called so for claptrap, but unfortunately, or fortunately, it has fallen into the pit its writer so untheatrically left too open. The author cannot be an American, or he would have liberality. He is not an Irishman, or he would have wit. He is not a Scotchman, or he would have common sense. He is not a Frenchman, or he would have vivacity. Not a German, or he would have solidity. Not an Italian, or he would have ease. But he is, we think, an Englishman, from the caricature he attempts to draw of an Irishman, and from the rancorous feelings which must have prompted him to waste otherwise valuable time on such an unworthy production.

We are aware that wholesome chastisement, coming from a respectable quarter, often confers temporary notoriety, or even consideration, on worthless and insignificant things. We know this; and if we shall be instrumental, by the advantageous position we hereby give him, in changing Mr. Whitley's false taste and unsound feelings for the future, we shall in no wise object to all the benefit this criticism may confer on him.

Letters from the Continent. By M., the Arkansas Correspondent of the Louisville Journal. New-York: D. Appleton. 1851.

This admirable volume might have been titled, with great propriety, the "Exodus of Cant." Of all books of travel we have for a long time (perhaps ever) read, it is the only one which has dared to go out of the beaten track of sketchers, tourists, and health-seekers. This is not so evident in regard to places, as to the descriptions of places. In this book you will not find a fulsome echo of the latest work on the same route, made up from foreign guide-books, or the opinions of titled English aristocrats whose thoughts have no weight save dulness, and who annually follow the steps of Childe Harold, aping the "gloomy," and fancying they are, each and all of them, either a Byron or a Byronic hero. You will not find such in this book, but you *will* find straight-forward and candid opinions and descriptions of the lands and people through which our author passed, written in a racy, piquant, and truly American vein. The letters from Paris, Constantinople, Cologne, Liverpool, and London, are remarkable for their truth, wit, and the national, the true republican, eye through which our author views what passes around him. Those from London are especially true, and ought to be welcomed by every American as the first truthful picture that has been given to them by an observant countryman—one who writes candidly, not drawing on his imagination or the imagination of English writers on their own country, but noting down his experience of John Bull and the people who do homage to that "almighty" personage. Americans who look around them and on the world through English spectacles, would do well to look into this book, and we think they would soon come to our conclusion that their glasses have been green. And by Americans of the flunkey class,

reading these letters, would see to what society he aspires who apes English manners; and if his manhood has no higher ambition, then truly, him we wish not to enlist.

The Annual of Scientific Discovery. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1851.

This very useful repository, edited by David A. Wells, A. M., and Geo. Bliss, Jr., ought to obtain a place in the collection of every student, literary man, and those who are anywise interested in the march of science of the present time. It is a complete Year Book of Facts in Science and Art; exhibiting the most important discoveries and improvements in mechanics, useful arts, natural philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, meteorology, botany, mineralogy, geology, antiquities, and zoology, (we must not leave that out in this age of animals,) with a list of recent scientific publications, patents, important papers, reports, and obituaries of eminent scientific men. The book is handsomely printed, with a portrait frontispiece of Professor Benj. Silliman.

Protestantism and Catholicity Compared, in their Effects on the Civilization of Europe. Written in Spanish, by the Rev. J. BALMES. Translated from the French. Second Edition. Baltimore: Murphy. 1851.

This is a fair translation of Balmes' celebrated work, which engrossed so much attention in Europe. That it will command consideration on this continent, is evident from the fact of its already having attained a second edition. Balmes' style is forcible, eloquent, and comprehensive. In his preface he says: "Among the many and important evils which have been the necessary result of the profound revolutions of modern times, there appears a good extremely valuable to science, and which will probably have a beneficial influence on the human race,—I mean the love of studies having for their object man and society. The shocks have been so rude, that the earth has, as it were, opened under our feet; and the human mind, which, full of pride and haughtiness, but lately advanced on a triumphal car amid acclamations and cries of victory, has been alarmed and stopped in its career. Absorbed by an important thought, overcome by a profound reflection, it has asked itself, 'What am I? Whence do I come? What is my destination?'"

"'What am I?' The European Democrat would answer: I am the likeness of God, kept in perpetual childhood by the social ban of kings and princes who, shrouding society with the remnant of feudal usage, present me for every modern Herod to deal promiscuous slaughter upon. 'Whence do I come?' From the region of darkness and imbecility. 'What is my destination?' Light and freedom and manhood."

This is the true view of "the revolutions." It is needless to say that Balmes argues, and it is thought profoundly, for the spread of civilization by Catholicity. We could not, in a short notice, enter into an argument with his elaborate work, and therefore shall leave it with the remark that it

possesses a very remarkable interest for both the Protestant and Catholic student of the progress of civilization in Europe, and the effects of these religious principles thereon. The work is well and cheaply gotten out in a good octavo form, by the well-known Baltimore publishers.

Classical Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography, Mythology, and Geography. By WM. SMITH, LL.D. Revised by CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

Dr. Anthon's classical reputation is a sufficient guarantee that this work will be found all that the student and general reader can require.

History of the United States of America. By RICHARD HILDRETH, Second Series, Volume I. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1851.

The first volume of the second series of Mr. Hildreth's continuous History of America, has been issued as above in a neat library shape.

It is the object of this work to give a complete and detailed account of the United States in their social, political, intellectual and economical aspects, during the exceedingly agitated and interesting period of the first generation succeeding the adoption of the Federal Constitution.

The three volumes, by the same author, on our colonial and revolutionary history, must be considered as merely an introduction to these.

This period of thirty-two years not only possesses a great deal of dramatic unity, but also admits of a division into three acts, each a sort of whole by itself, and each embraced in a separate volume.

The first volume, now presented, opens with a full account of the state of feeling and prevailing views in the different States at the moment of the organization of the new national government, showing the origin of that division of parties by which the country ever since has been more or less agitated, and the echo at least of which still resounds in our ears.

Nor is less attention paid to the exterior relations of the United States with the neighboring Indian tribes, with Britain, Spain, and France; relations which, after the breaking out of the French revolutionary war, came to furnish the great turning points of American politics.

The doubtful relations with the various Indian tribes, especially the war with the Northwestern Indians, the Whisky Rebellion in Western Pennsylvania, the gradual distinct formation of parties, and the personal character and individual aims of the principal leaders, together with the most remarkable transactions in the particular States, furnish interesting episodes to this narrative.

The Manhattaner in New-Orleans; or, Phases of "Crescent City" Life. By A. OAKLEY HALL. New-York: J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall. 1851.

For a gloomy noon in December or a heavy afternoon in June, we could desire no better companion than Mr. Oakley Hall and his Crescent City life

reminiscences. His is a perfect diarrhoea of gossiping and piquant recollections and descriptions of places, persons, and occurrences in and about the "Calcutta of America," as he not inappropriately terms New-Orleans. His is any thing but "bald and disjointed chat," and save that he made us search Webster's Dictionary in vain for some of his expressions, our time with him was hearty, good-tempered, and instructive.

The Celestial Telegraph; or Secrets of the Life to come, revealed through Magnetism. 2 vols in 1. J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall, publisher.

We have glanced over this work, and we think it will afford some amusement if not profit to the reader. At page 142 of the second volume, we find the following:—

"When deceased persons appear, is it the body in which we have known them on earth that appears?"

"No."

"Then why are they so much alike, and dressed as they were among us?"

"Because, otherwise, it would be impossible to recognize them."

Now, this doctrine is by no means a new one. We remember when a boy, in the city of Charleston, to have heard of a negro woman who had been in a trance for several days, and when she came to she was asked by an old aunty,

"Way you been?"

She replied, "In Hebben."

"Well, tell me, den, who you see dare?"

"Why, ah!—I see old massa; he was dress up in he soger clocs, hab a cock-hat on he hed, an a bran new sord by he side. Kye! I tell you wat, he look smart as ebber I see um on gen'ral review day. I see old missus too: he dress up in a elegant dress, wid spangle all ober he dress, and a splendid tortoise-shell comb in he head. I tell you wat, old missus look quite smart: he look jist like he look when young missus gin dat weddin' party."

"Well now, Mom Susey, look yar: old aunt Peggy he bin ded sence you bin in de trance. You see eny ting ob him?"

"Oh, git out, nigger!—dont bodder me! I bin dare sich a leetle time, I haint hab a chance to go in de kitchin!"

Picturesque Sketches of Greece and Turkey. By AUBREY DE VERE, Esq. Philadelphia: A. Hart.

These few chapters of travel are finely contemplative and philosophical, as well as picturesque and intelligent. There is also an air of honesty and earnestness that, combined with the unpretending yet finished style of the author, give a charm to the work that is as rare as it is fascinating. If we add to these peculiarities a mind well stored with the glorious classic times of which the scenes described are the monuments, a fine taste for art, and an imagination peculiarly susceptible of poetical influences—what better guide would one want for an intellectual excursion into the

wonderful land of ancient art and eloquence and undying song?

Other peculiarities of the book than those mentioned, we may convey the best idea of by two quotations. We give them also for their intrinsic interest.

THE TEMPLE OF THE WINDS.

"It is a fortunate circumstance that among the monuments of antiquity which have escaped the spoiler's hand at Athens, are some of a character so singular that if they had perished (and a touch might have destroyed them) nothing would have remained to give us an idea of what they had been. One of these is the 'Lantern of Demosthenes,' another is the well-known 'Temple of the Winds'—a small octagon tower of exquisite proportions, the alternate sides of which are graced with projecting porches supported by pillars, while aloft the eight Winds expand their wings, floating forward with fluent hair, and holding in their hands the urns of benignant dews and showery influences, by which the seasons are tempered to the use of man. This building, which contained a water-clock in communication with the fountain Clepsydra, was originally surmounted by a Triton revolving on an axis, and sustaining in his hand a wand, the point of which drooped over the emblem of whatever wind was blowing at the time. On the side of the building still remain the lines which, like those traced on our dials, marked the hour by the shadow cast from the styles above. This building is a beautiful instance of that architectural tact which turns every practical need to account. It would be a dangerous model in the hands of a copyist, for the least alteration in its proportions would probably spoil its effect, and the slightest misapplication would make it ridiculous. One can hardly hope that it has hitherto escaped being travestied; if, indeed, it has ever been made to surmount a Greek portico, and do service as the spire of a meeting-house, there has at least been a moral significance in this application of the 'Temple of the Winds.'"

The following, touching Lord Byron, is very interesting:—

"Mr. F. * * * * joined the Greek cause, to which he continued faithful during the whole of the war. In our discussion on that subject, he told me many interesting anecdotes of Lord Byron, with whom he was intimately acquainted. What he may think of him as a poet, I do not know; but he entertains the highest respect for the powers which Lord Byron exhibited as a man of action and of business. His temper and his shrewdness (as he assures me) were equally admirable; and whenever a quarrel arose between the native chiefs, the matter was referred to him as an arbitrator. He had always tact enough to allay heart-burnings, and his energy was of a nature so eminently practical that not a few of the vaporers around him found themselves hard at work when they had only thought of a little agreeable excitement. What a pity that he was so prematurely cut off! Who knows but that he might have displayed a high military genius—an attribute which includes so much of imagination as well as of intuition, that it must be in some

measure allied with the poetic faculty. Whether, however, he had failed or succeeded, how much might not the severities of a few campaigns have done to re-invigorate his enervated system, purge away his vanity, and shake him out of the self-love which imprisoned him! Byron has never been done justice to, and perhaps never will be. In his day he was extravagantly over-praised; and after he had become the 'spoiled child of the public, whom he had spoiled,' his errors were with as little discrimination exaggerated: a violent access of virtuous indignation, with which the public is periodically visited, concurring with its natural inconstancy. His works were, one and all, premature—forced in the hot-bed of a too fervid popularity. His severer critics forgot how adverse his fortunes were to his true greatness. They ask, 'Had he not rank, wealth, fashion, fame, beauty,' &c. &c.? No doubt he had; but these are only the elaborate nothings that cheat a great design—the petty entanglements that check free movements. Genius, like virtue, wears its leathern girdle, and feeds on scanty fare; is flung upon faith for support, and follows the guidance of a remote hope; in other words, has not its portion in the present, that it may lay up store for a remoter day. Those who run in flowing attire, not succinct, and on the soft field, not the race-course, cannot put out their full speed. Considering the eminently practical nature of Byron's intellect, as well as the rhetorical character that pervades much of his poetry, and which so singularly combines the impassioned eloquence of Rousseau with the declamation of Pope, it is likely that if he had steadily devoted himself to public life, he might even have become a parliamentary leader. His temperament, however, would not have allowed of such a devotion."

Wallace: A Franconian Story. By the Author of the "Rollo Books." New-York: Harper & Brothers.

Jacob Abbott's works are always welcome visitors to the young folks around the hearth. The series of which the present volume is the second, partakes of the usual interest which a domestic tale, neatly written, and with a good purpose, presents.

The Moorland Cottage. By the Author of "Mary Barton." New-York: Harpers. 1851.

We just read enough of this book to say, that it is a plainly but pleasingly-written story of domestic *Life in England*. We most likely would have read it through, but fortunately a friend informed us that it was "touched not a little with the spirit that is manifesting itself of late in the social condition of the English people." We immediately put the book down, after thanking our friend, and affirming our conviction that it was worse than folly to busy ourselves with the reprint of a social and political tale of English life, not spirited enough to be amusing as a tale, nor reliant enough for a political tract, while the gouty

state of our own government demanded all our political attention. We should look at home.

Land of our fathers, in thine hour of need,
God help thee, guarded by the passive creed!

As the poor pheasant, with his peaceful mien,
Trusts to his feathers, shining golden-green,
When the dark plumage with the crimson beak
Has rustled shadowy from its splintered peak;
So trust thy friends, whose idle tongues would charm
The lifted sabre from thy foeman's arm,
Thy torches ready for the answering peal,
From bellowing fort and thunder-freighted keel!—HOLMES.

American institutions and their Influence. By ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE. With Notes by the Hon. JOHN C. SPENCER. New-York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

This is the first volume of De Tocqueville's celebrated "Democracy in America." This portion of the work was originally published as it is now presented, and is a complete and succinct essay on the institutions of our country. On its appearance it was universally welcomed, and admitted to be the best, "if not the first systematic and philosophic view of the great principles of our Constitution which has been presented to the world." It was the intention of the publishers to present De Tocqueville's entire work in a condensed, abridged, and cheap form to the American public; but finding that to condense would be to destroy, inasmuch as our author's opinions and illustrations are so admirable on every branch of the subject he touches, they determined to issue the volume before us (as it originally stood) complete, in a commodious and cheap form, awaiting the public will to guide them in the publication of the succeeding volume. It is unnecessary to state that the second volume will be in anxious demand by all readers of the first.

The editor is more than usually well qualified for the task intrusted to him. "Having had the honor of a personal acquaintance with M. De Tocqueville while he was in this country; having discussed with him many of the topics treated of in this book; having entered deeply into the feelings and sentiments which guided and impelled him in his task, and having formed a high admiration of his character and of this production, the editor felt under some obligation to aid in procuring for one whom he ventures to call his friend, a hearing from those who were the objects of his observations." The notes of Mr. Spencer will be found to elucidate occasional misconceptions of the translator. It is a most judicious text-book, and ought to be read carefully by all who wish to know this country, and to trace its power, position, and ultimate destiny from the true source of philosophic government, Republicanism—the people. De Tocqueville, believing the destinies of civilization to depend on the power of the people and on the principle which so grandly founded an exponent on this continent, analyzes with jealous

care and peculiar critical acumen the tendencies of the new Democracy, and candidly gives his approval of the new-born giant, or points out and warns him of dangers which his faithful and independent philosophy foresees. We believe the perusal of his observations will have the effect of enhancing still more to his American readers the structure of their Government by the clear and profound style in which he presents it. This edition is suitable for the library as well as general reading.

Foreign Reminiscences. By HENRY RICHARD LORD HOLLAND. Edited by his Son. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

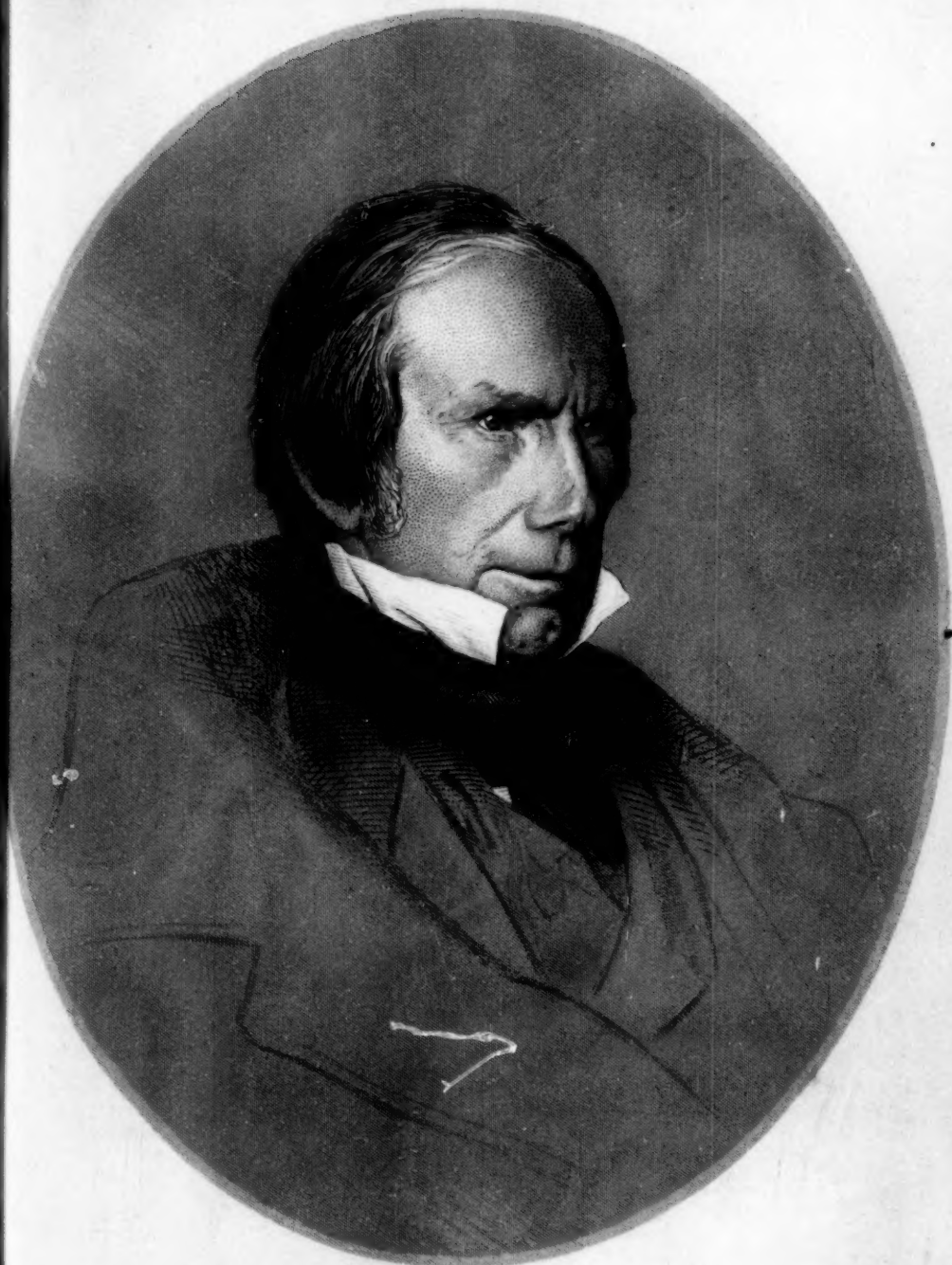
These reminiscences will be found very interesting, as they consist of personal recollections and anecdotes; accounts of political intrigues and general observations of the persons and events that signalized the mighty drama with which the present century was opened.

Associating intimately with many of the principal personages of the times, he draws characters from his own observation; and notwithstanding all that has been written on those times, this is a contribution that must command attention.

Lavengro: The Scholar—The Gipsy—The Priest By GEORGE BORROW, Author of "The Bible in Spain," &c. New-York: Geo. P. Putnam.

The author of this book has made himself so famous by his previous publications, that we need not dwell upon his genius or his style. His books are of that adventurous personal and graphic character that are most fascinating to the general mind. The one before us is full of strange adventure, wild and picturesque scenery, both of places and people. Has there ever been a man of literature, that so entered into the spirit of, and identified himself so completely with *vagrancy*? If Mr. Borrow has done with the Gipsy tribes of Europe, we invite him to those of America. What a field there is for him among our western wilds and along the Oregon and California trails, marking the habits and manners of that strange nomadic race "the pioneers," for ever "moving" westward, westward, half their lives living in their wagons in the wilds. And varying these by excursions among the Indians on the way, he might make one of "the books"—such an one as our friend Putnam delights to put on his best Kingsland paper, secured as it would be by copyright from all dishonorable or envious interference.

By the way Tom Hyer has offered, we see, to any Englishman that will fight him, \$3,000. We wonder if Tom's martial ardor has not been aroused by reading this book, (so full of the ring,) and if he does not mean the challenge for our author!



From a Daguerrotype by M. A. & S. Dunt, March 28, 39.

H. Clay
OF KENTUCKY